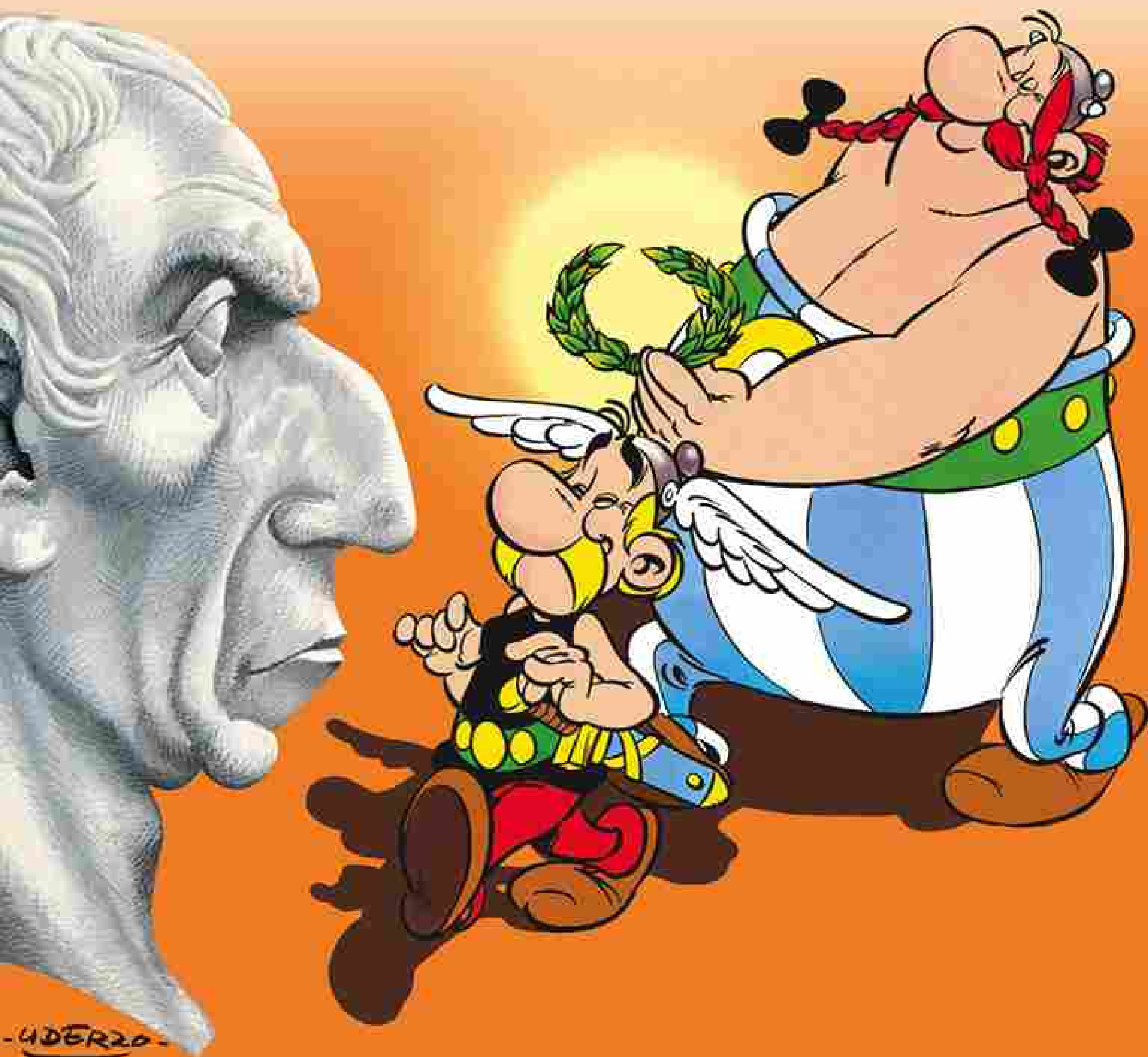


R. GOSCINNY **Asterix** A. UDERZO

Asterix *and the laurel wreath*

Written by René GOSCINNY

Illustrated by Albert UDERZO



GOSCINNY AND UDERZO

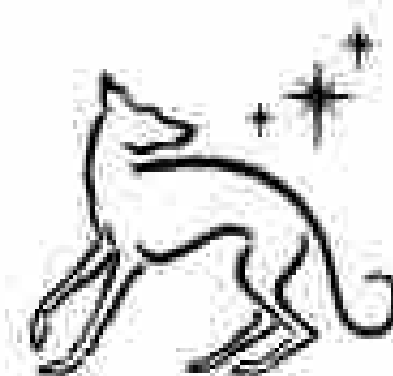
PRESENT

An Asterix Adventure

ASTERIX AND THE LAUREL WREATH

Written by RENÉ GOSCINNY *and Illustrated by* ALBERT UDERZO

Translated by Anthea Bell *and* Derek Hockridge



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AN ORION CHILDREN'S EBOOK

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www.asterix.com

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THE YEAR IS 50 BC. GAUL IS ENTIRELY OCCUPIED BY THE ROMANS. WELL, NOT ENTIRELY ... ONE SMALL VILLAGE OF INDOMITABLE GAULS STILL HOLDS OUT AGAINST THE INVADERS. AND LIFE IS NOT EASY FOR THE ROMAN LEGIONARIES WHO GARRISON THE FORTIFIED CAMPS OF TOTORUM, AQUARIUM, LAUDANUM AND COMPENDIUM ...



ASTERIX, THE HERO OF THESE ADVENTURES. A SHREWD, CUNNING LITTLE WARRIOR, ALL PERILOUS MISSIONS ARE IMMEDIATELY ENTRUSTED TO HIM. ASTERIX GETS HIS SUPERHUMAN STRENGTH FROM THE MAGIC POTION BREWED BY THE DRUID GETAFIX . . .



OBELIX, ASTERIX'S INSEPARABLE FRIEND. A MENHIR DELIVERY MAN BY TRADE, ADDICTED TO WILD BOAR. OBELIX IS ALWAYS READY TO DROP EVERYTHING AND GO OFF ON A NEW ADVENTURE WITH ASTERIX - SO LONG AS THERE'S WILD BOAR TO EAT, AND PLENTY OF FIGHTING. HIS CONSTANT COMPANION IS DOGMATIX, THE ONLY KNOWN CANINE ECOLOGIST, WHO HOWLS WITH DESPAIR WHEN A TREE IS CUT DOWN.



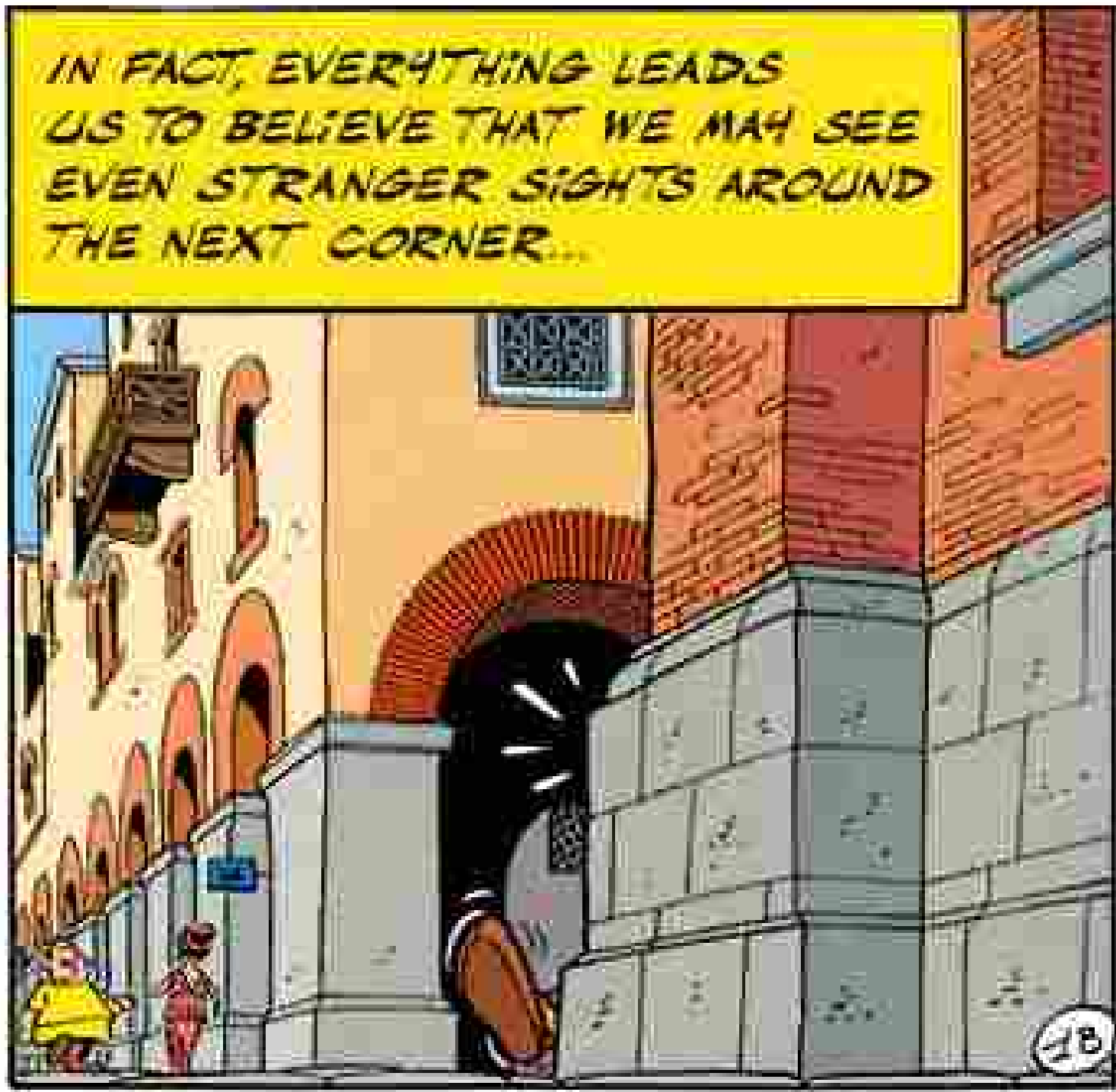
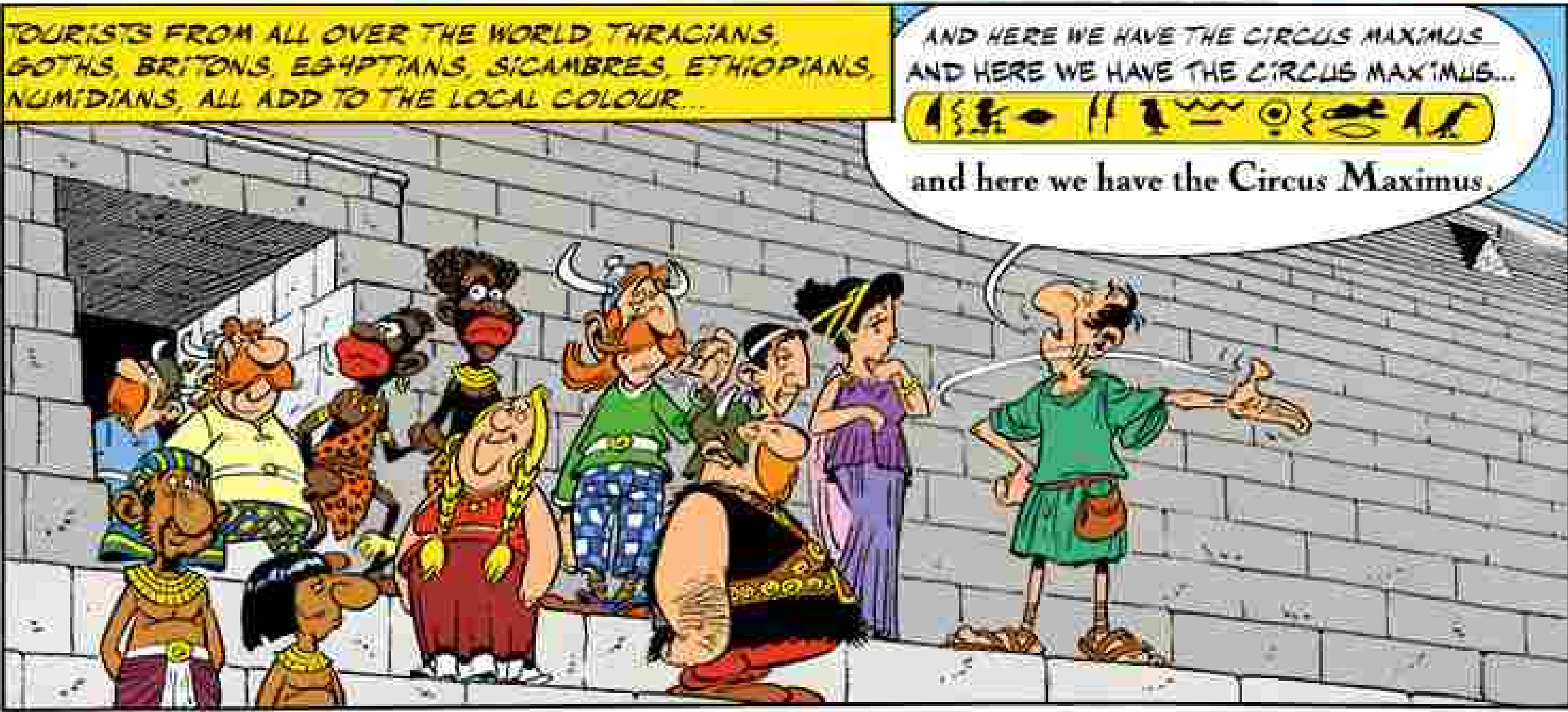
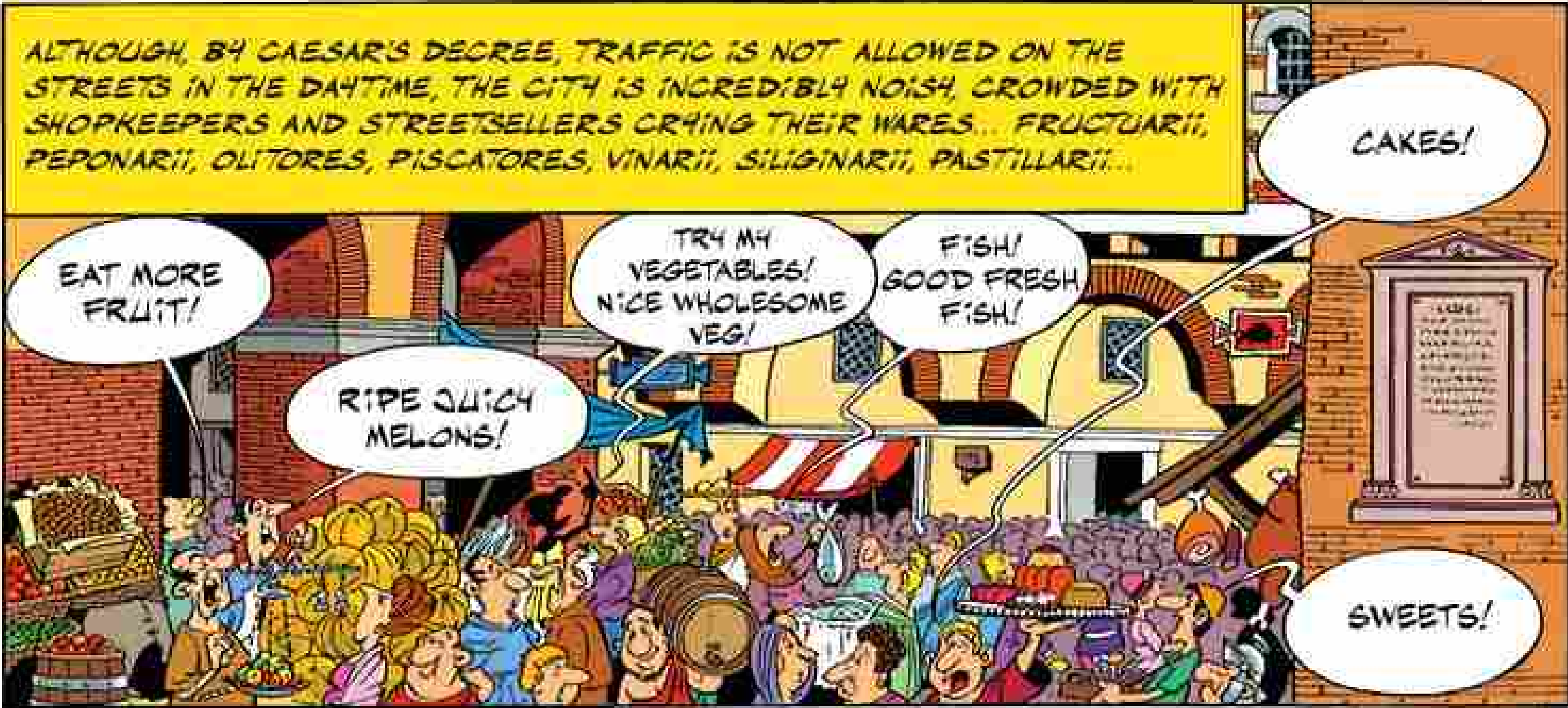
GETAFIX, THE VENERABLE VILLAGE DRUID, GATHERS MISTLETOE AND BREWS MAGIC POTIONS. HIS SPECIALITY IS THE POTION WHICH GIVES THE DRINKER SUPERHUMAN STRENGTH. BUT GETAFIX ALSO HAS OTHER RECIPES UP HIS SLEEVE . . .

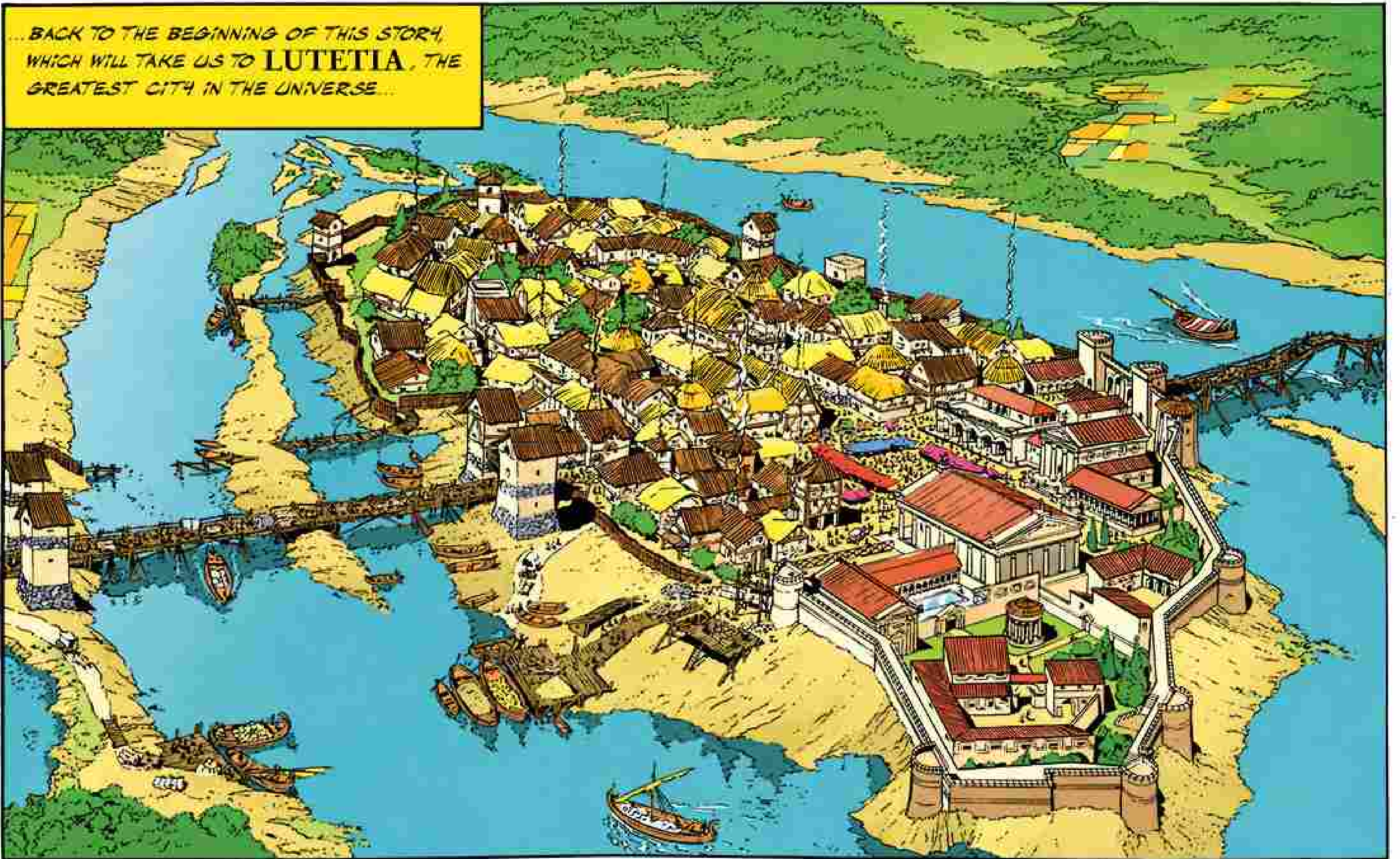
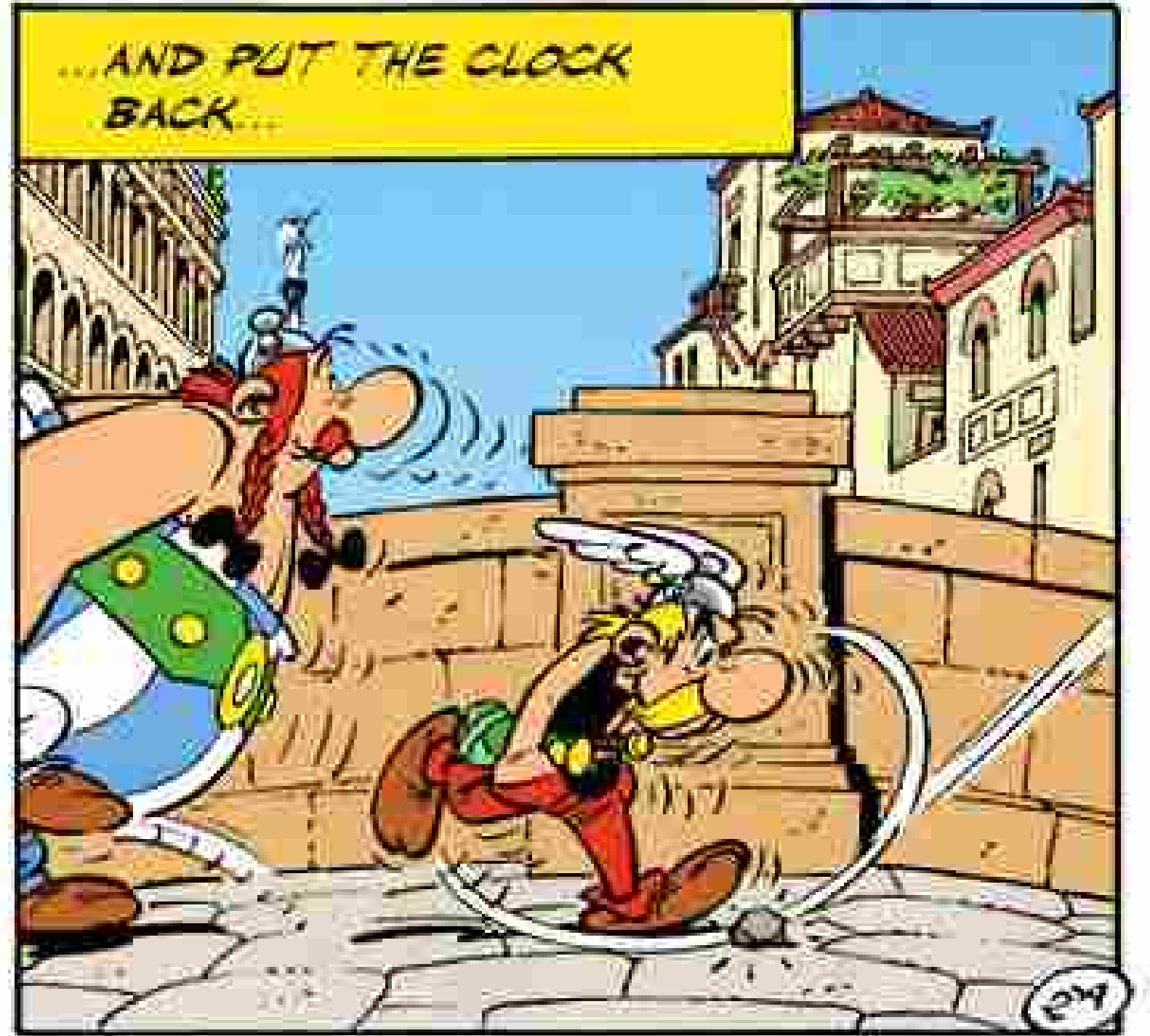
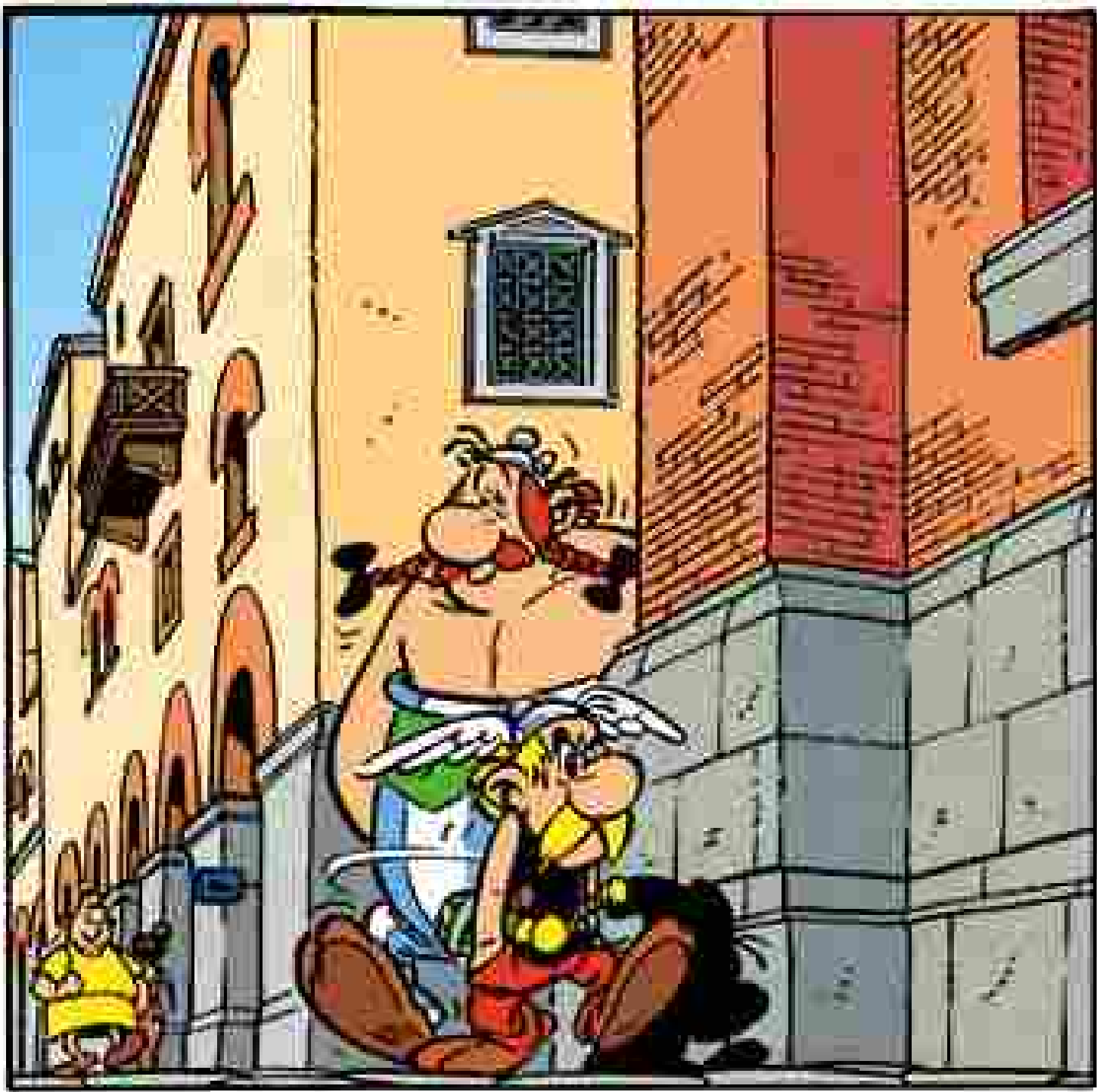


CACOFONIX, THE BARD. OPINION IS DIVIDED AS TO HIS MUSICAL GIFTS. CACOFONIX THINKS HE'S A GENIUS. EVERYONE ELSE THINKS HE'S UNSPEAKABLE. BUT SO LONG AS HE DOESN'T SPEAK, LET ALONE SING, EVERYBODY LIKES HIM . . .



FINALLY, VITALSTATISTIX, THE CHIEF OF THE TRIBE. MAJESTIC, BRAVE AND HOT-TEMPERED, THE OLD WARRIOR IS RESPECTED BY HIS MEN AND FEARED BY HIS ENEMIES. VITALSTATISTIX HIMSELF HAS ONLY ONE FEAR, HE IS AFRAID THE SKY MAY FALL ON HIS HEAD TOMORROW. BUT AS HE ALWAYS SAYS, TOMORROW NEVER COMES.

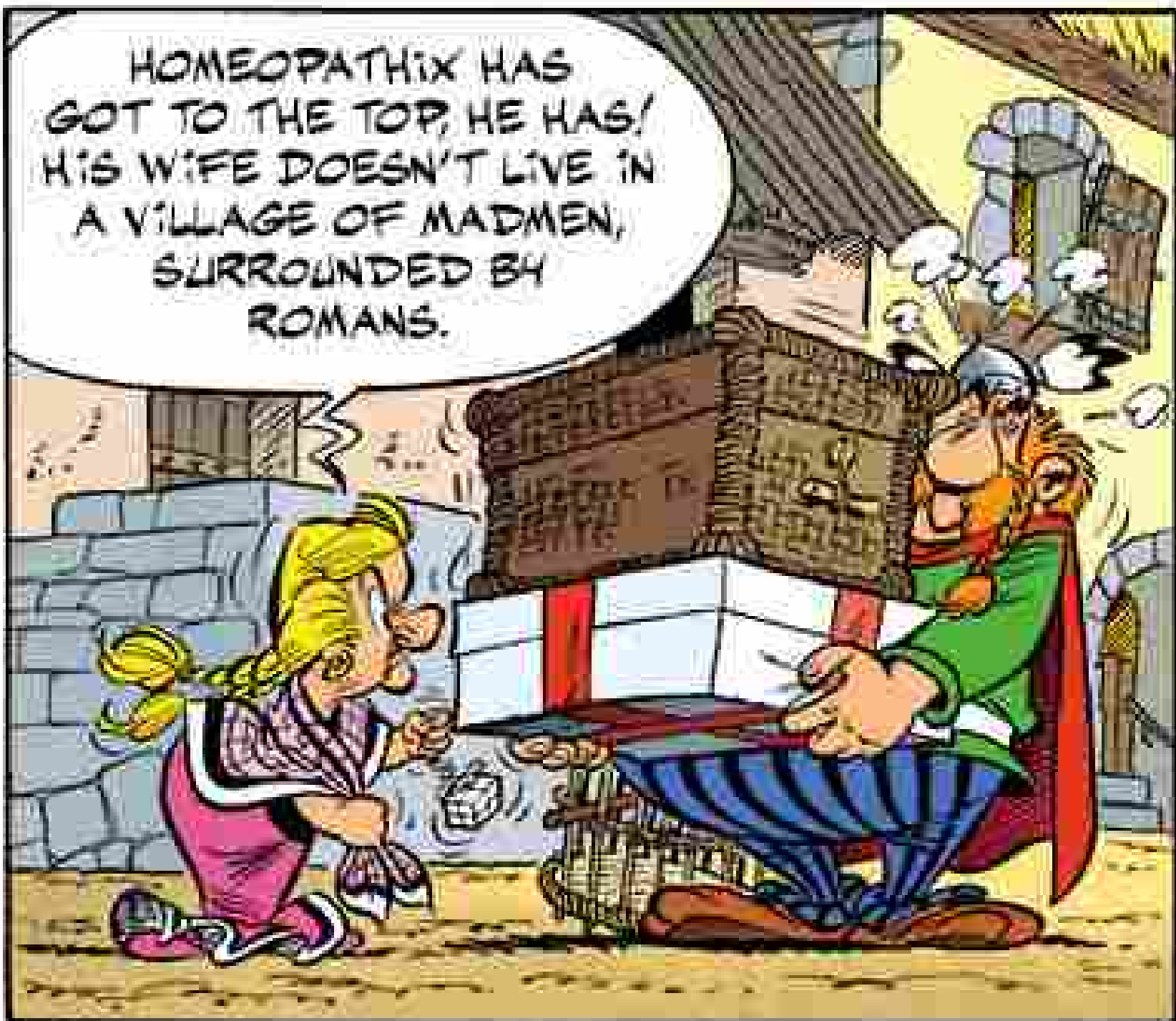
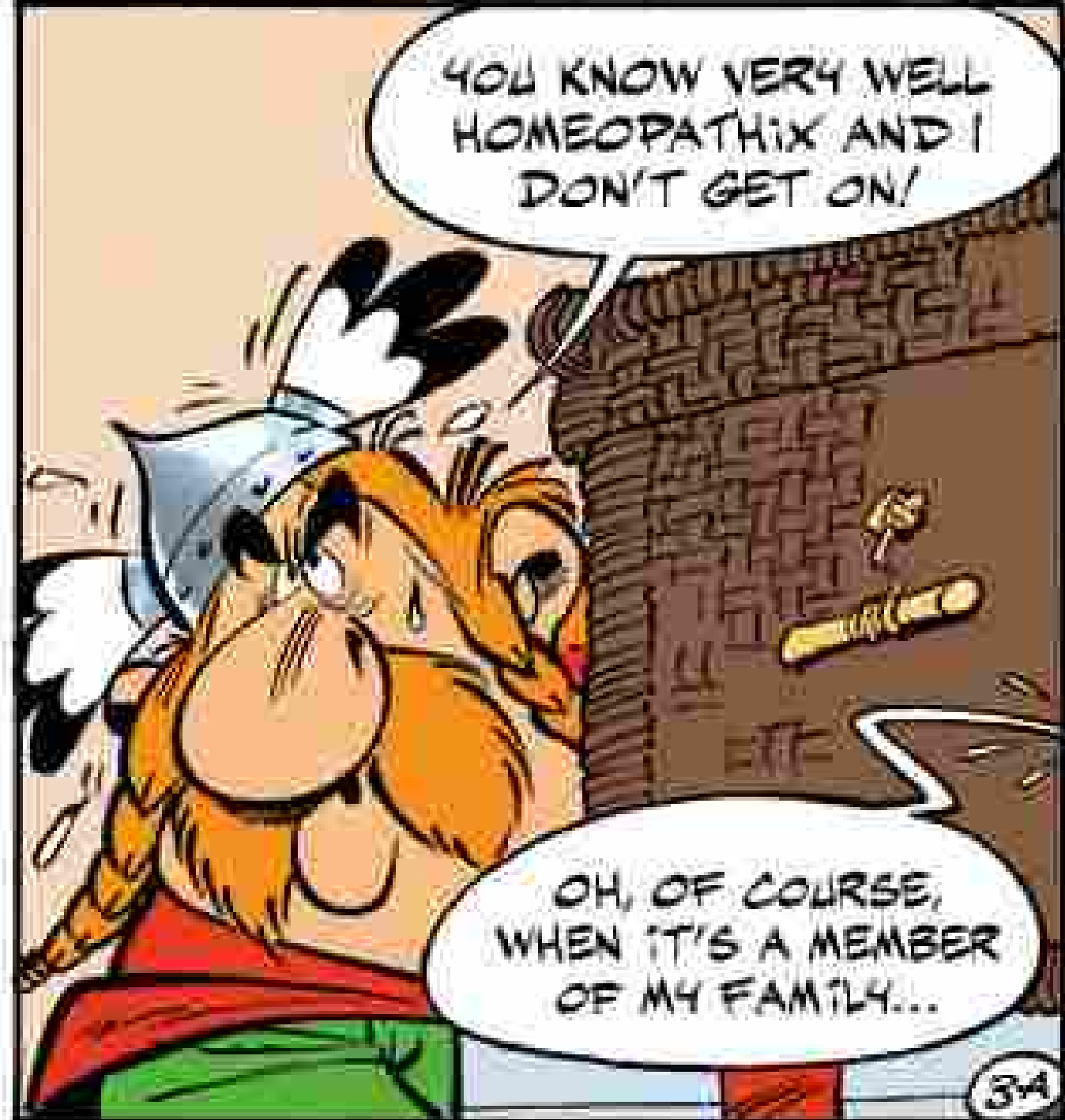


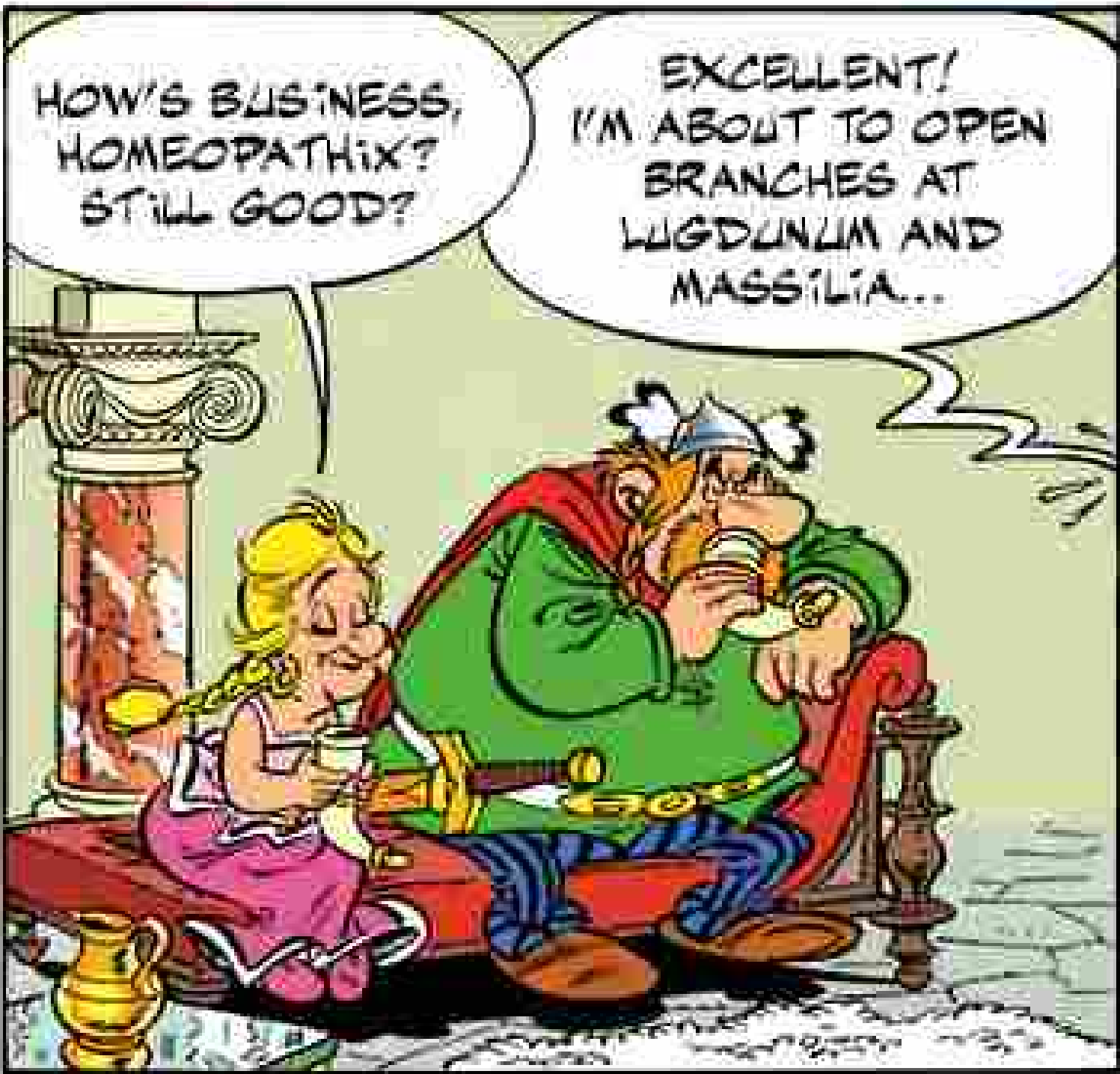
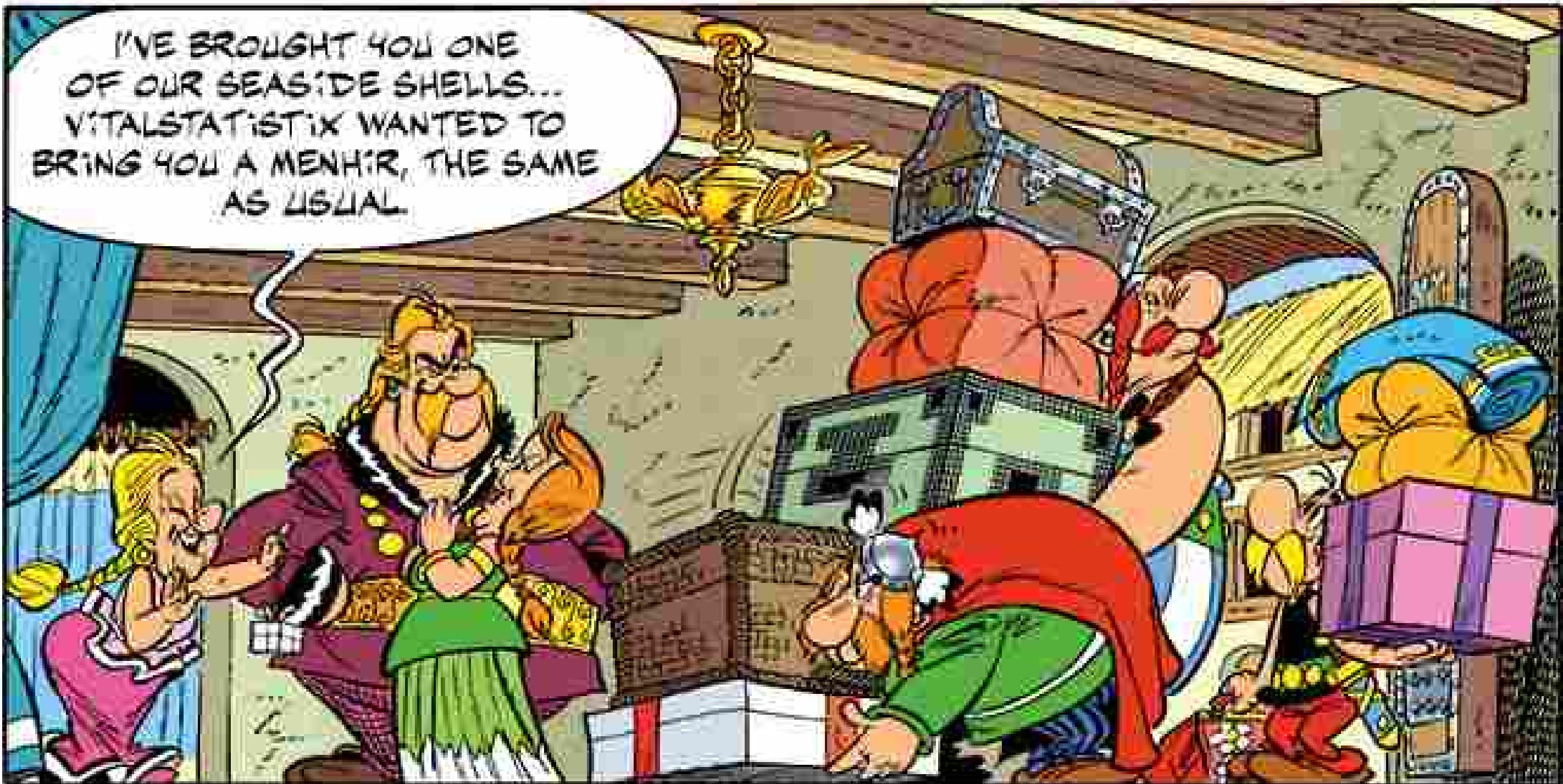


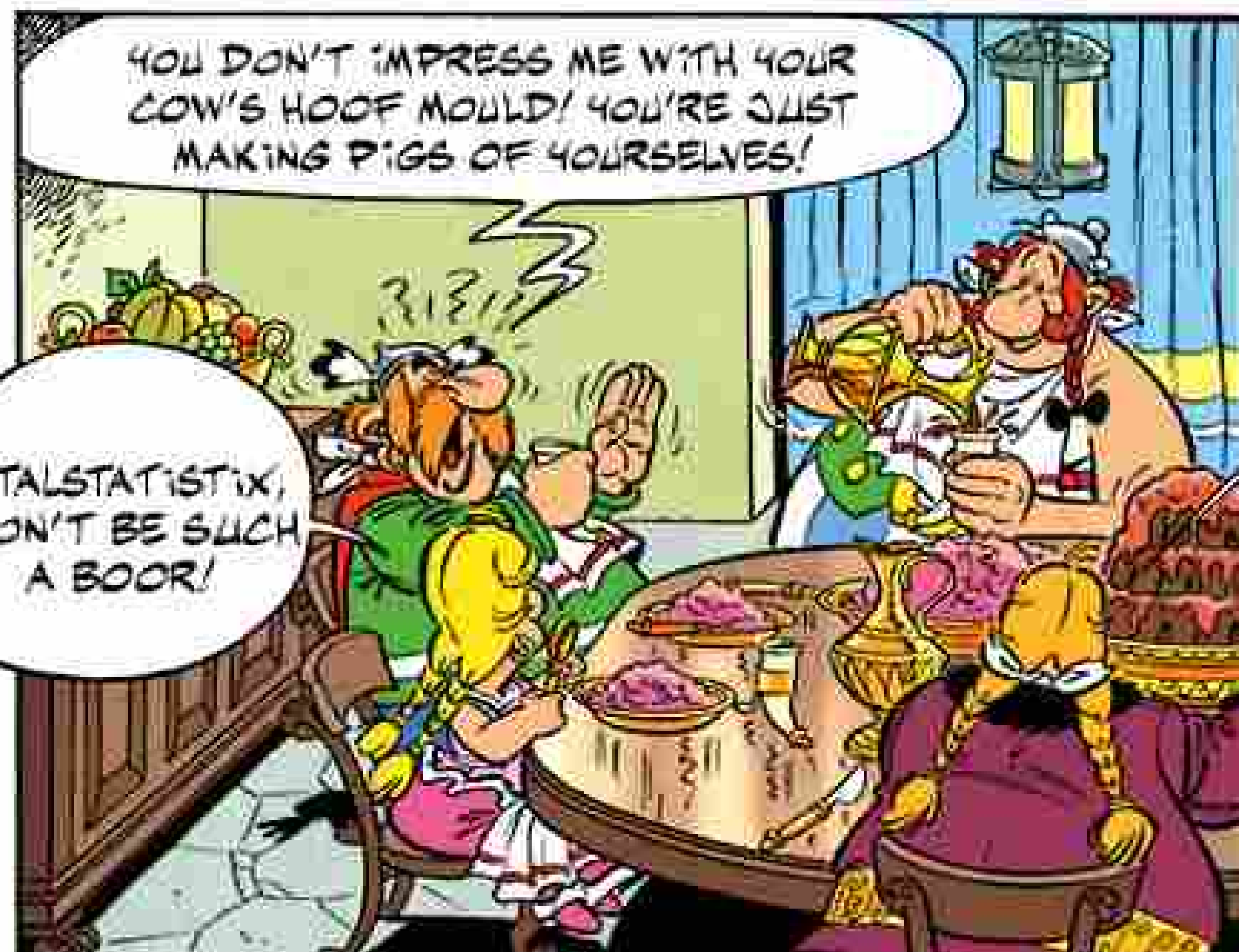
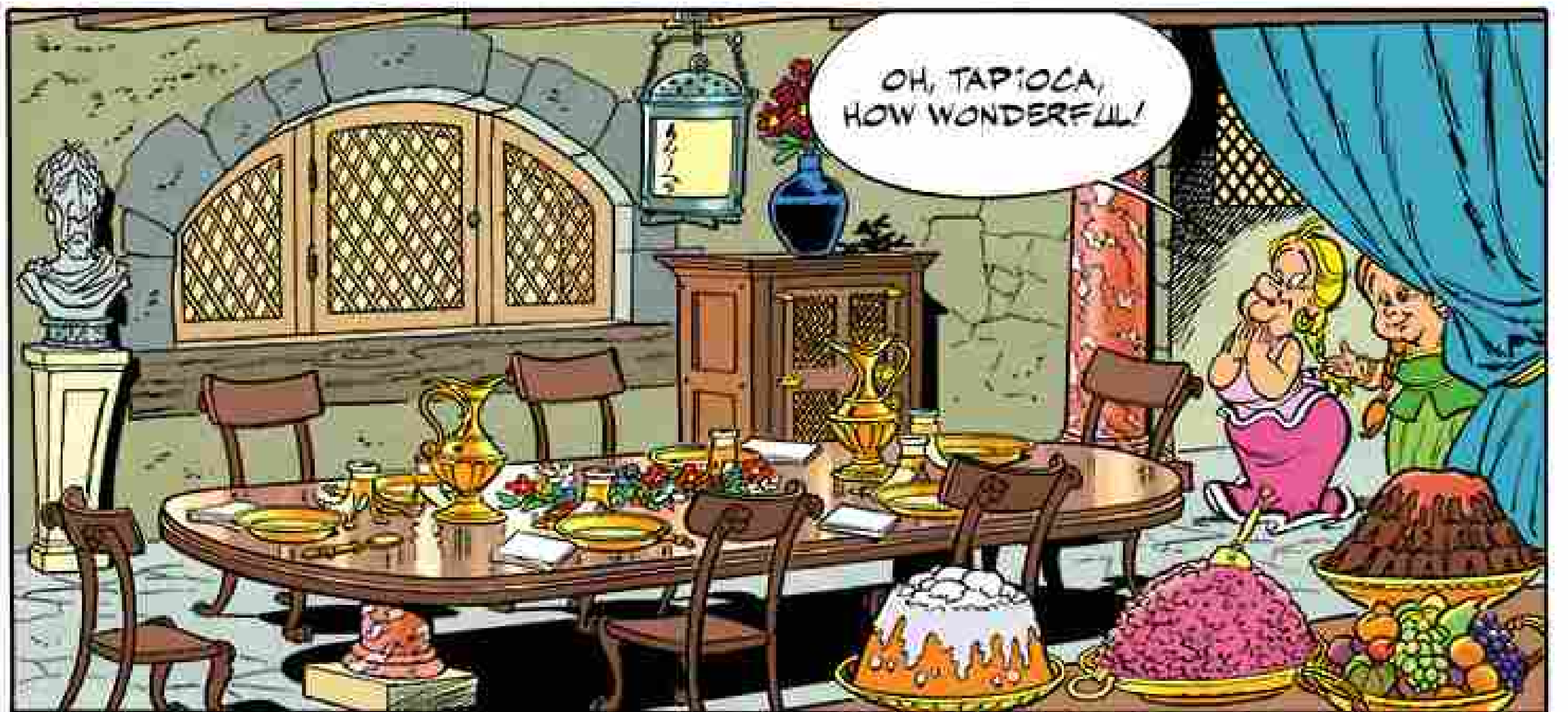
IN SPITE OF THE FACT THAT TRAFFIC IS FORBIDDEN, THE STREETS OF LUTETIA ARE NOISY, NOISY BUT CHEERFUL, THANKS TO THE INSPIRED REPARTEE SO TYPICAL OF THE LUTETIAN SENSE OF HUMOUR...

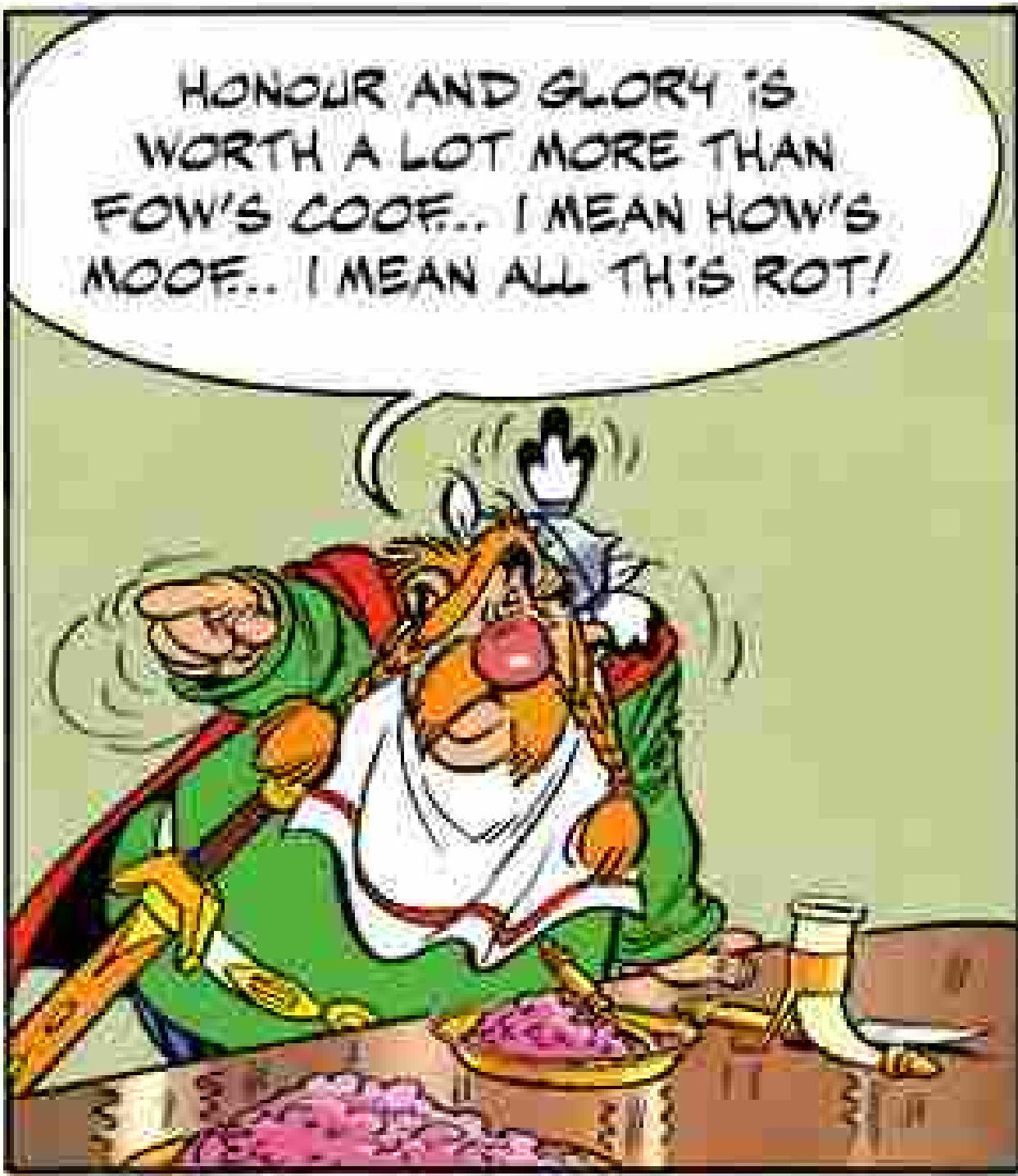


LET US TAKE A CLOSER LOOK AT THIS LITTLE GROUP OF VISITORS UP FROM THE COUNTRY...

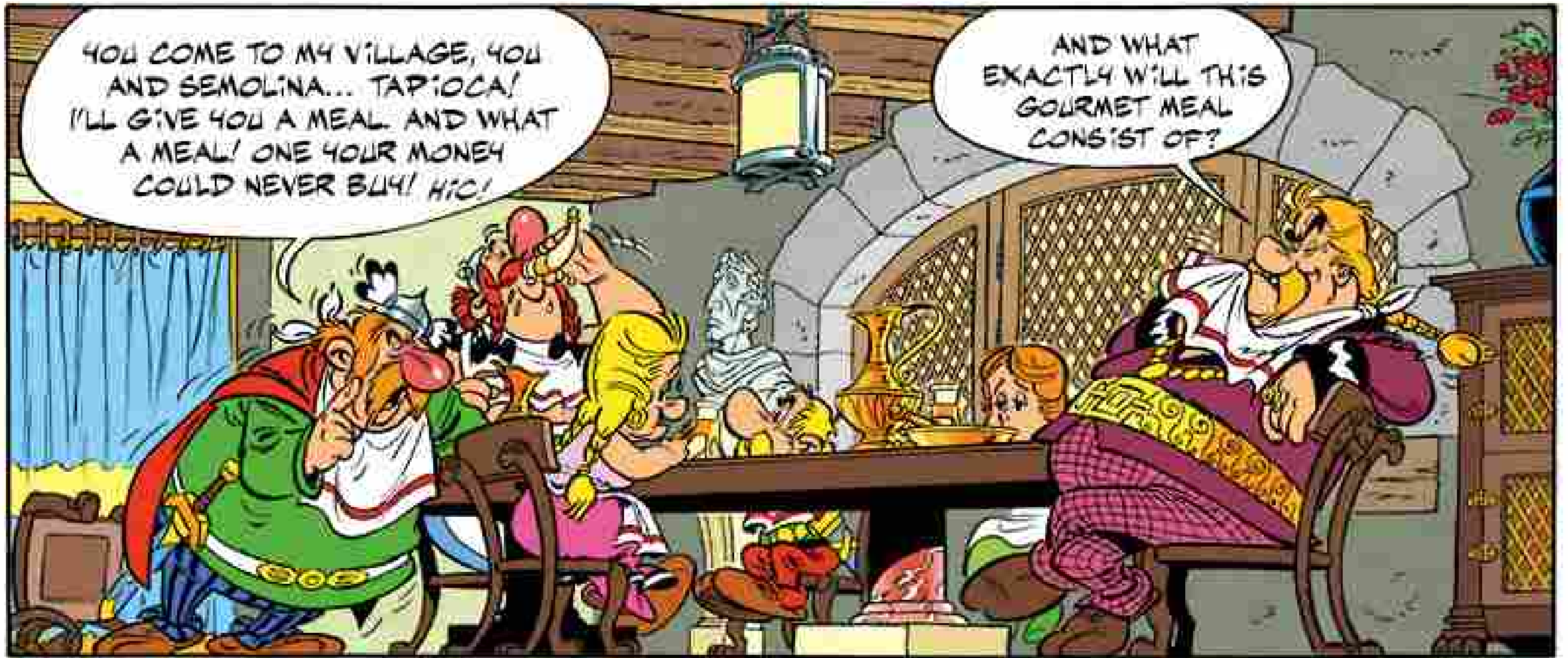






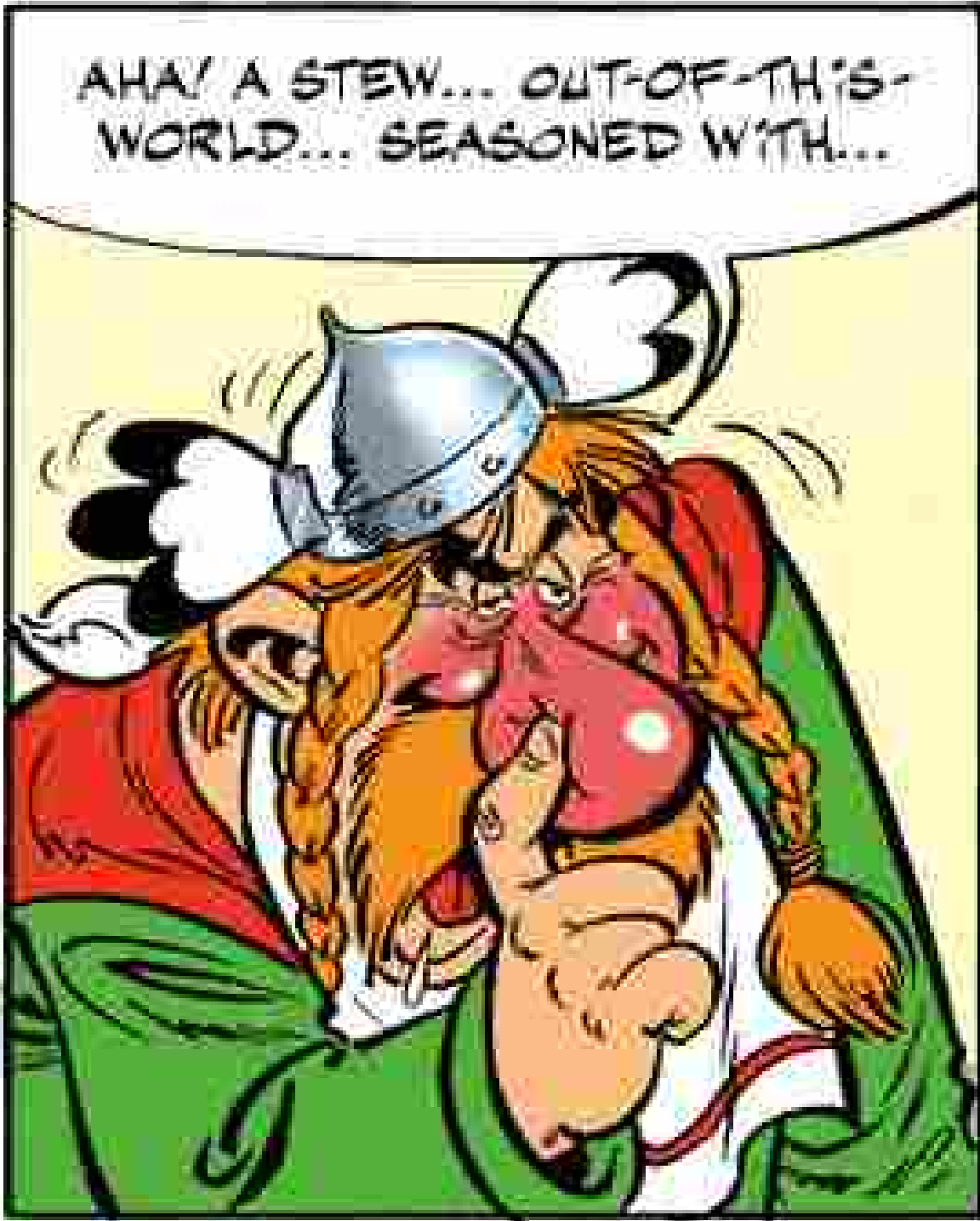


HONOUR AND GLORY IS WORTH A LOT MORE THAN FOW'S COOF... I MEAN HOW'S MOOF... I MEAN ALL THIS ROT!

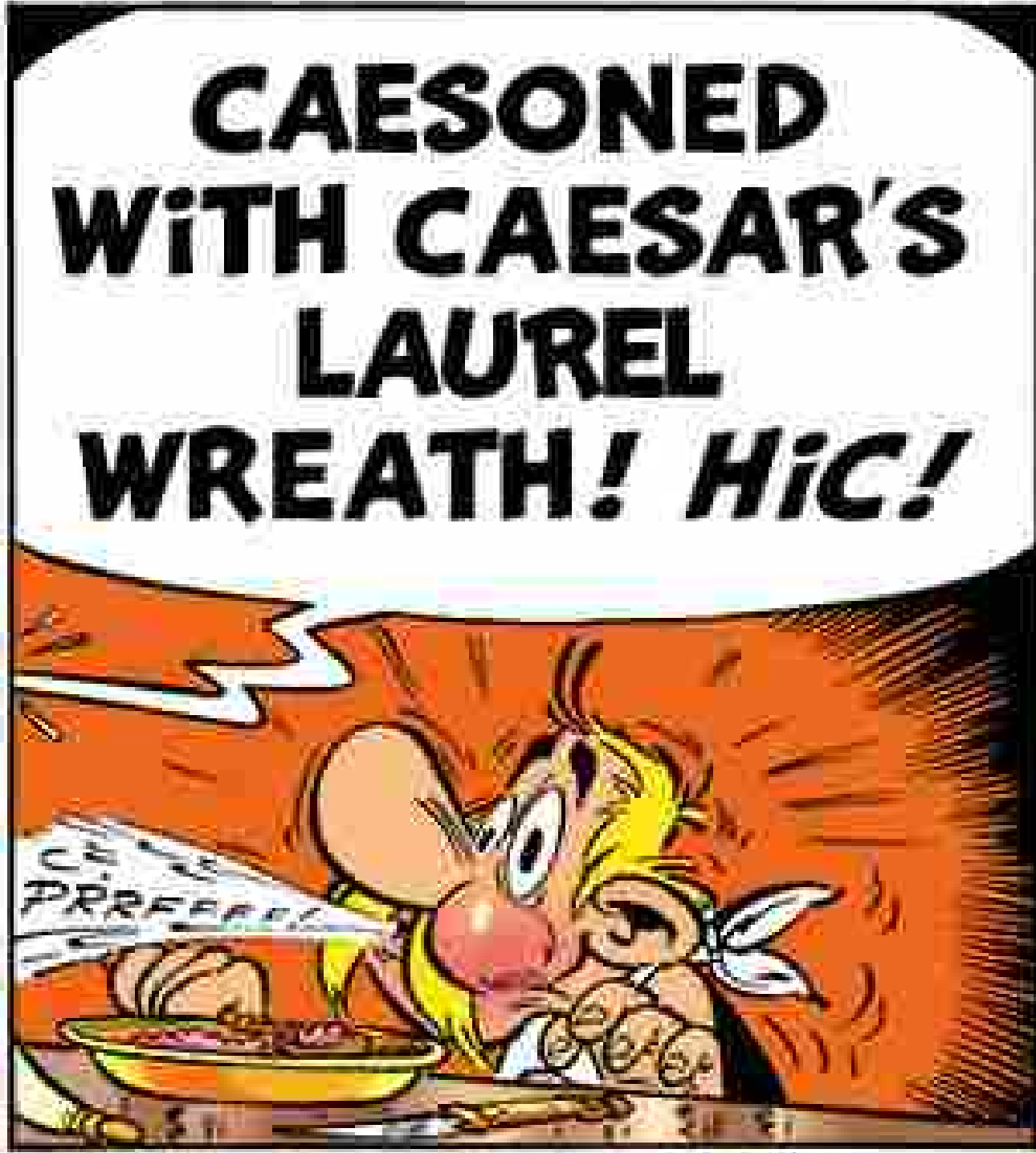


YOU COME TO MY VILLAGE, YOU AND SEMOLINA... TAPIOCA! I'LL GIVE YOU A MEAL AND WHAT A MEAL! ONE YOUR MONEY COULD NEVER BUY! HIC!

AND WHAT EXACTLY WILL THIS GOURMET MEAL CONSIST OF?



AHA! A STEW... OUT-OF-THIS-WORLD... SEASONED WITH...



CAESONED WITH CAESAR'S LAUREL WREATH! HIC!



TAKE NO NOTICE. HE'S HAD A DROP TOO MUCH.

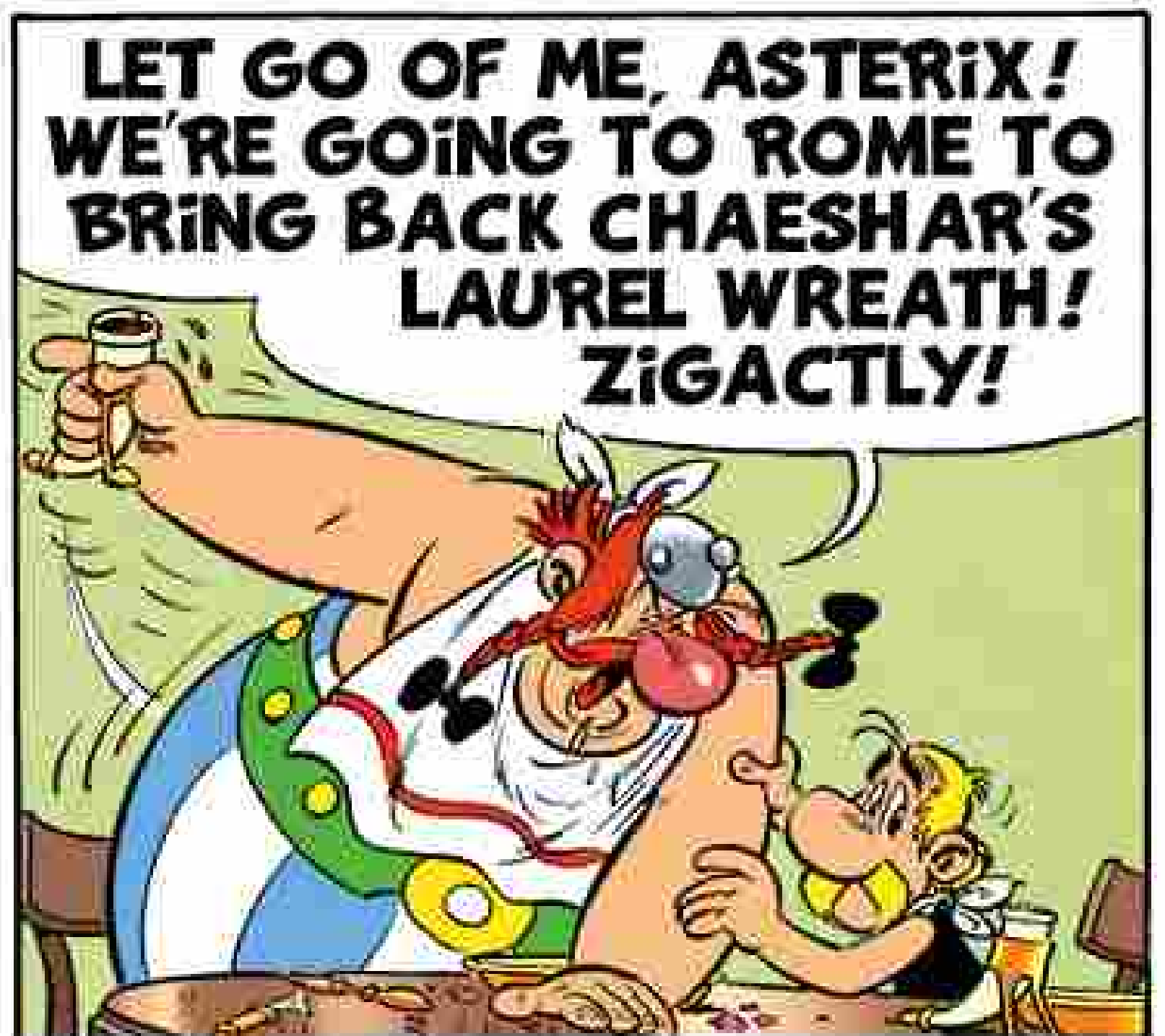
THAT'S ALL RIGHT, IMPEDIMENTA. HE'S VERY AMUSING.



AMUSING, EH? HIC! ALL RIGHT THEN, YOU WAIT AND SEE! I'M SENDING MY MEN TO ROME TO BRING ME CAESAR'S LAUREL WREATH, TO SEASON THE STEW I SHALL GIVE YOU WHEN YOU VISIT MY VILLAGE!



ZIGACKLY! WHATSISNAME ISH FERPECTLY RIGHT! HIC!



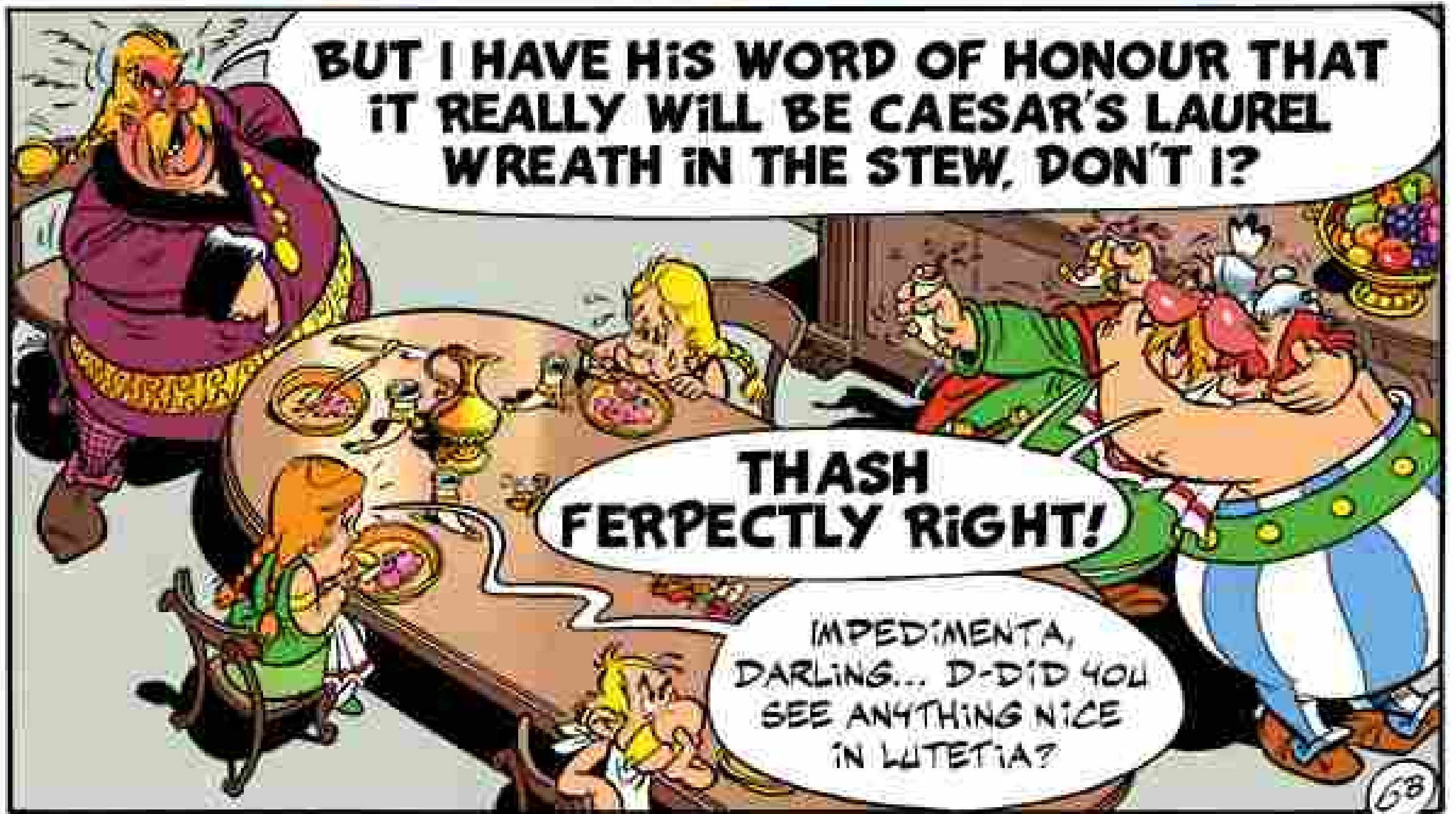
LET GO OF ME, ASTERIX! WE'RE GOING TO ROME TO BRING BACK CHAESHAR'S LAUREL WREATH! ZIGACTLY!



COME TO MY ARMS, OBELIX!

HOMEOPA-THINKS!

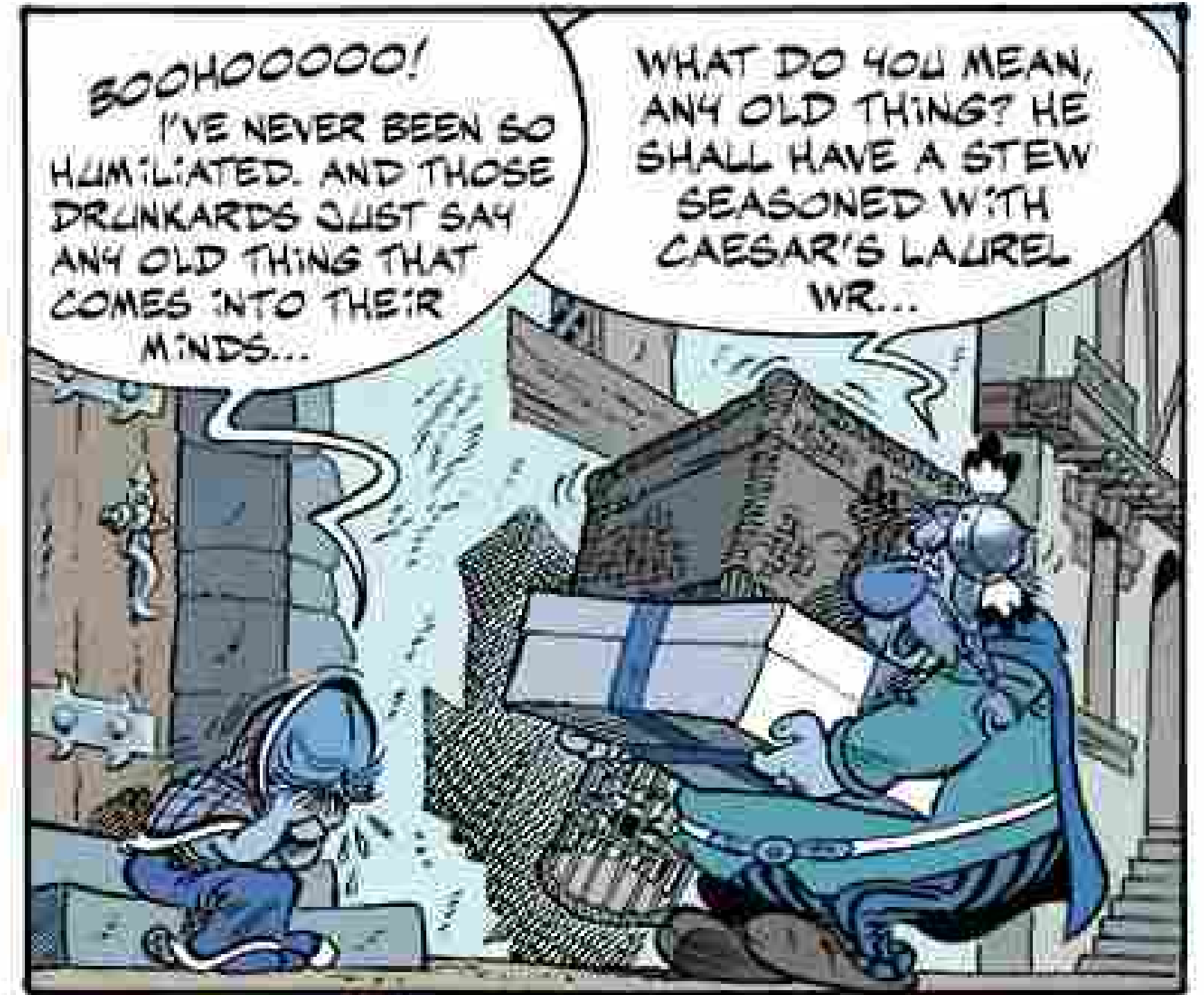
NO! SINCE THIS BIGHEADED WARRIOR OF YOURS IS SO CLEVER, I'LL ACCEPT HIS INVITATION!

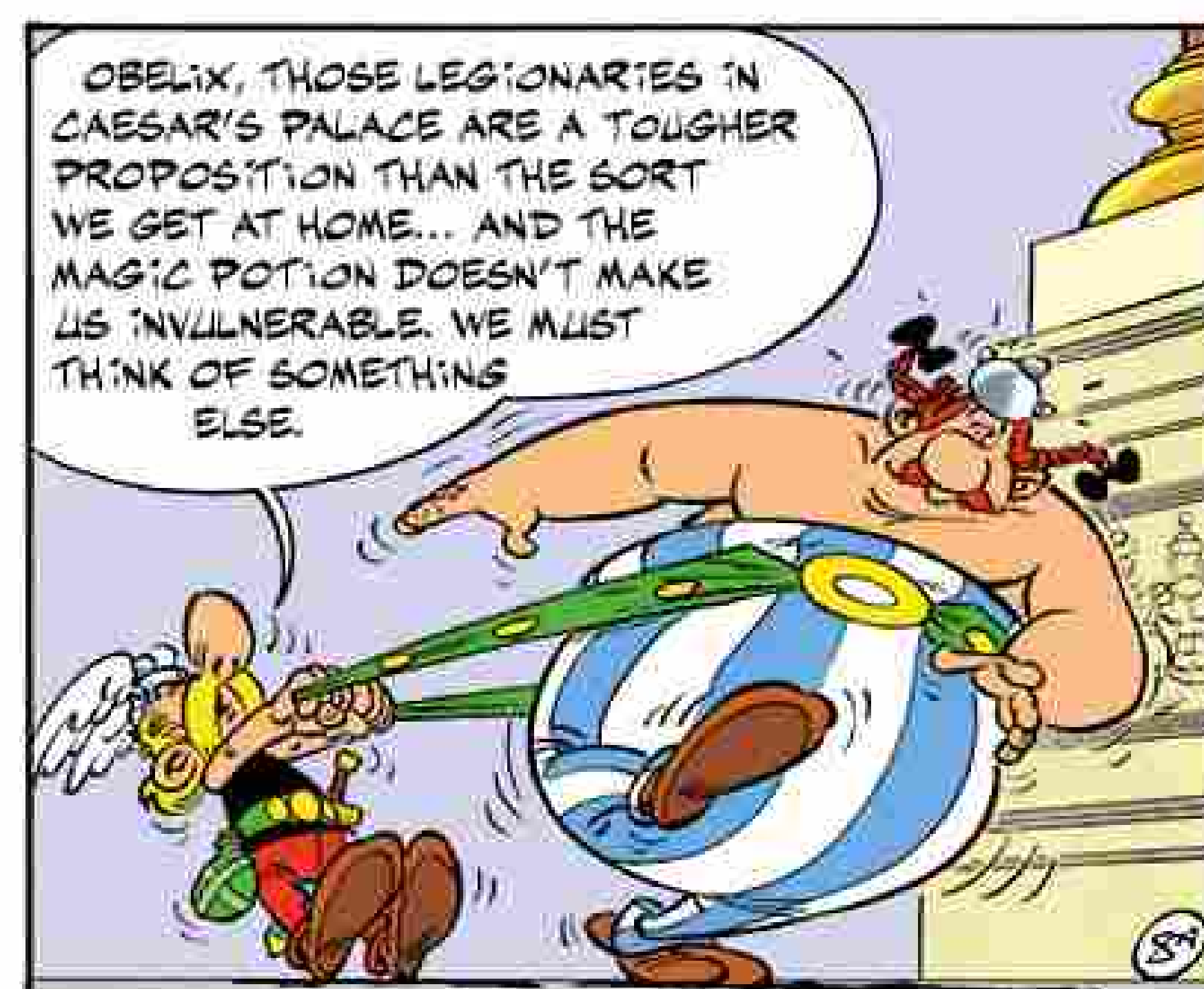
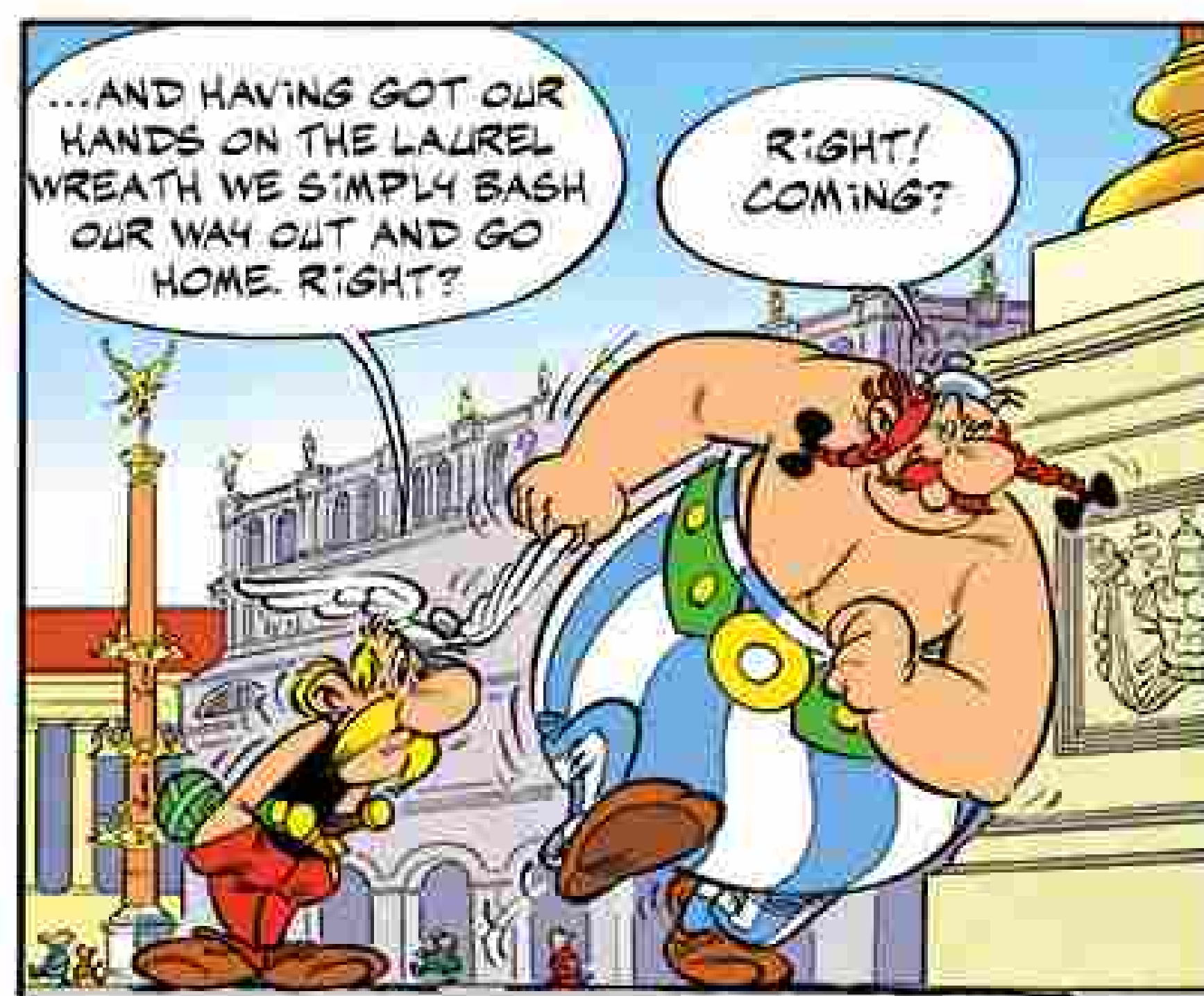
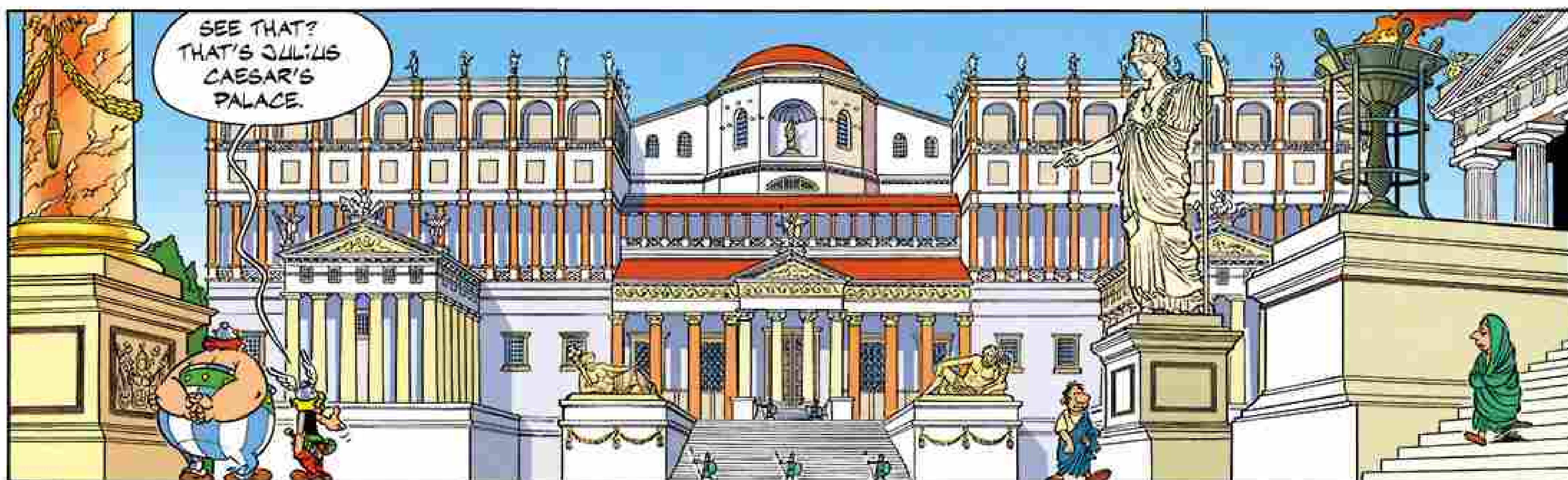


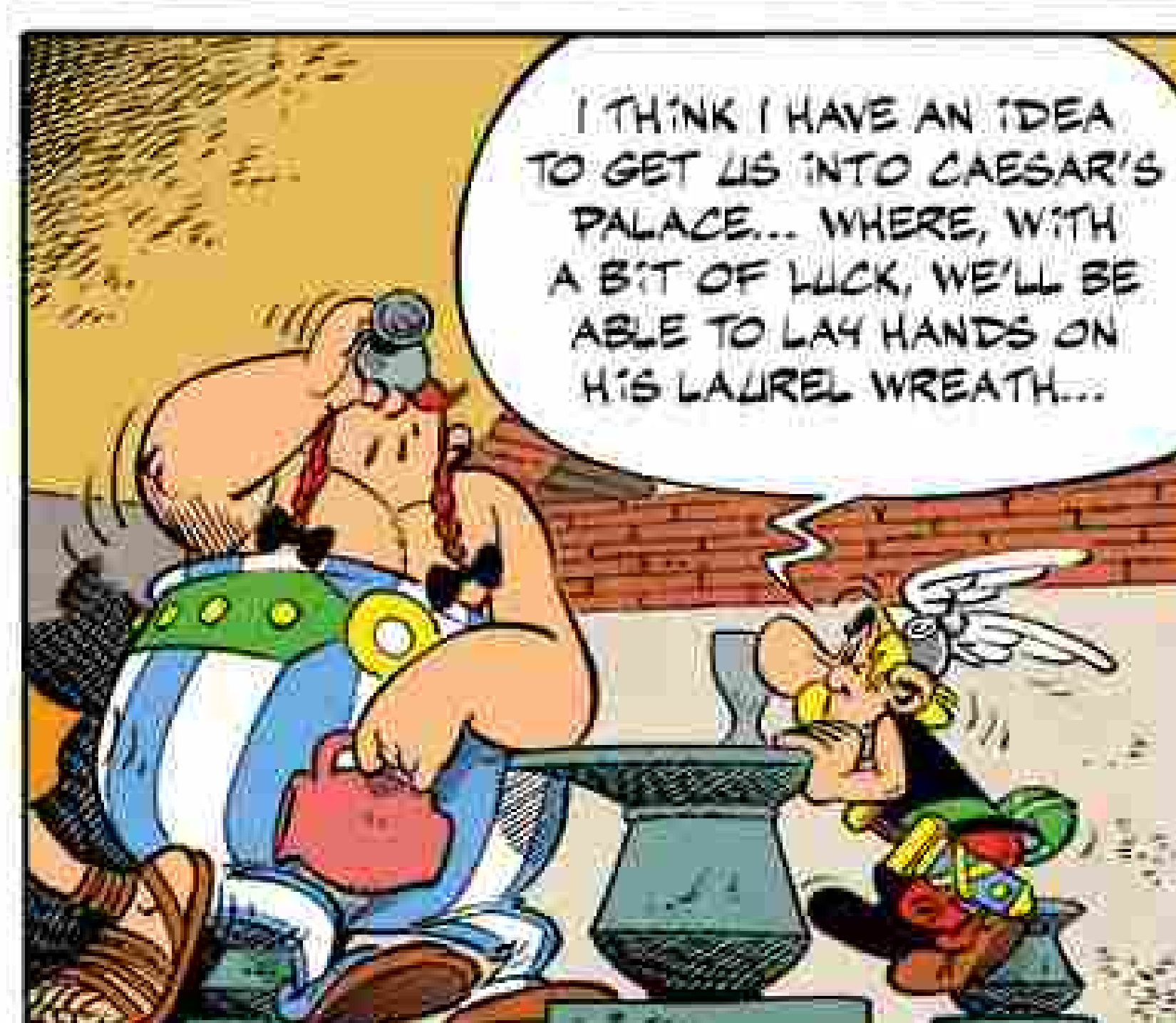
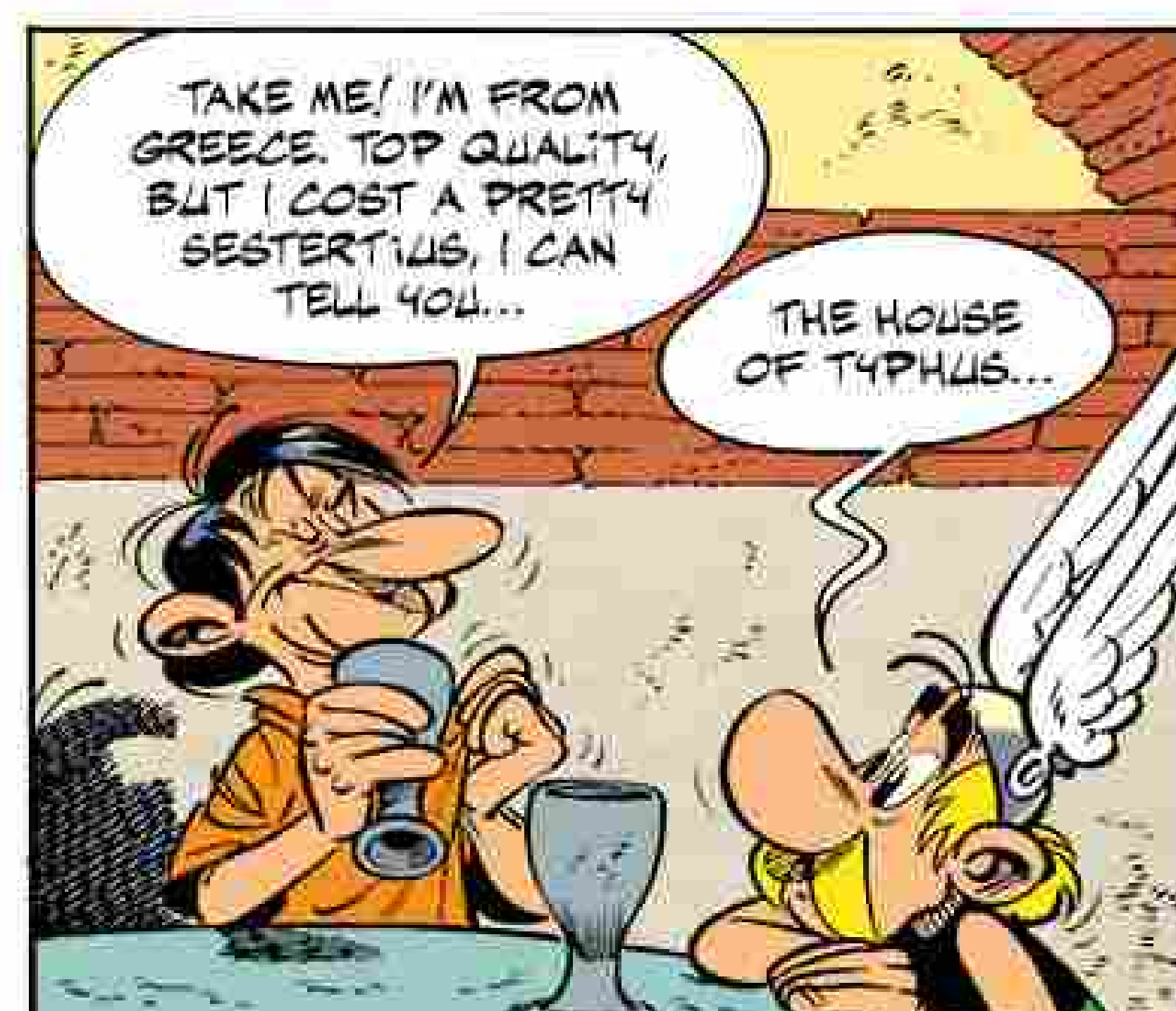
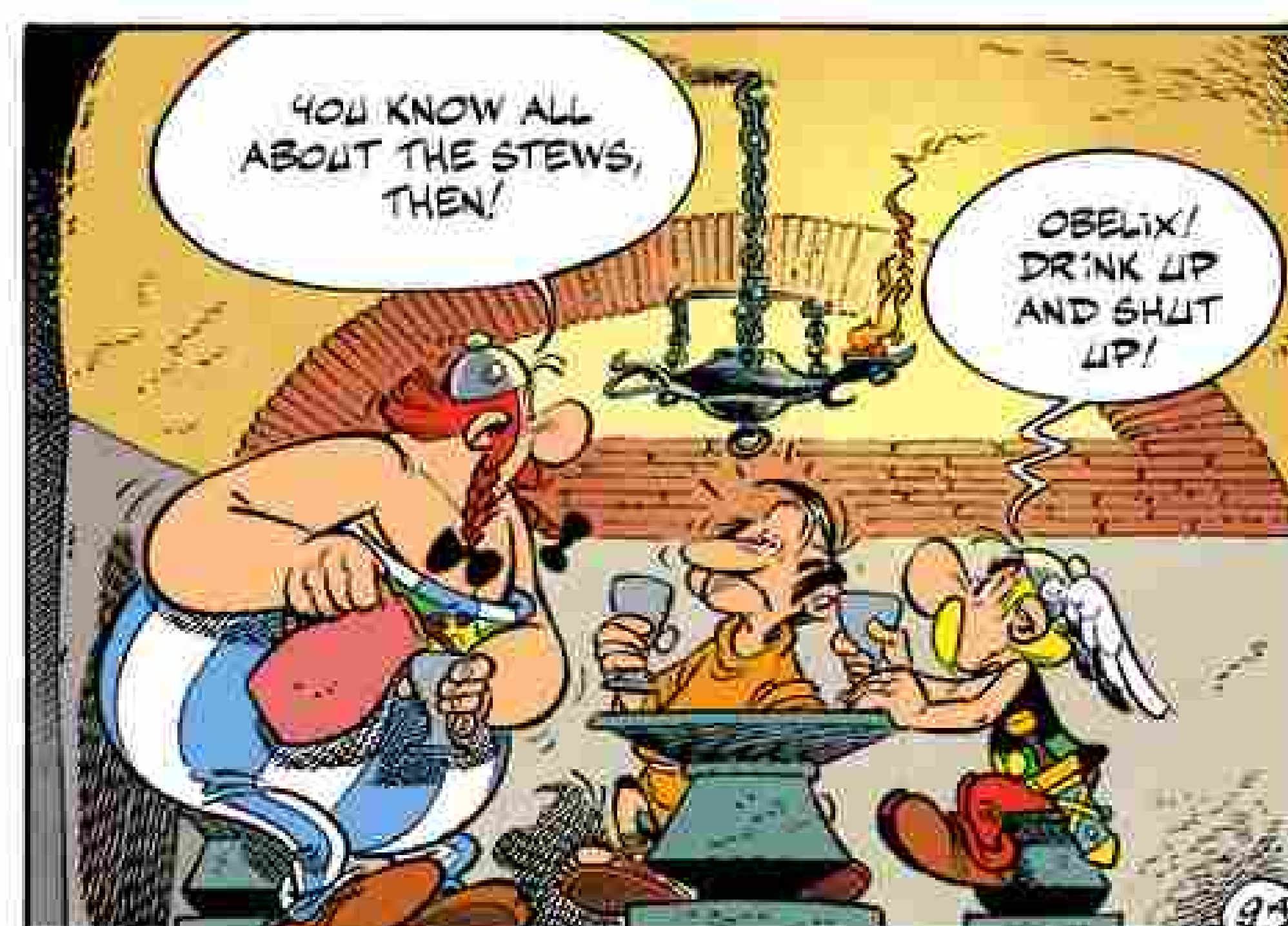
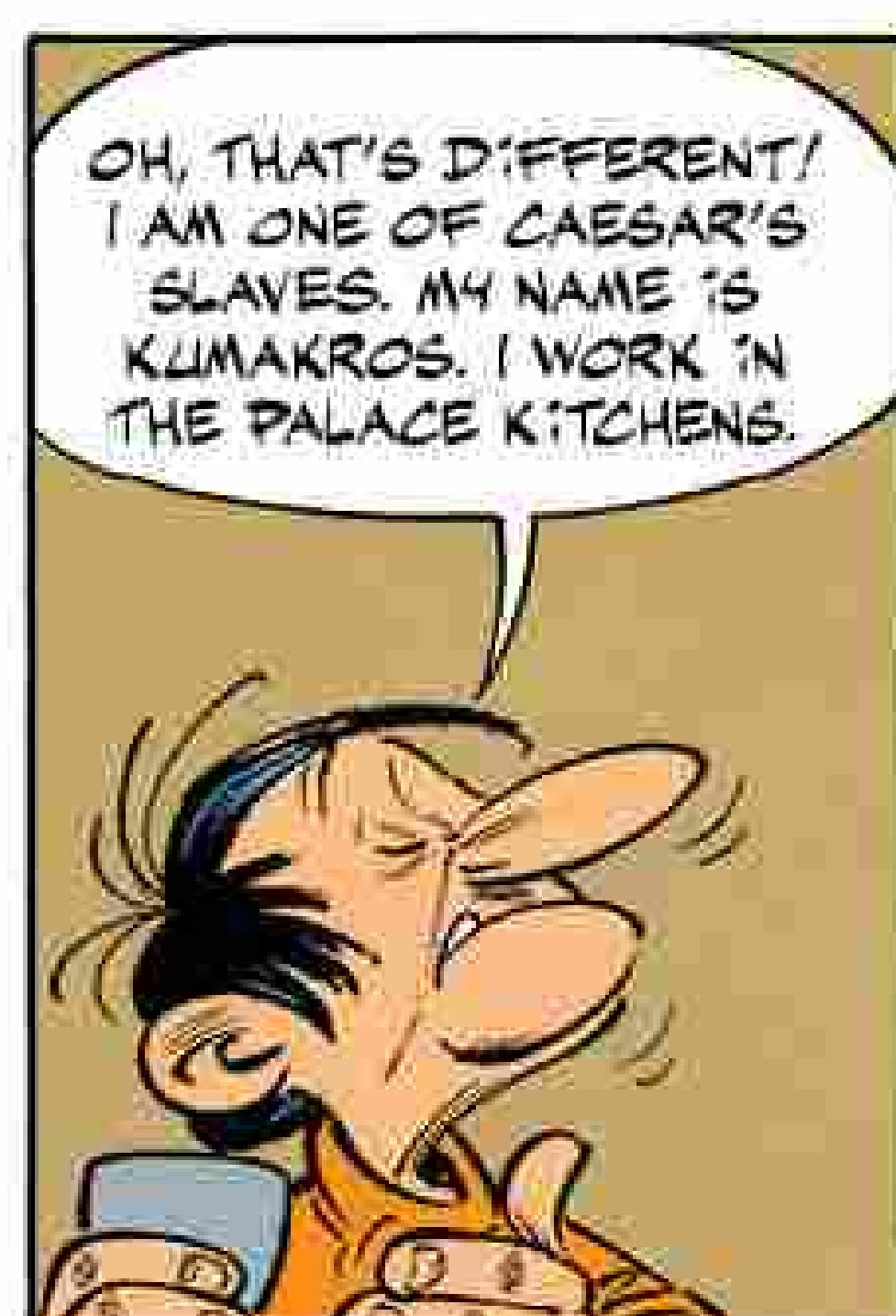
BUT I HAVE HIS WORD OF HONOUR THAT IT REALLY WILL BE CAESAR'S LAUREL WREATH IN THE STEW, DON'T I?

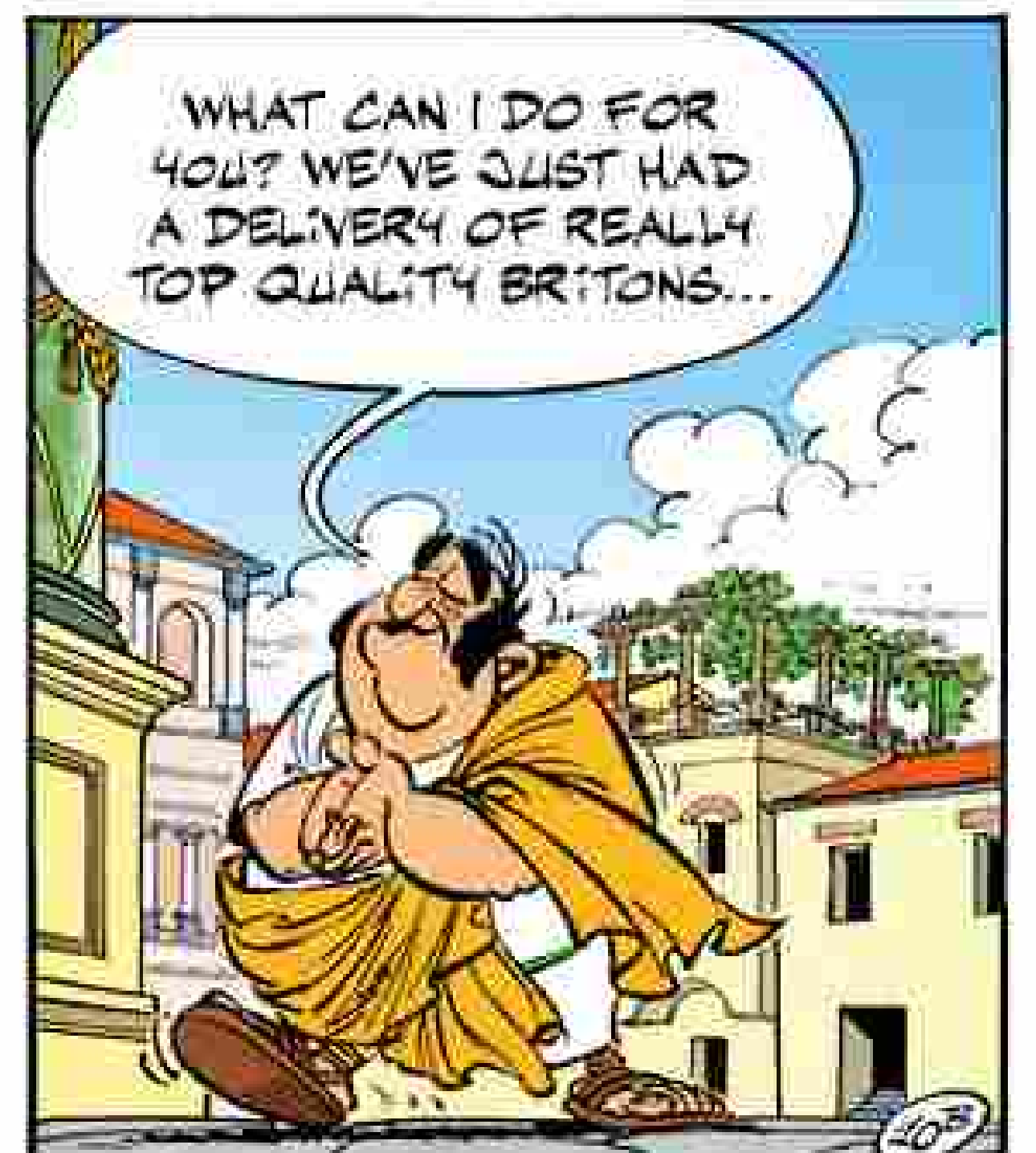
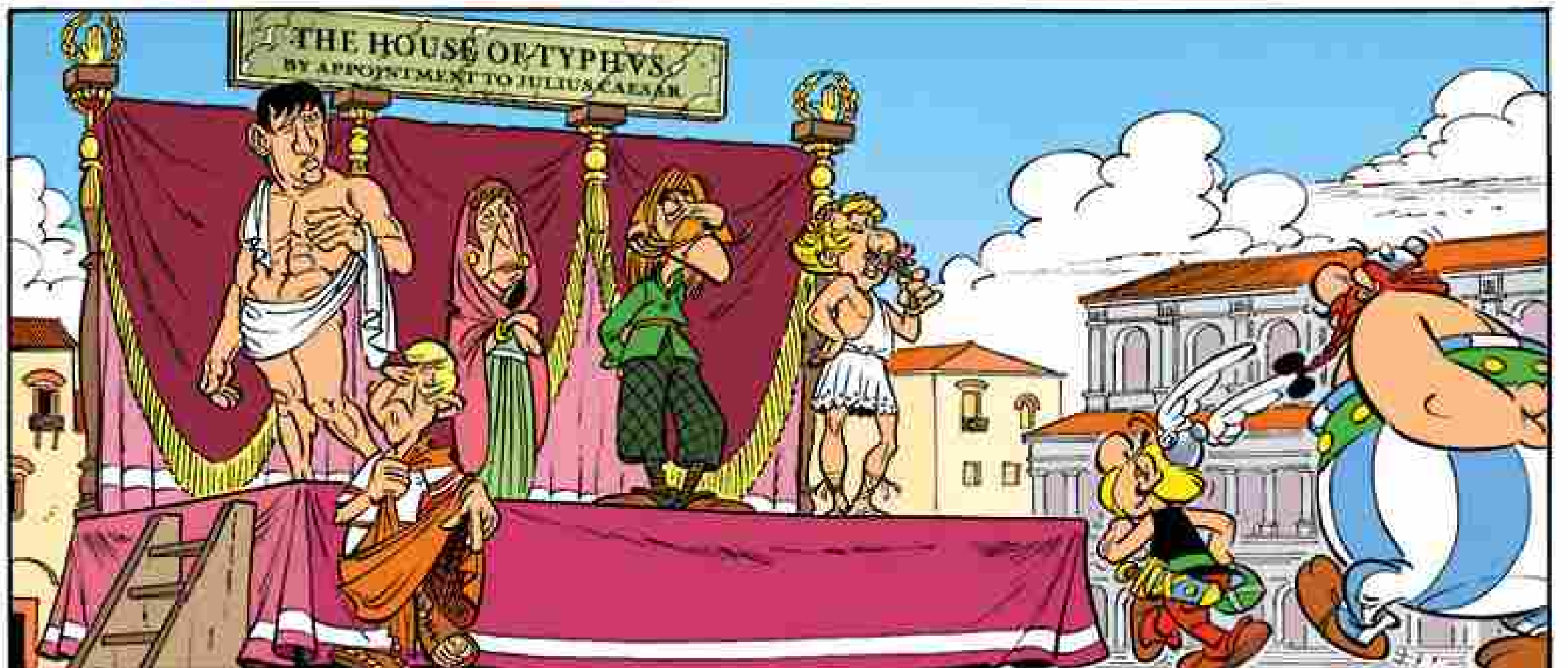
THASH FERPECTLY RIGHT!

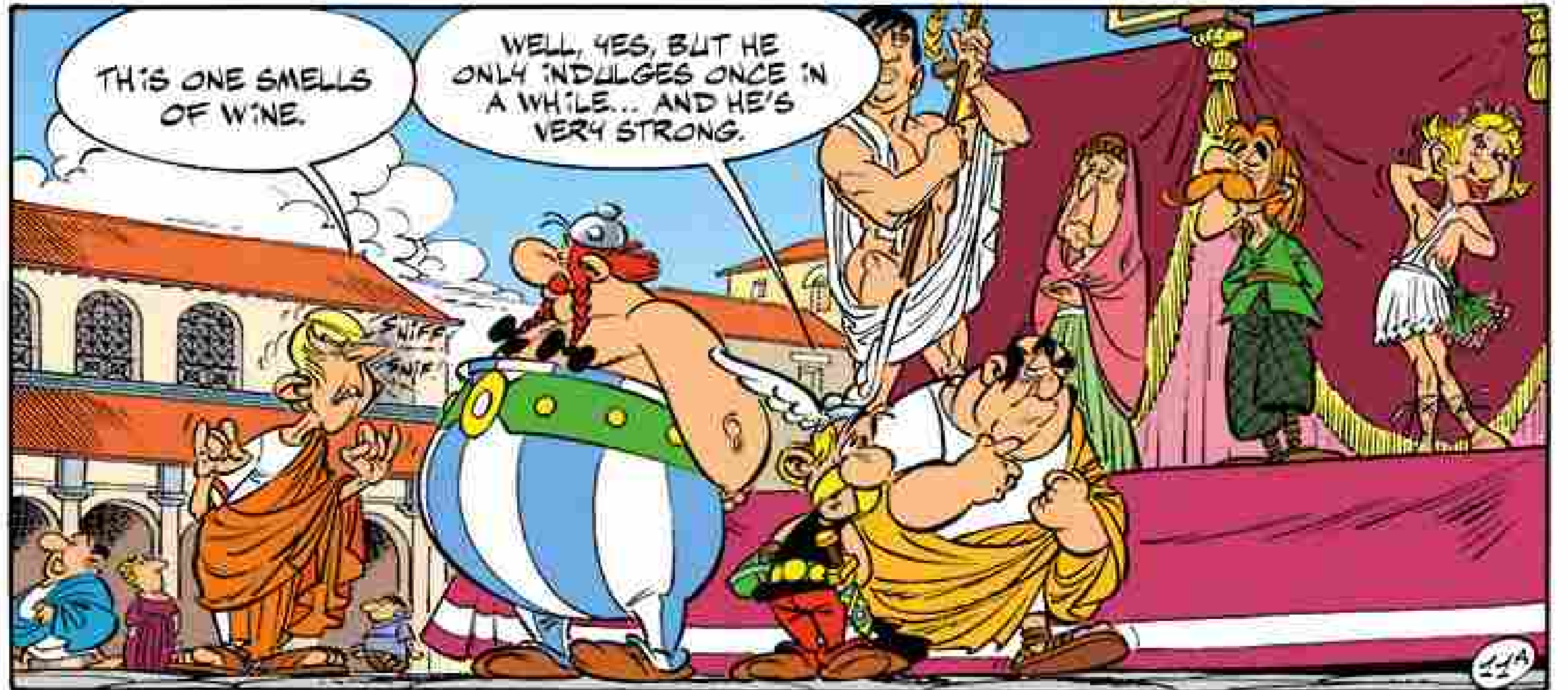
IMPEDIMENTA, DARLING... D-DID YOU SEE ANYTHING NICE IN LUTETIA?

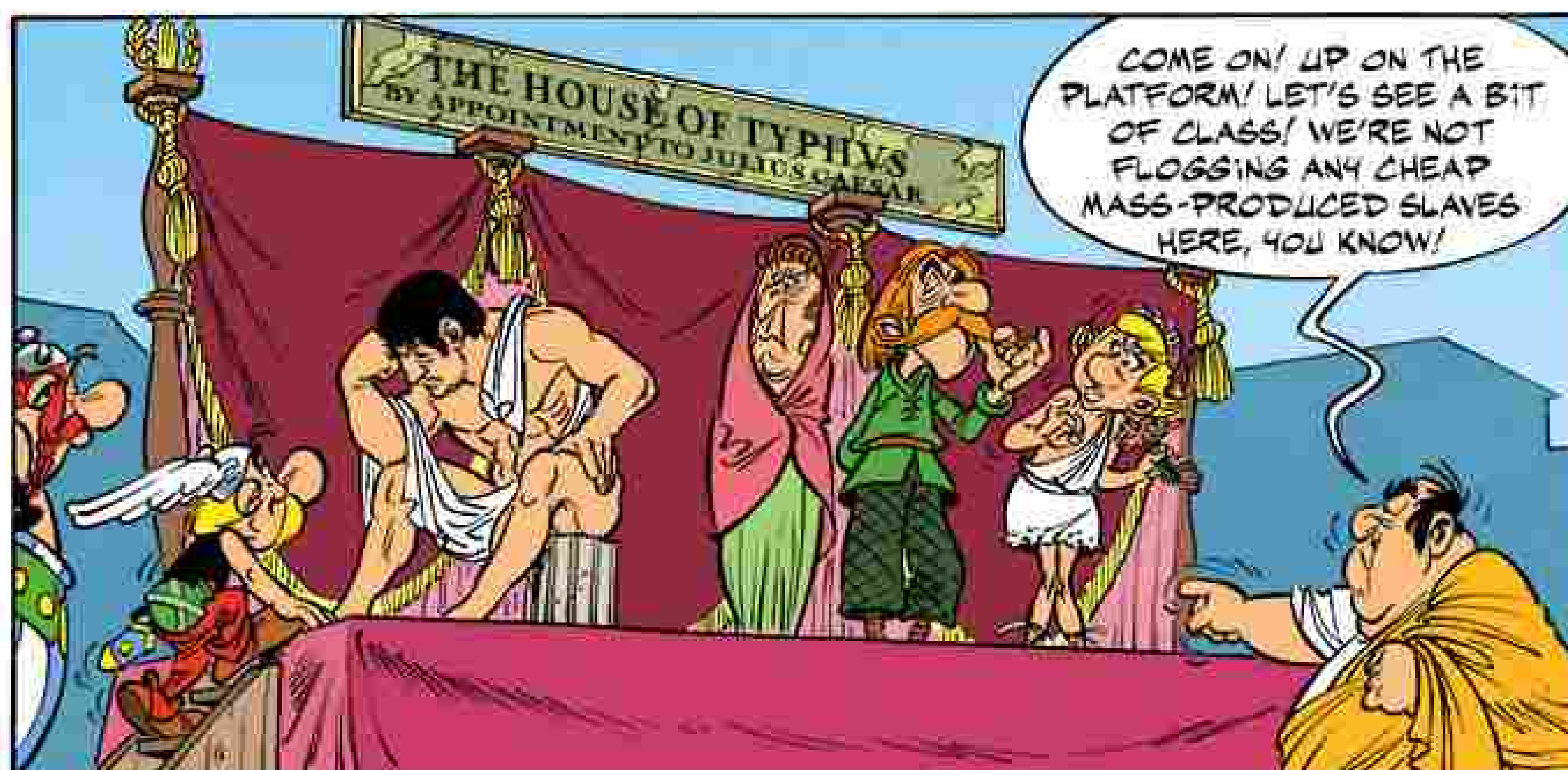


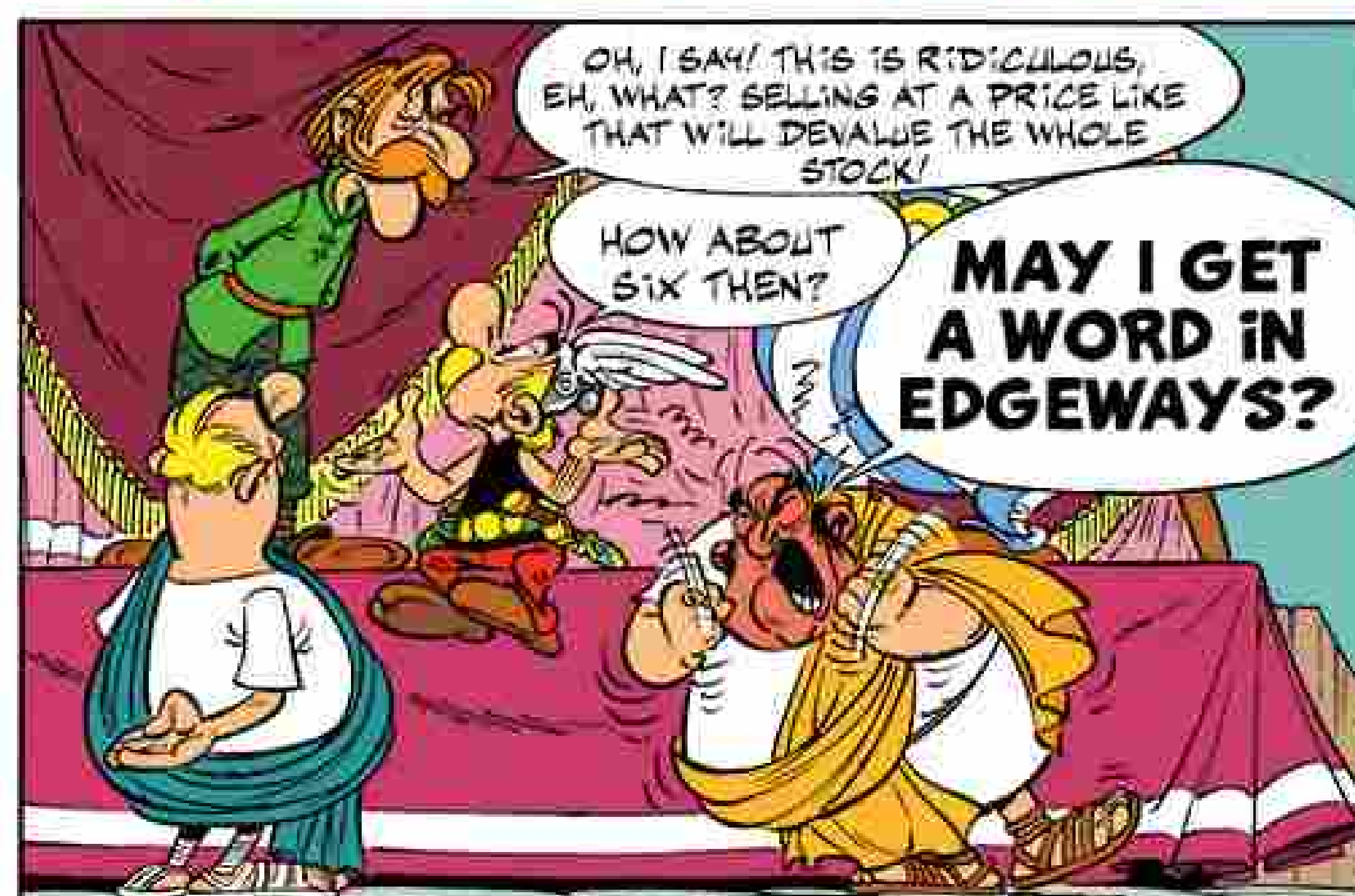
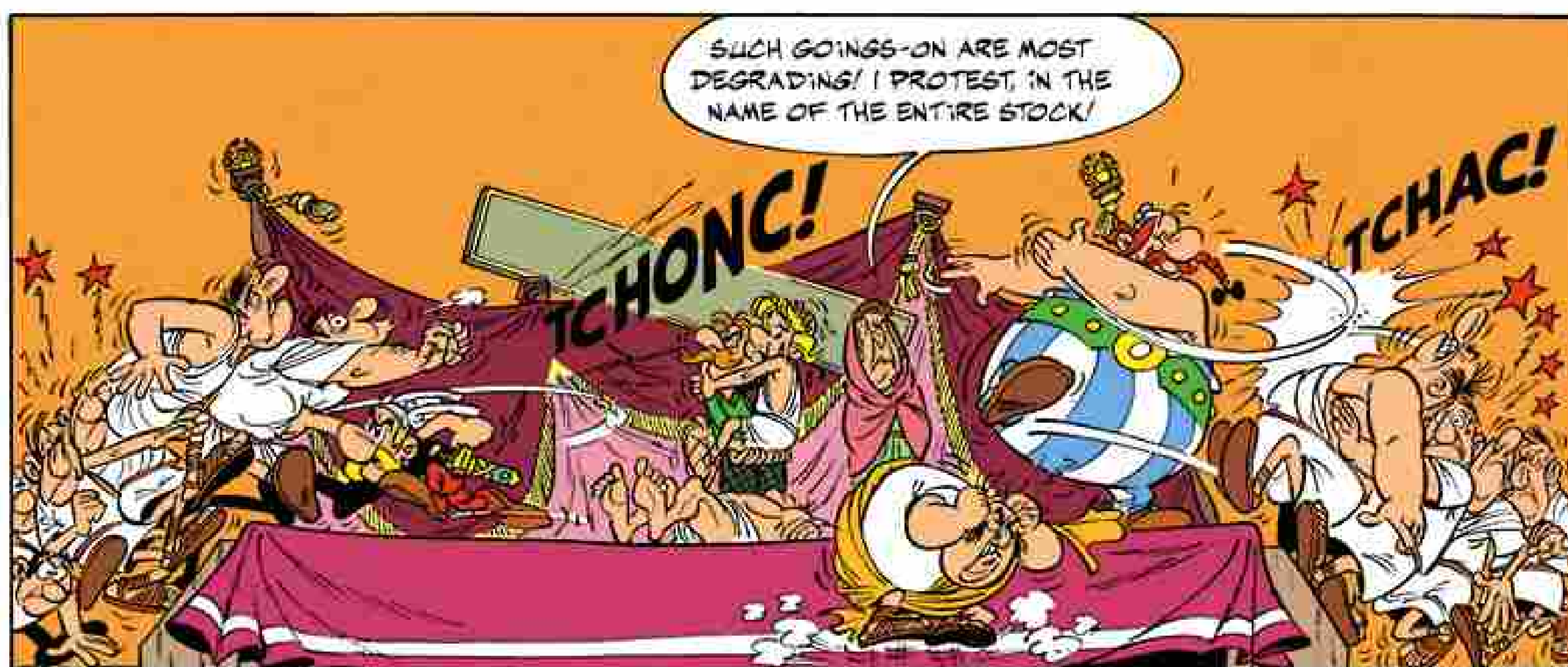


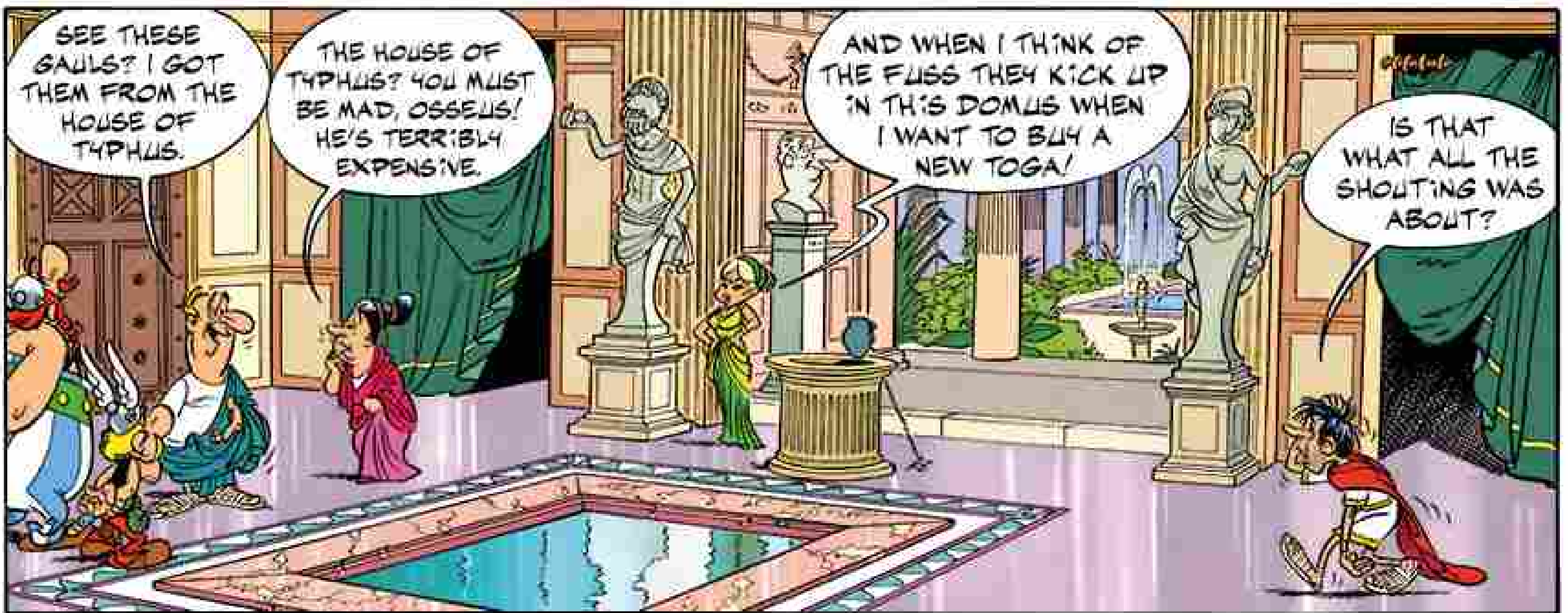
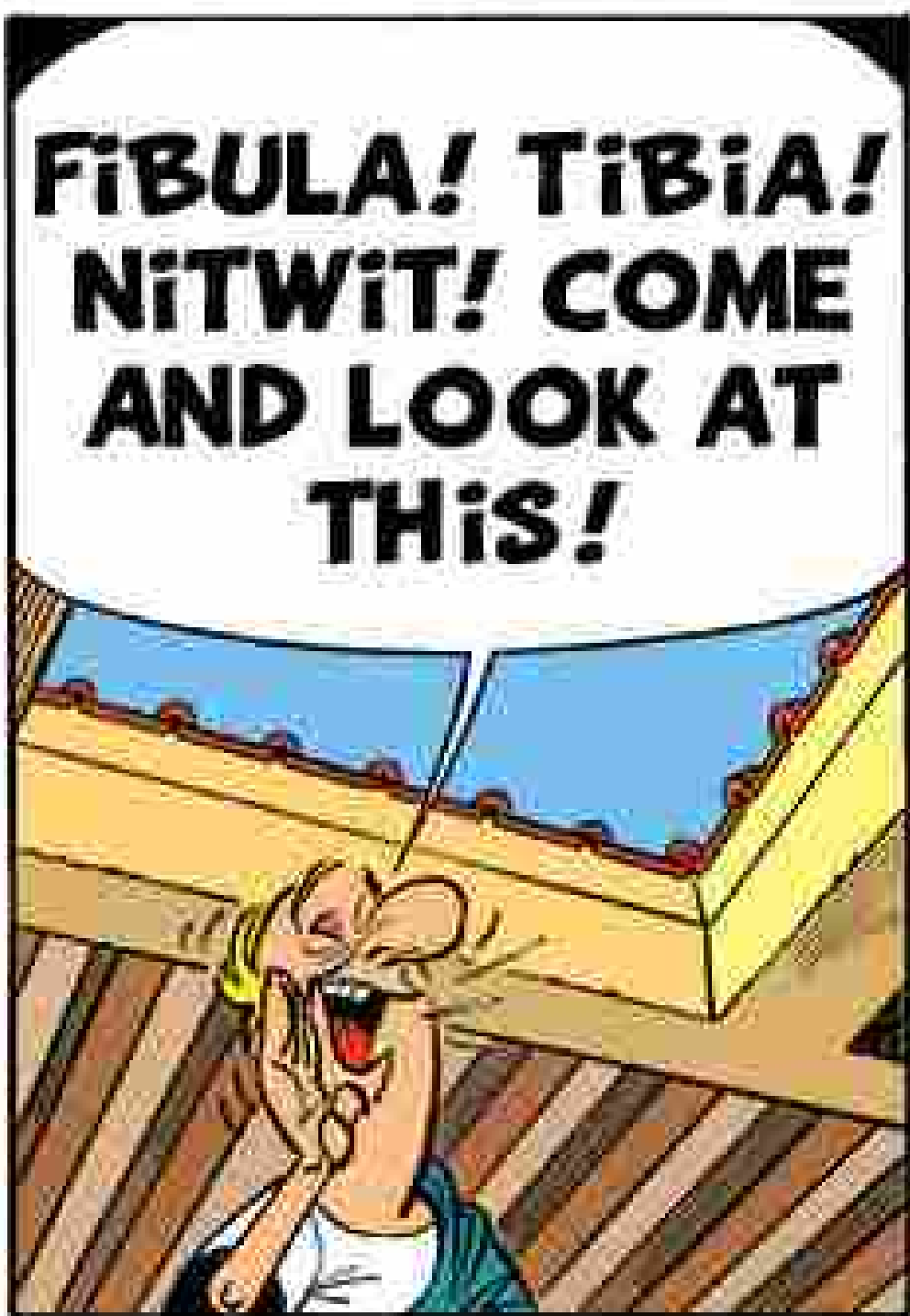
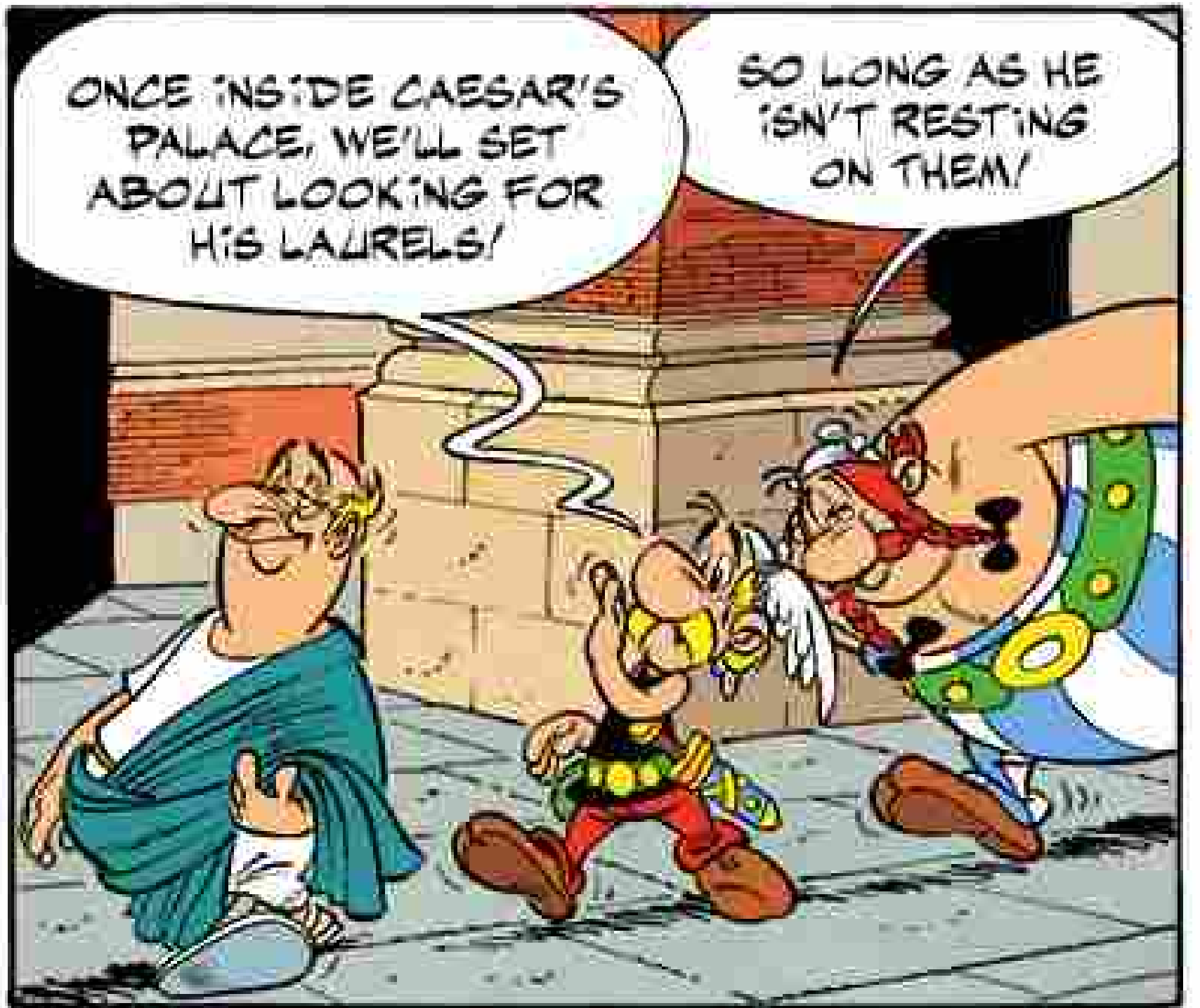
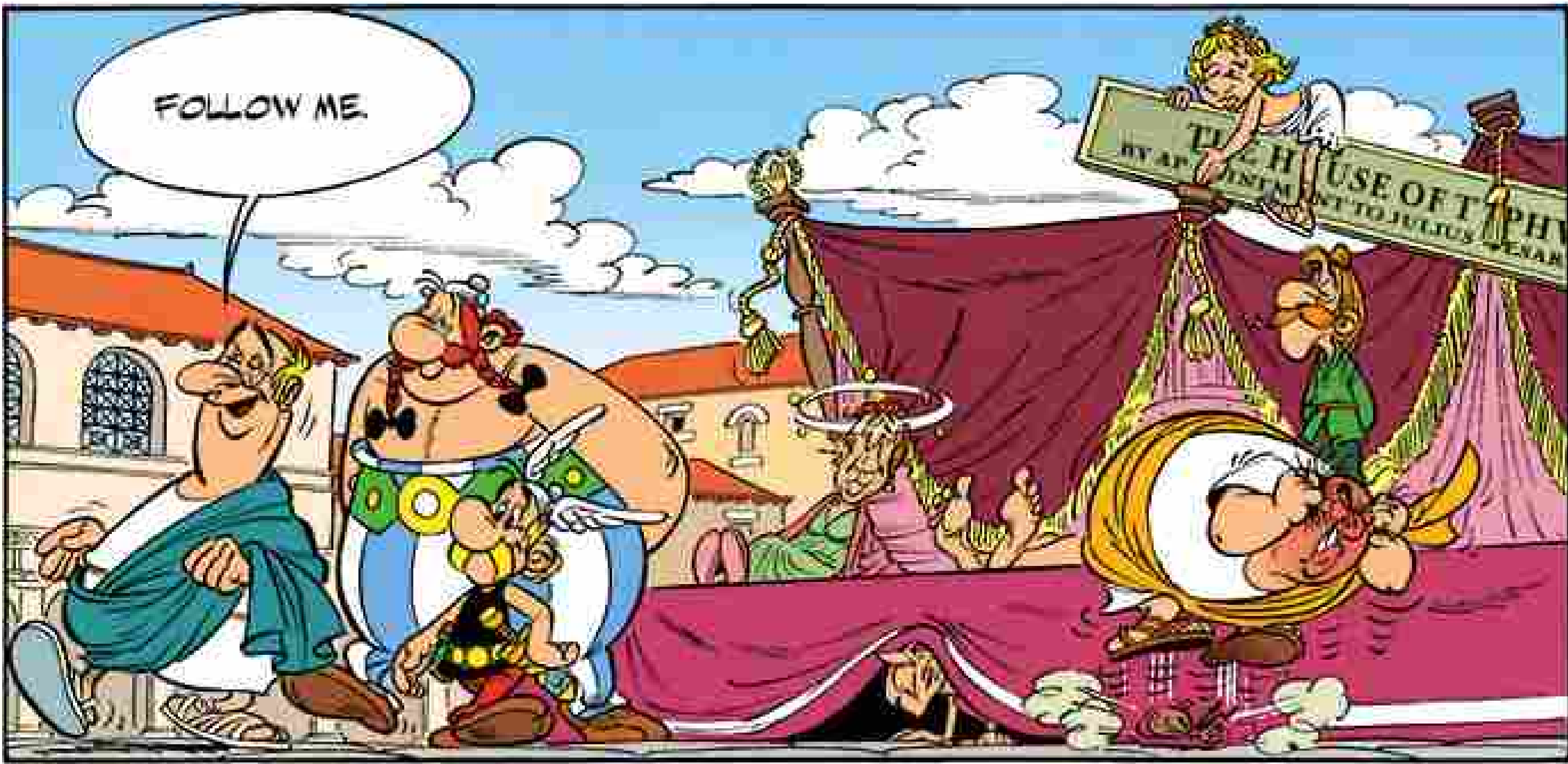


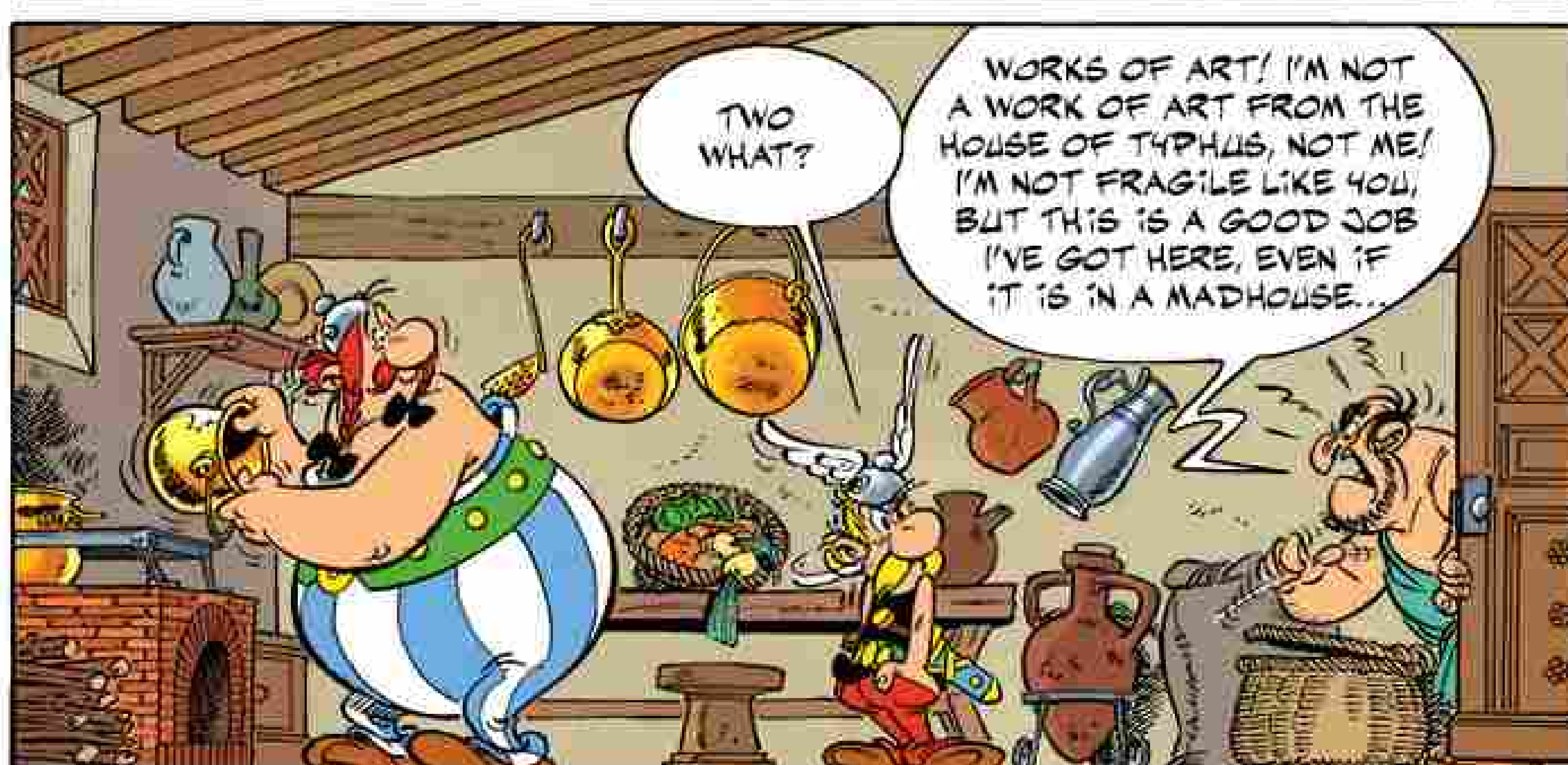
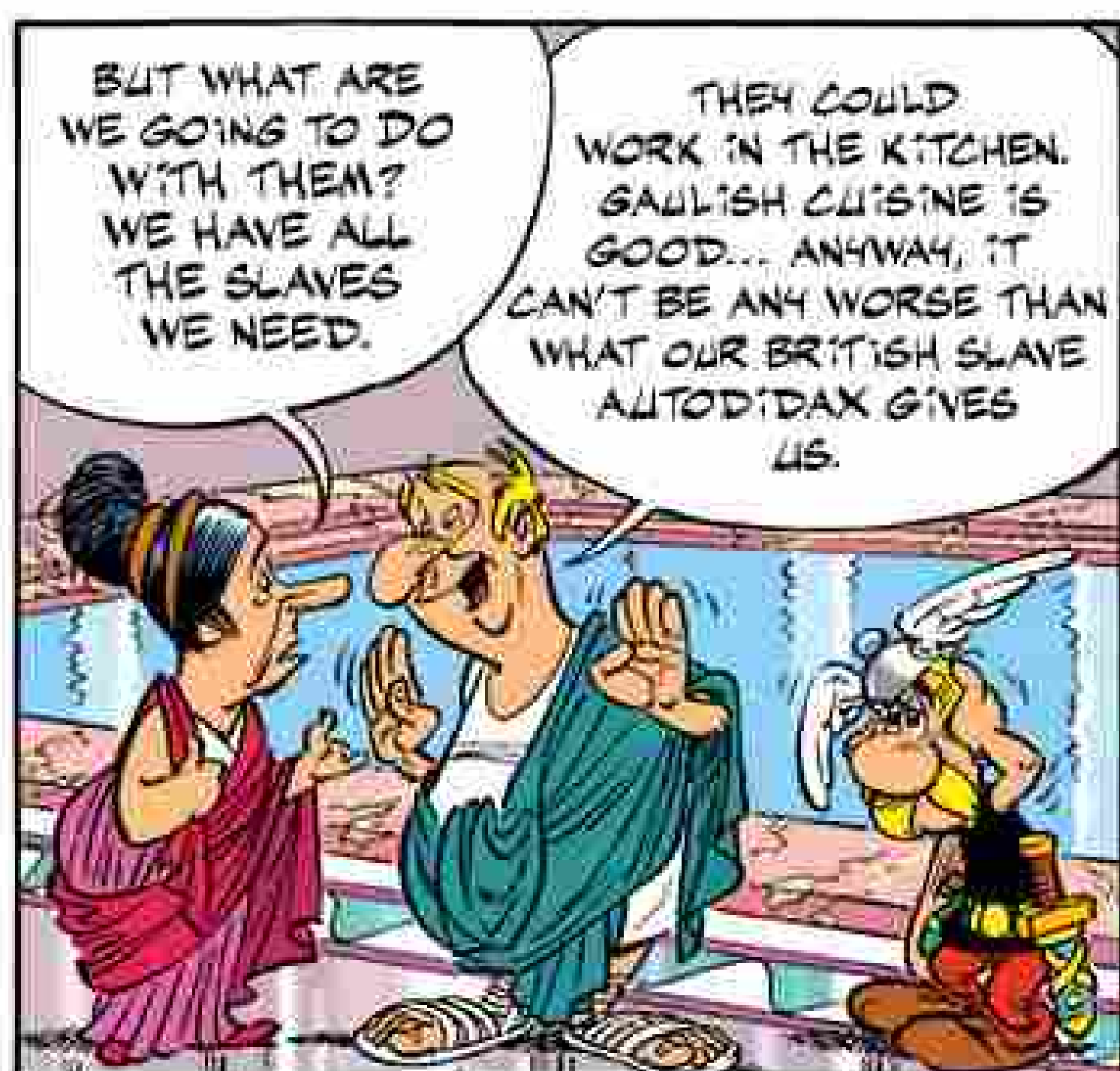
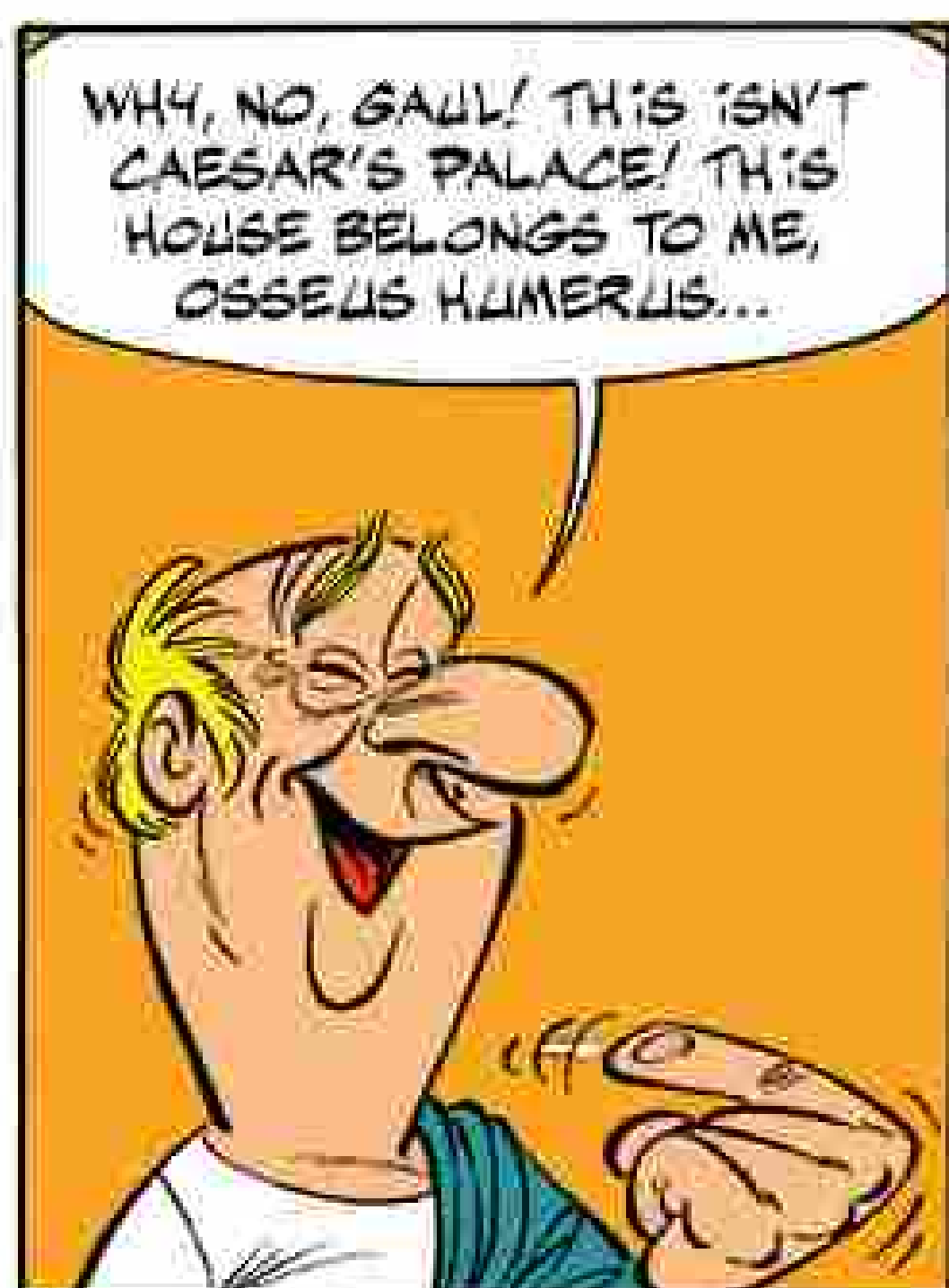


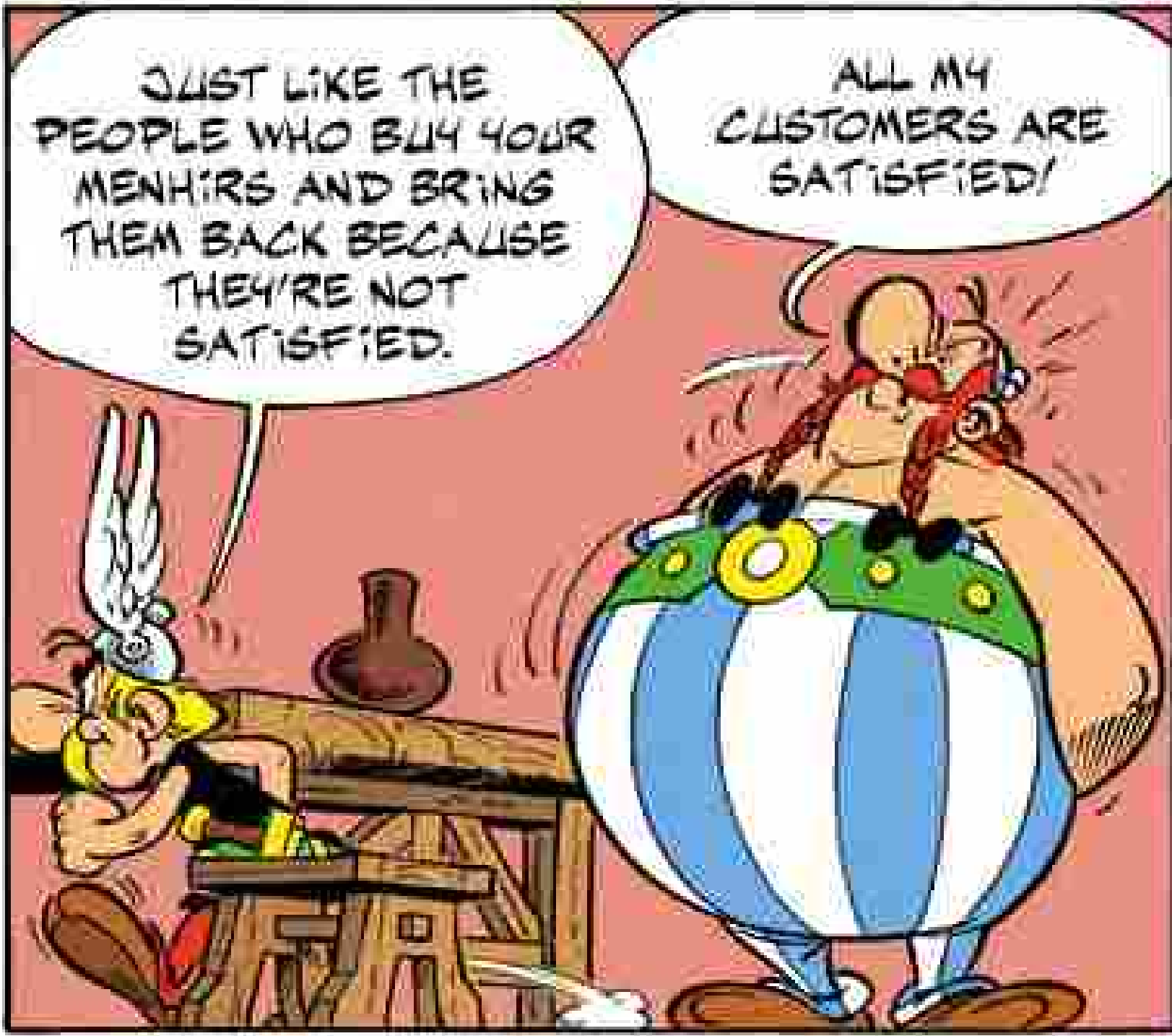
















METATARSUS! GET OUT OF YOUR CUBICULUM AND COME INTO THE TRICLINIUM! CENA IS SERVED!



LOOK, I'LL DO ANYTHING, ANYTHING, ONLY DON'T SHOUT LIKE THAT... I'D FEEL BETTER FLAT ON MY CUBILE, BUT IF..



THE FACT THAT YOU HAVE MANAGED TO DECLIBILATE YOURSELF GIVES YOU NO RIGHT TO BEHAVE BADLY. LIE DOWN TO THE TABLE PROPERLY.

IT DOES SMELL FUNNY...

NOT FOR ME, THANKS.



THIS MEAL WAS COOKED BY MY TWO GAULS FROM THE HOUSE OF TYPHUS! YOU'LL EAT IT AND LIKE IT!!!

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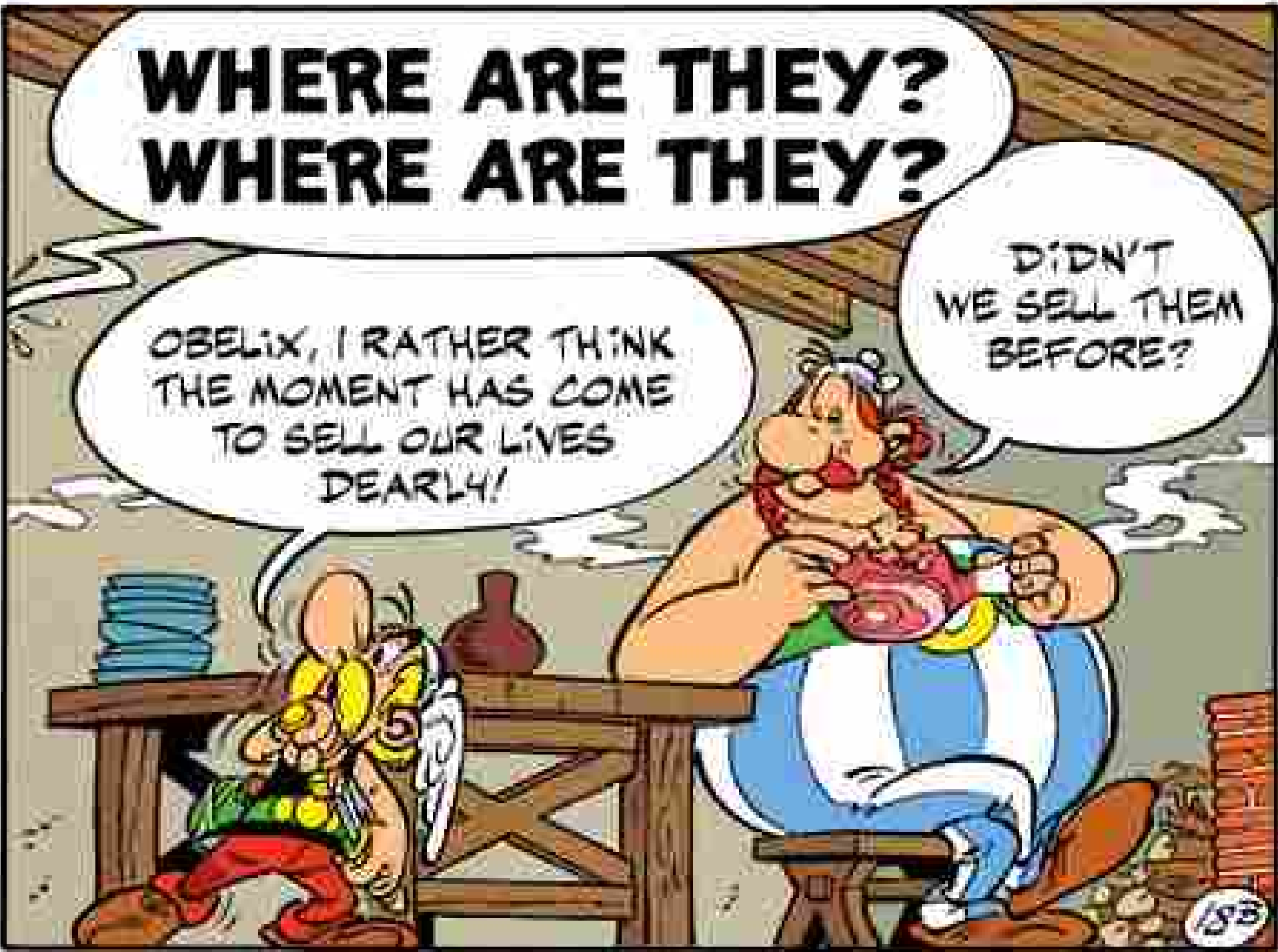
ETC...



TEEHEE HEE!



CRUNCH! CRUNCH!

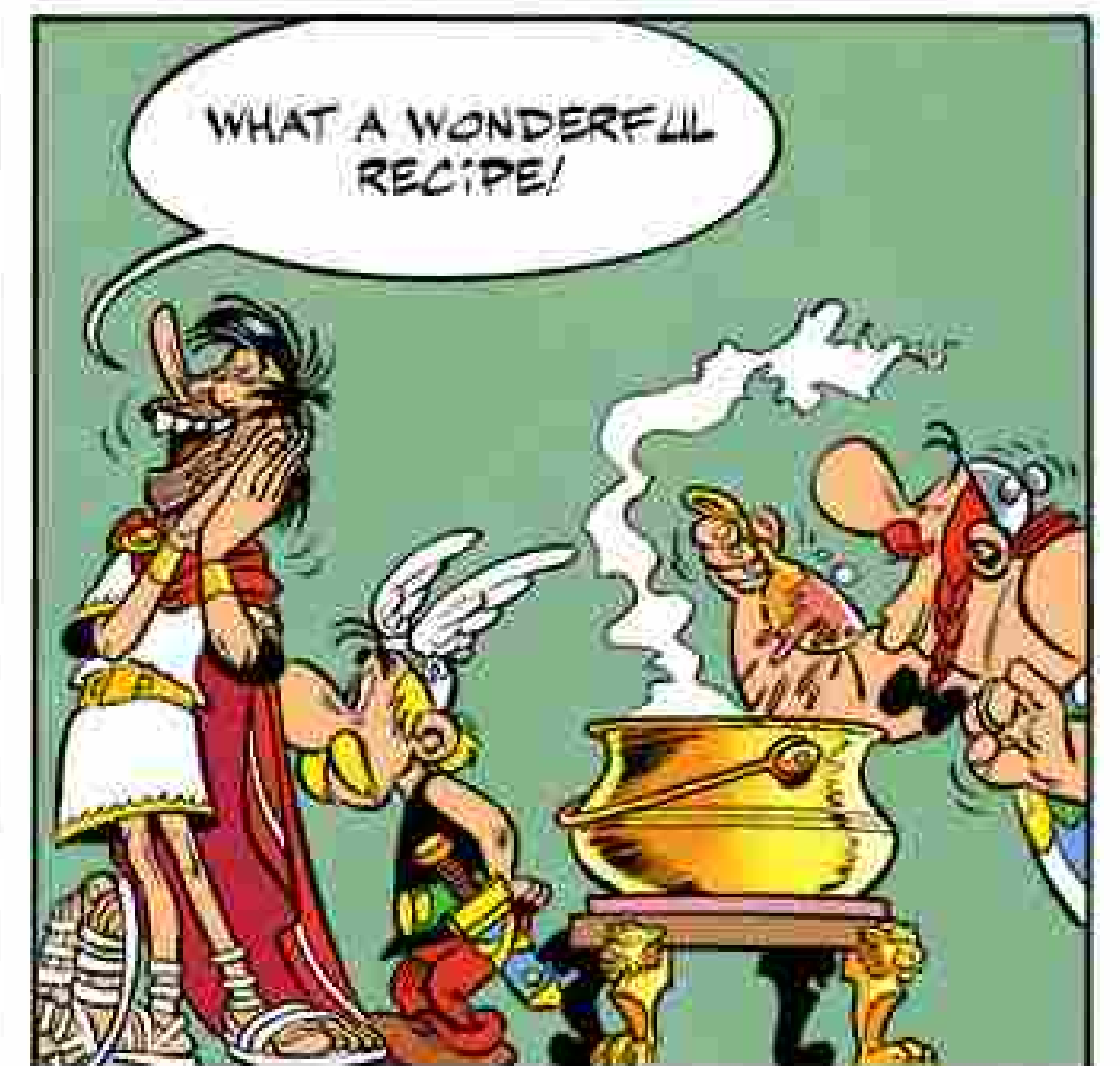


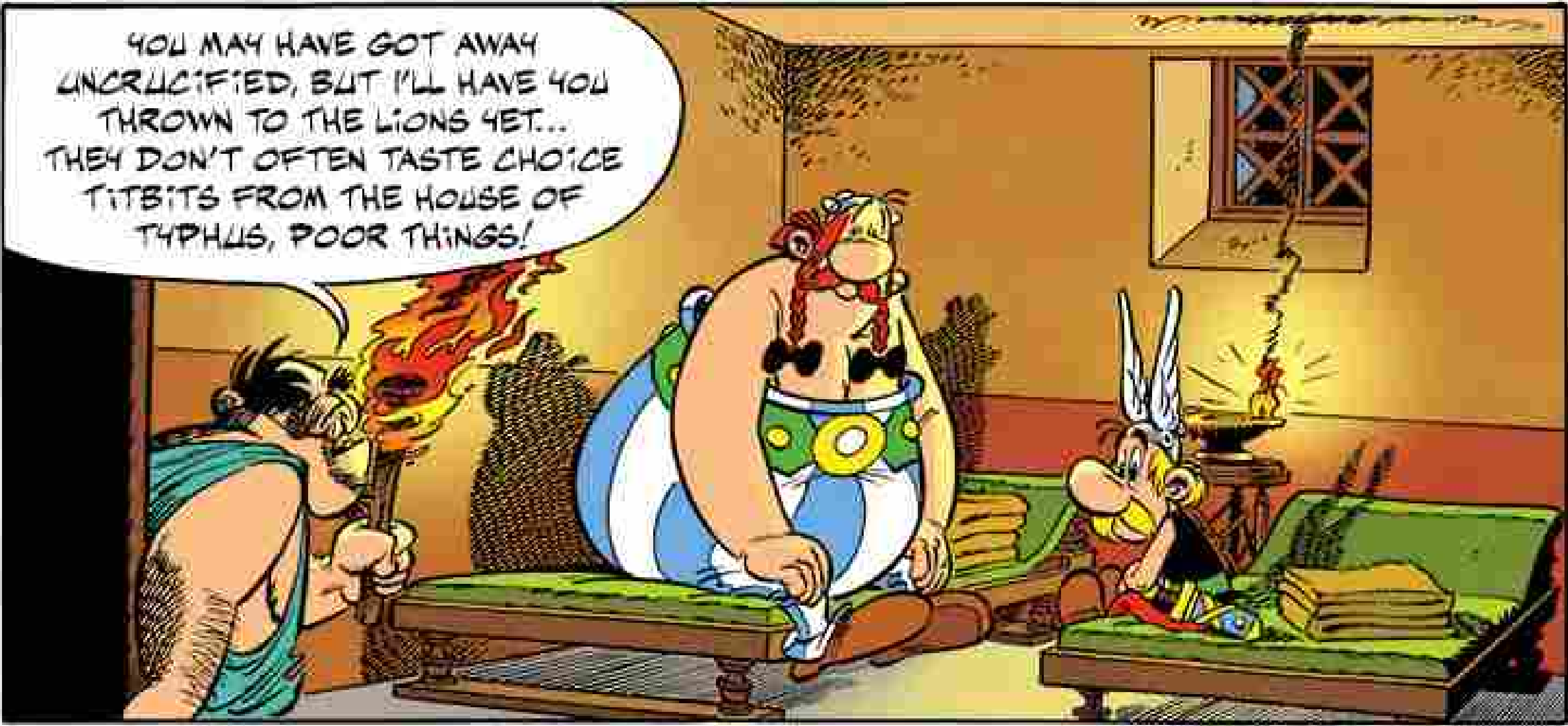
WHERE ARE THEY? WHERE ARE THEY?

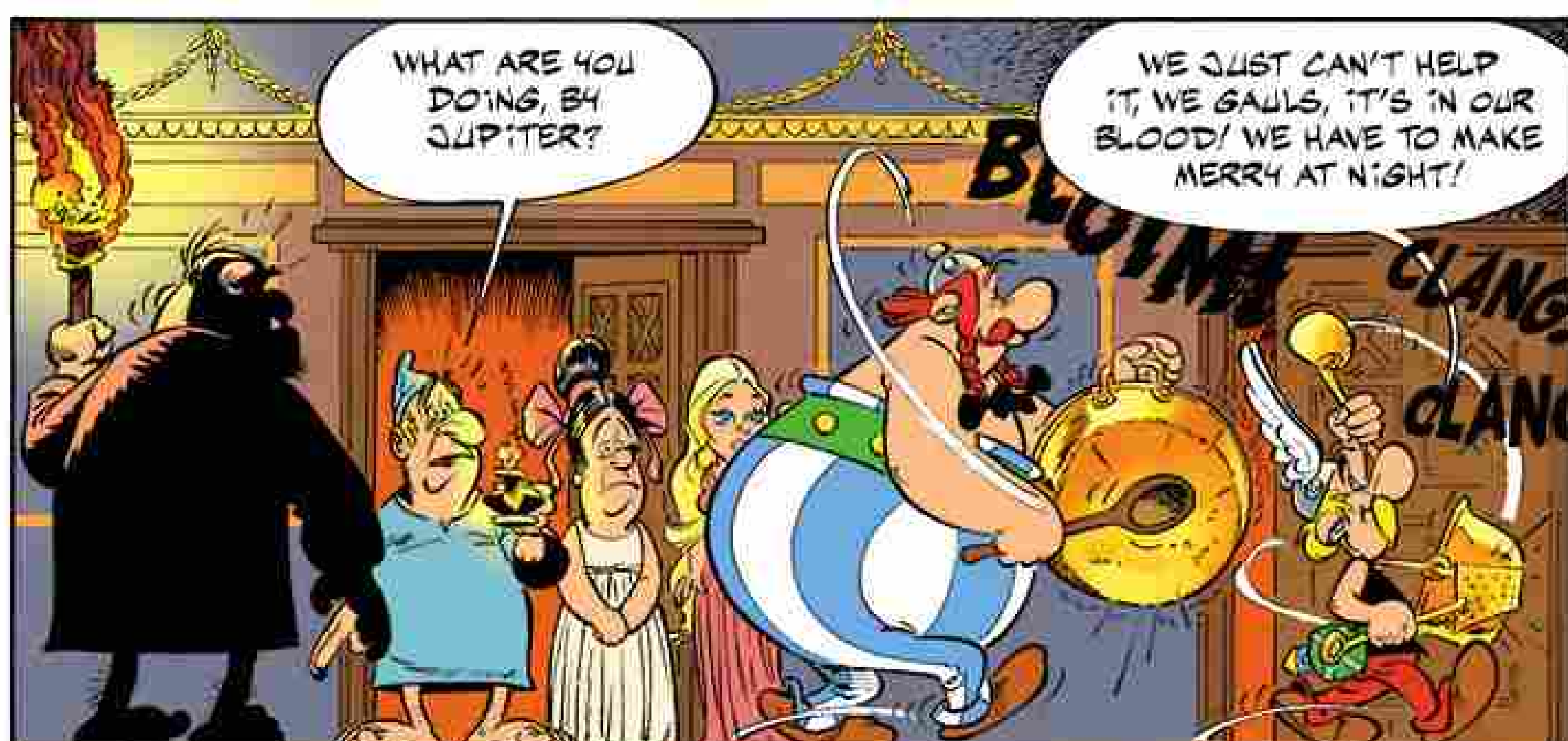
OBELIX, I RATHER THINK THE MOMENT HAS COME TO SELL OUR LIVES DEARLY!

DIDN'T WE SELL THEM BEFORE?

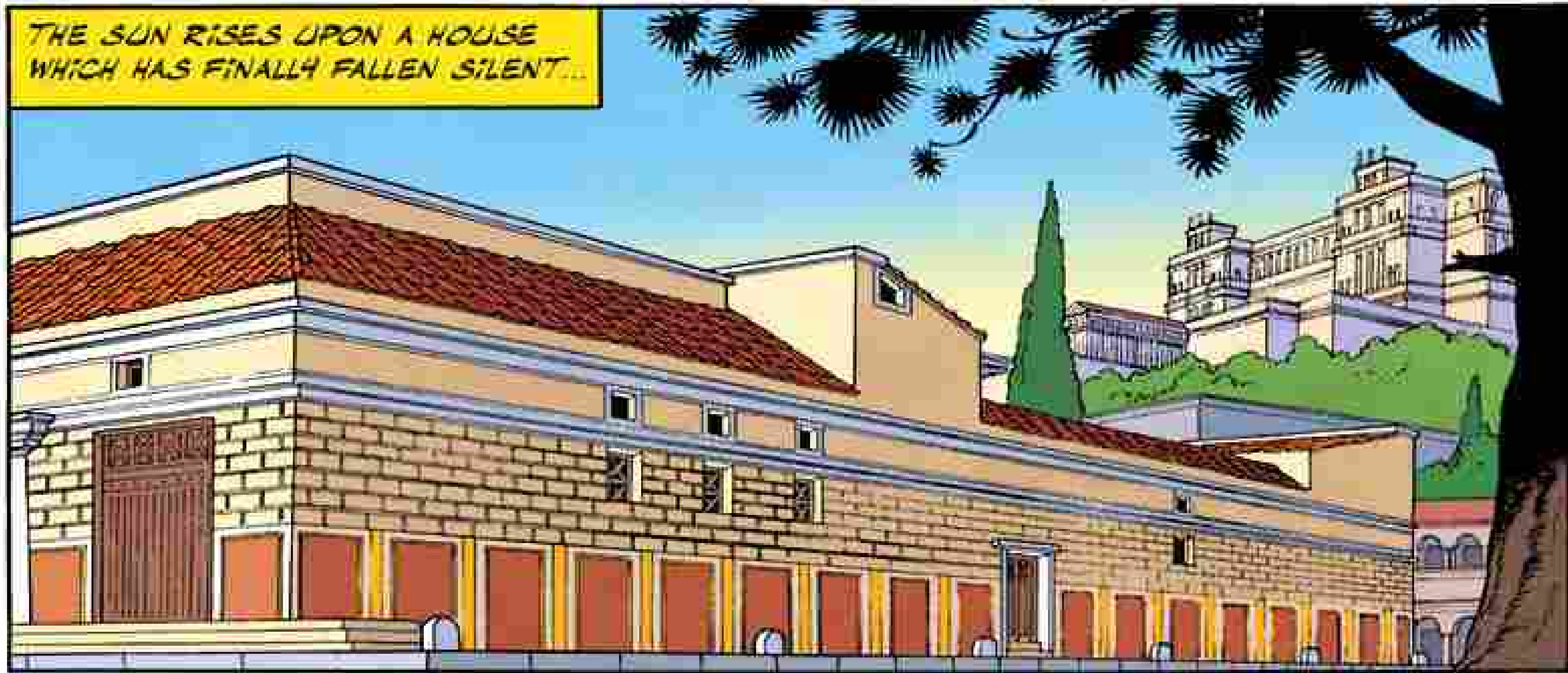
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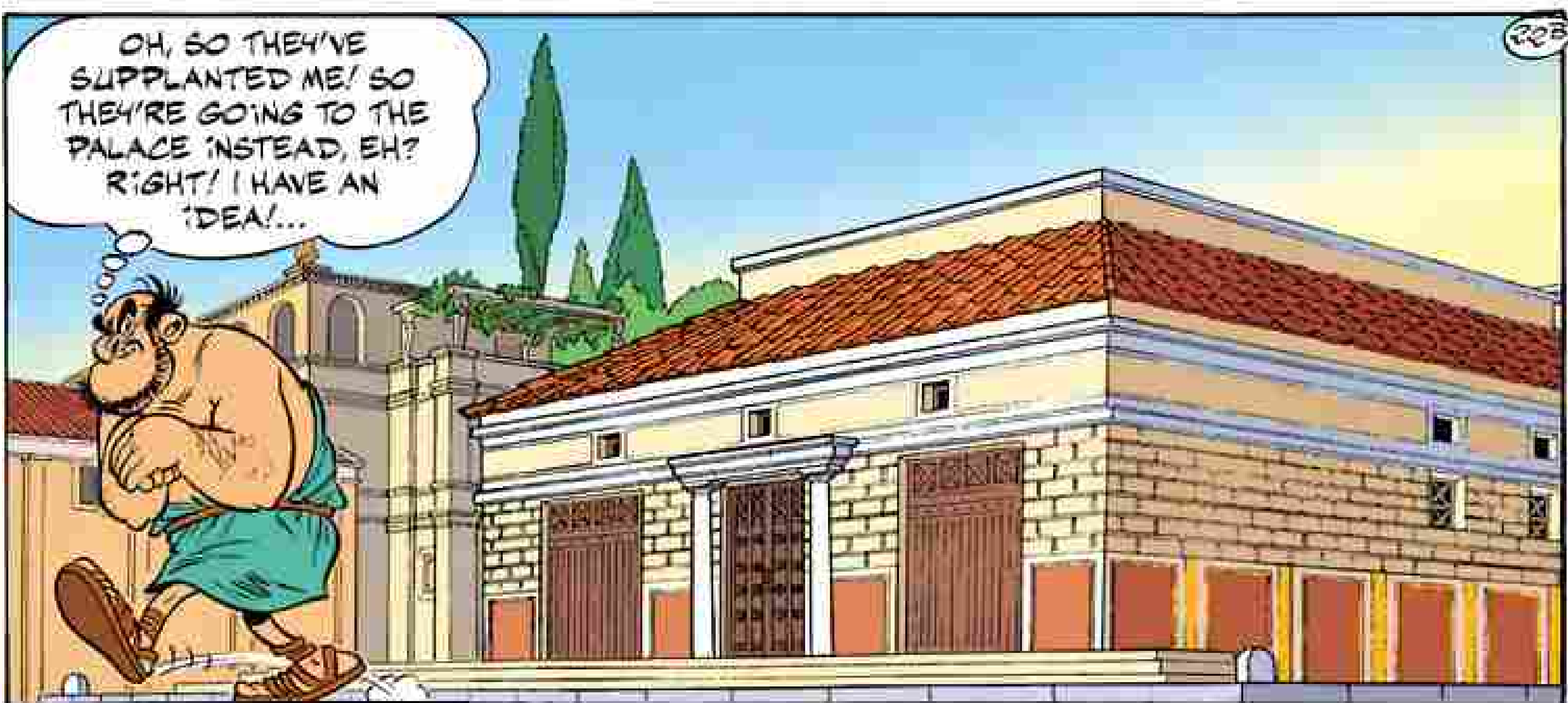


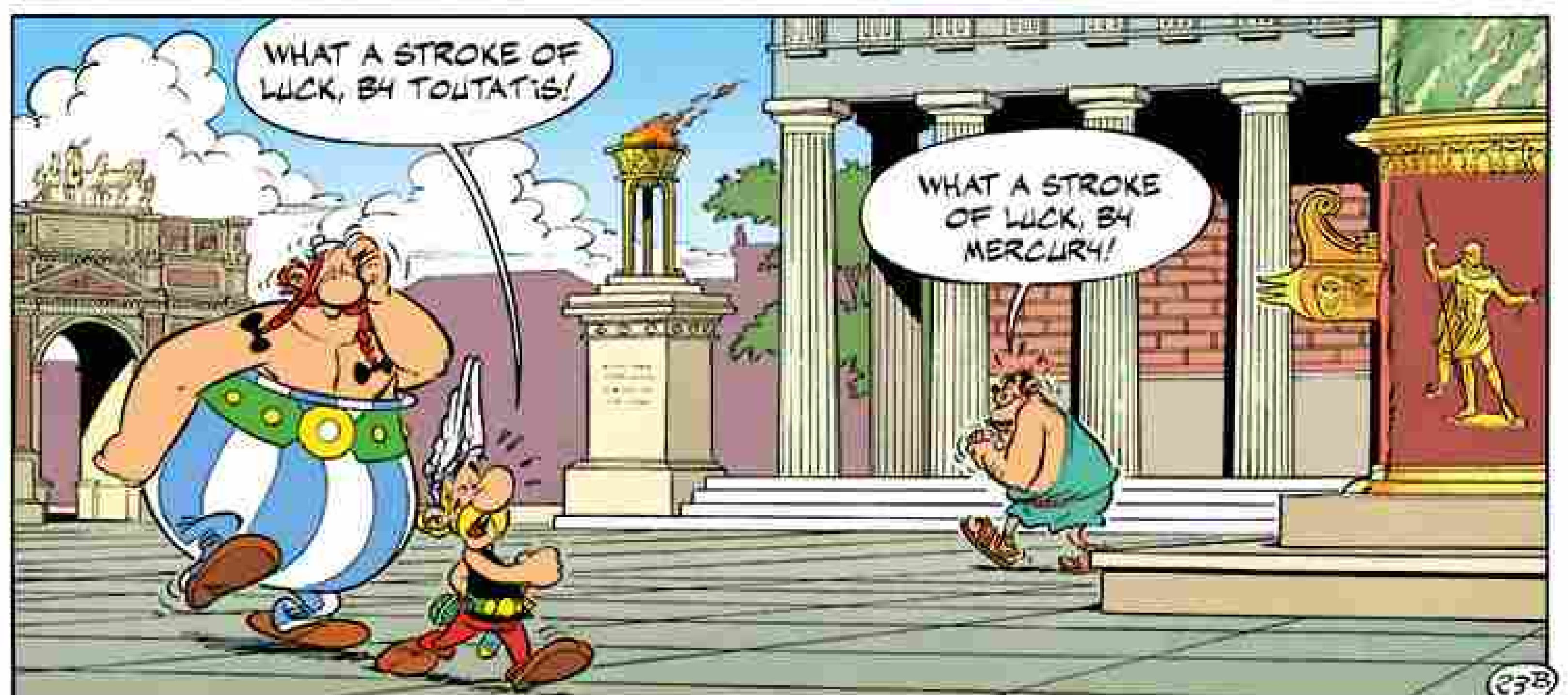
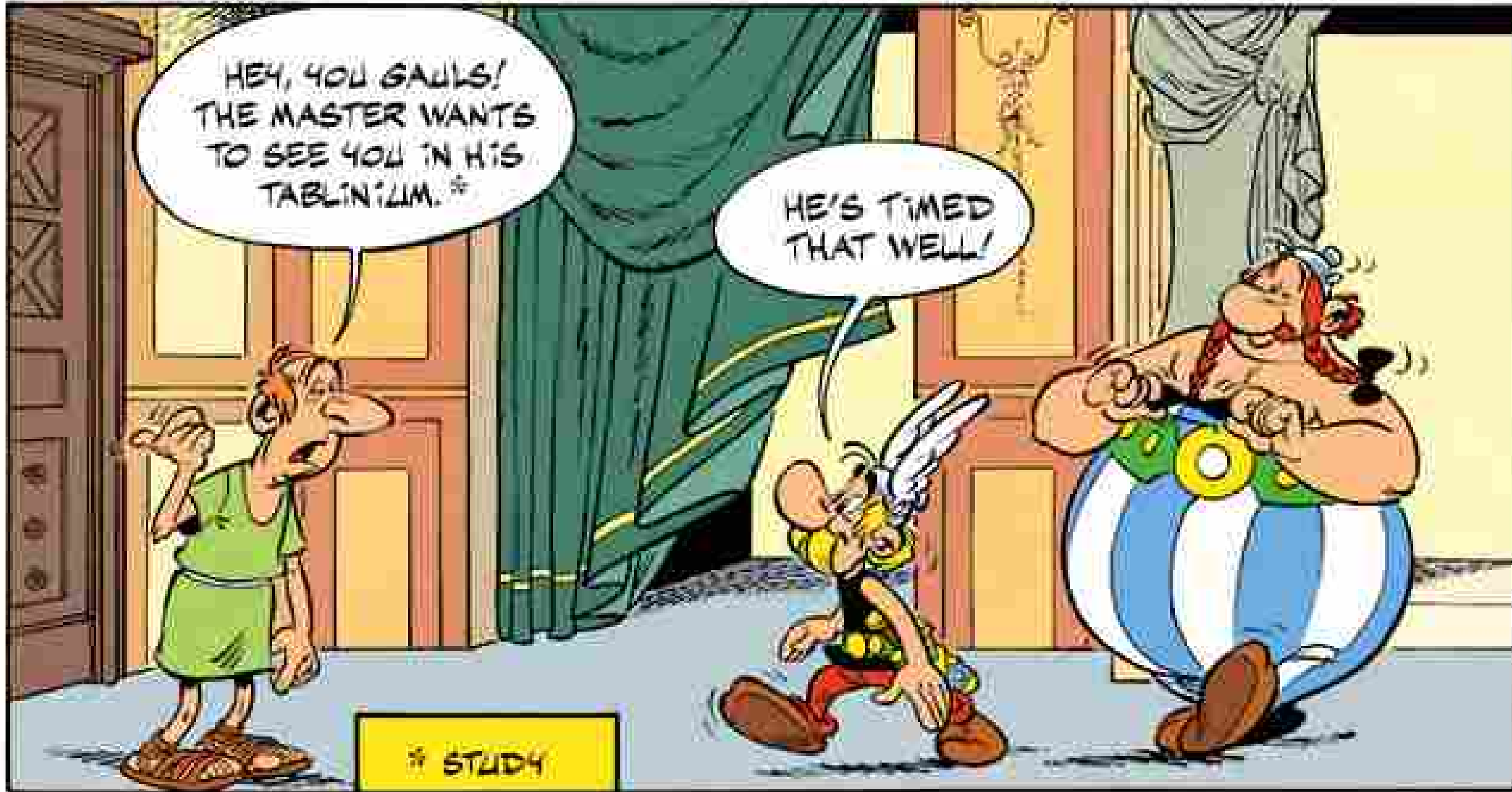


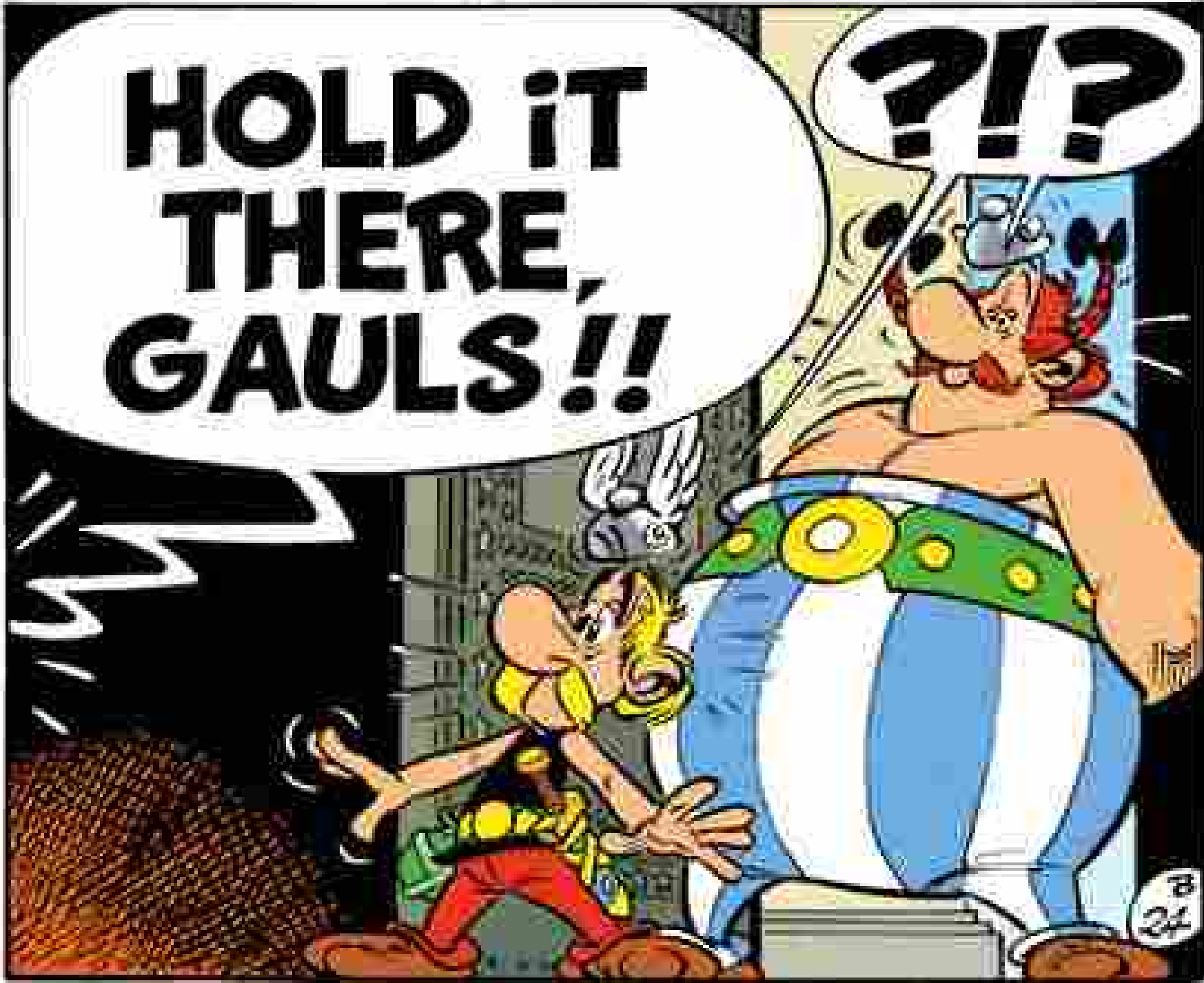
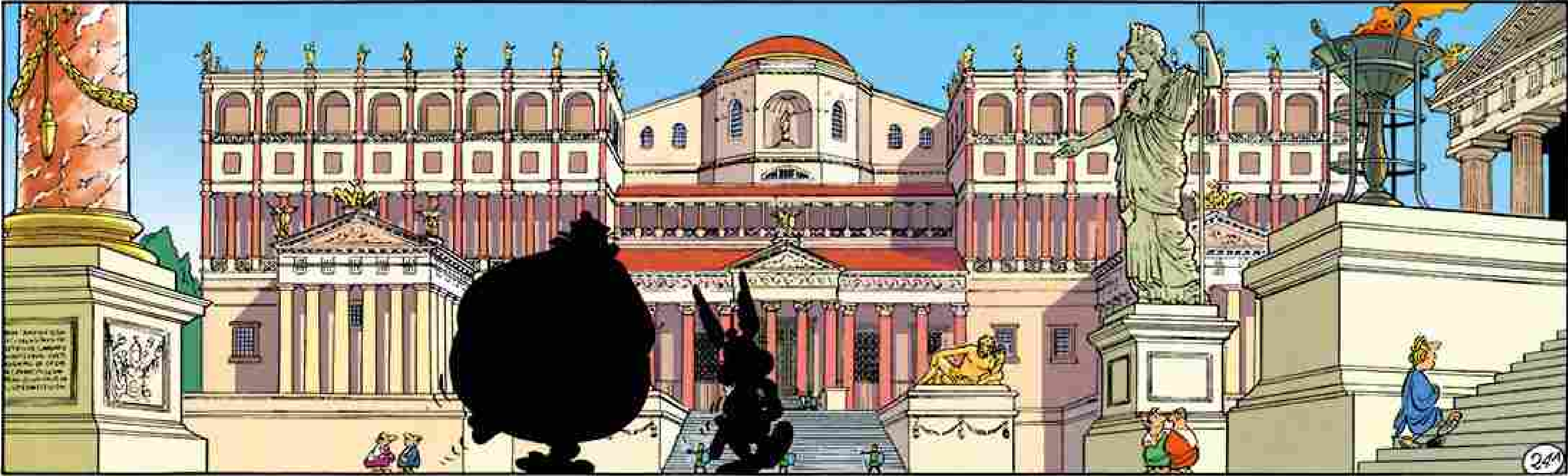
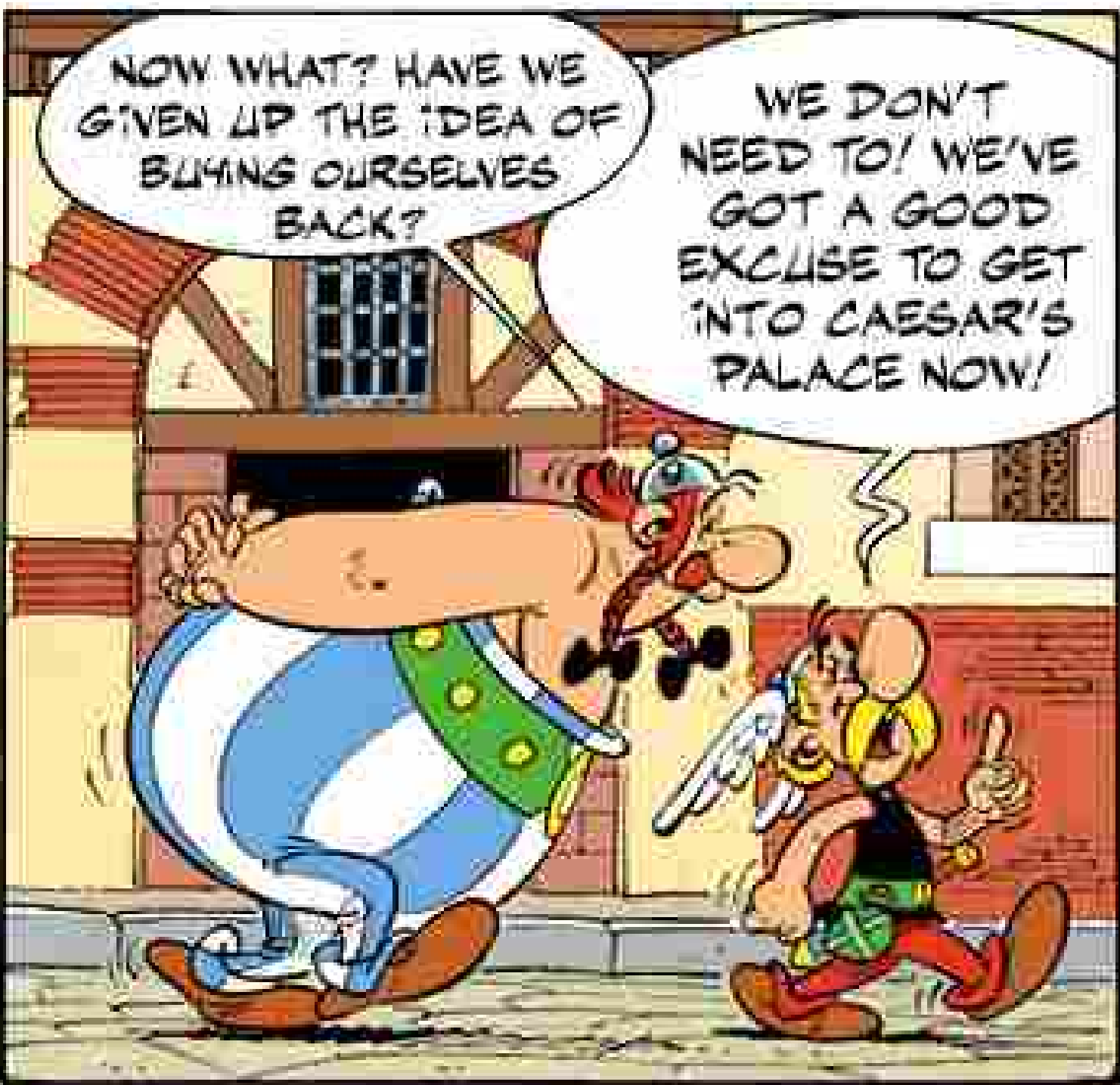
THE SUN RISES UPON A HOUSE WHICH HAS FINALLY FALLEN SILENT...

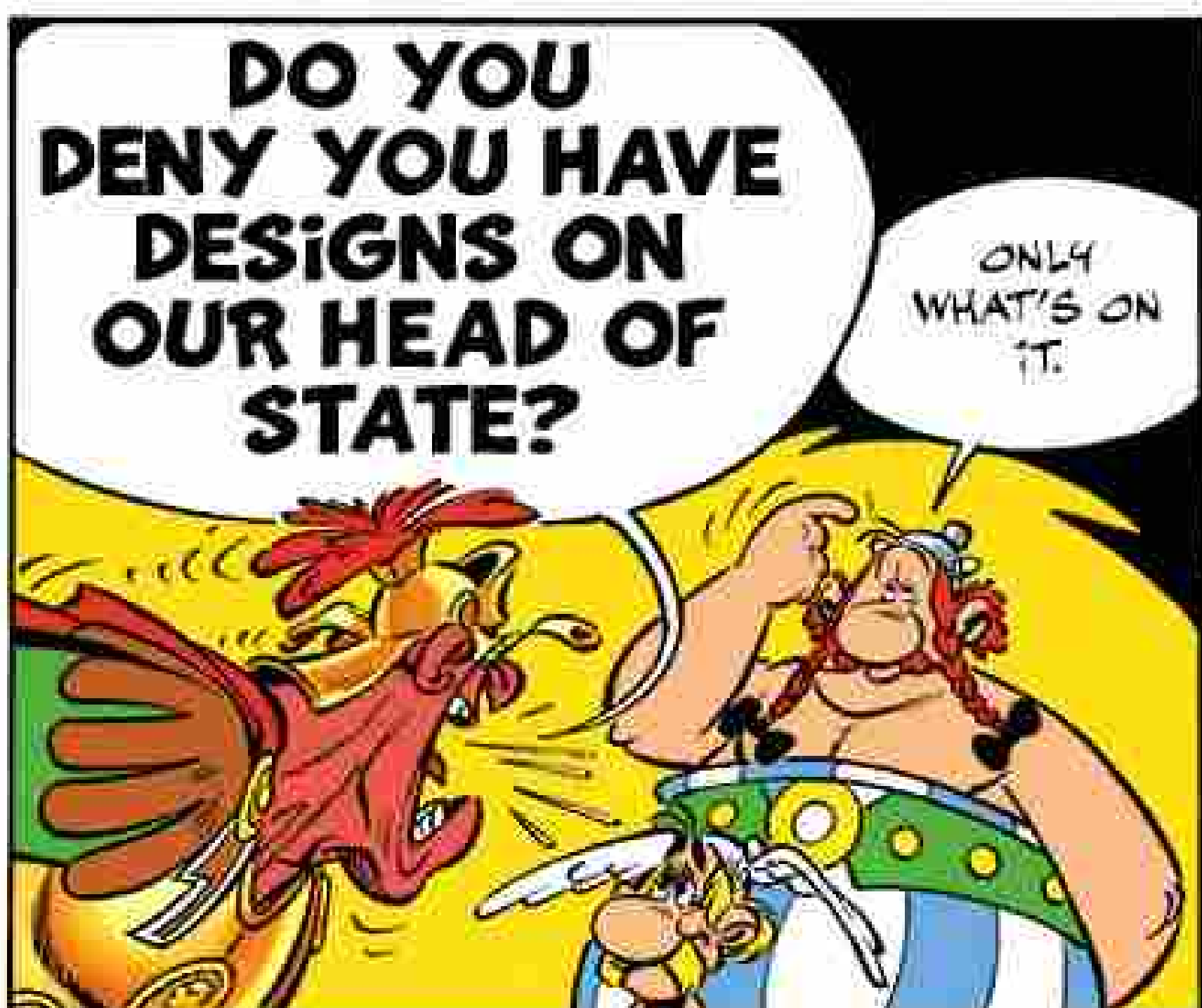
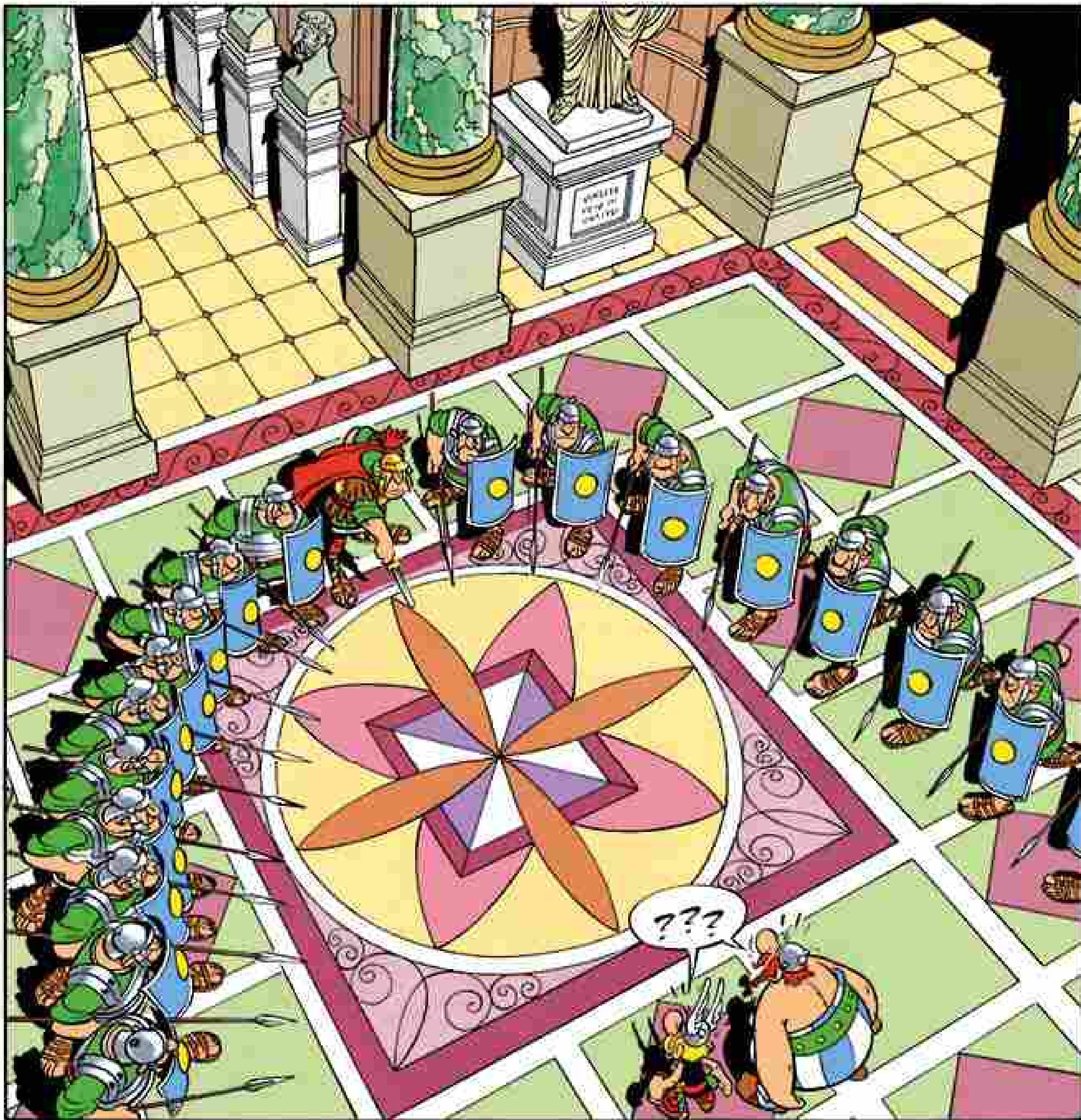


COME ON, YOU LOT! BRING OUT YOUR MAPPAE AND SCOPAE! *

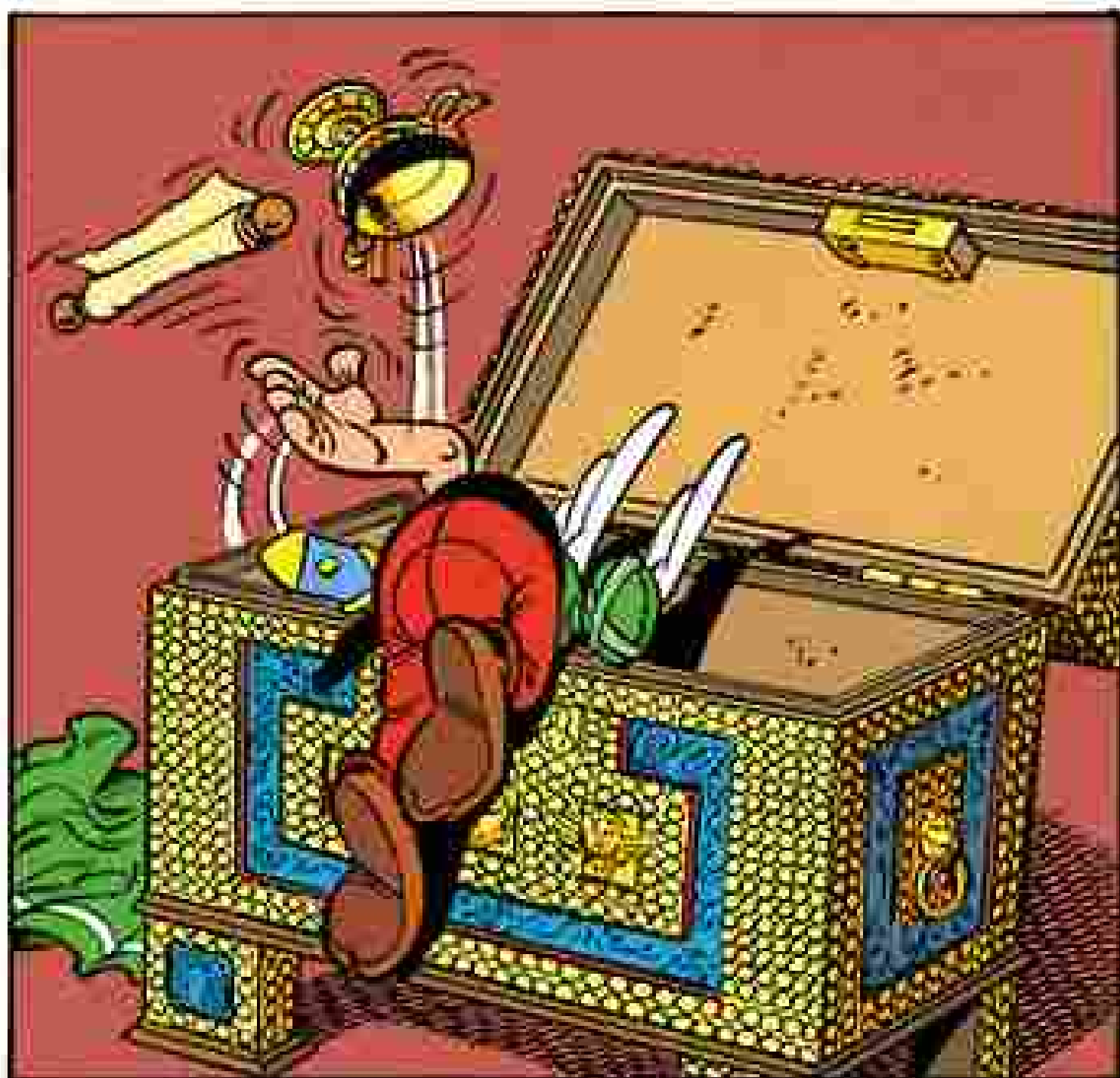












ANOTHER SUNNY DAY HAS JUST
DAWNED UPON THE GREATEST
CITY IN THE UNIVERSE: ROME!

**SOUND
THE
ALARM!**

**THE
PRISONERS
HAVE
ESCAPED!**

WHERE AM I?

ON TOP
OF ME, YOU
ID!OT!

THEY KNOCKED OUT ALL
THE GUARDS ON NIGHT
DUTY. THIS IS REALLY
GETTING ON TOP OF ME!

LOOK, CENTURION!
THE LOCK IS BROKEN!

BY JUPITER!

**YOU ROMANS MUST
BE CRAZY! IS THERE
NO WAY OF GETTING
ANY SLEEP
ROUND HERE
???**

!?!

YOU... YOU HAVEN'T
ESCAPED?

NO!
SHUT THE
DOOR, AND GET
THAT LOCK
REPAIRED!

I... I'M SORRY...

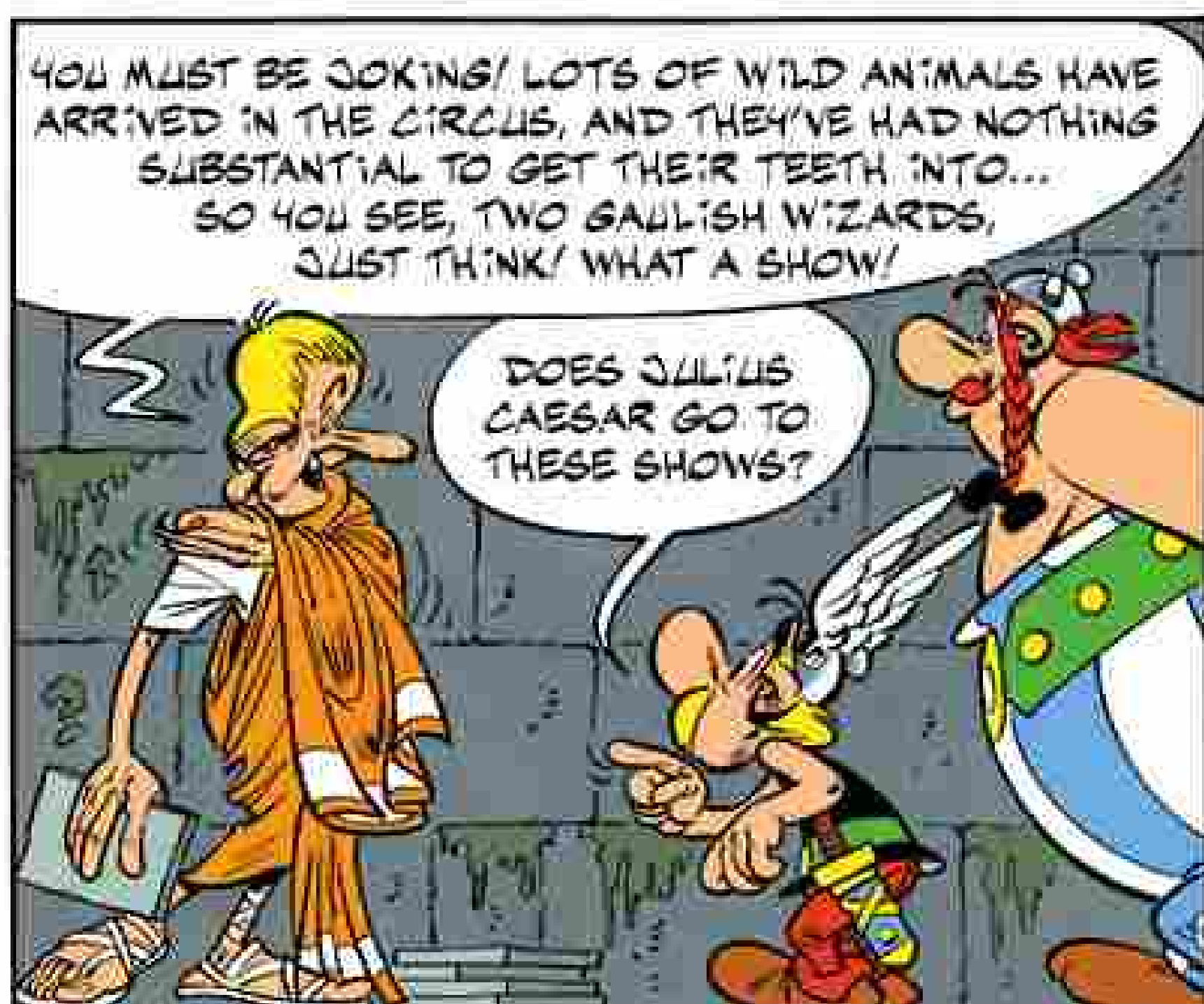
HUH! WE CAN'T GET
PEACE AND QUIET
ANYWHERE!

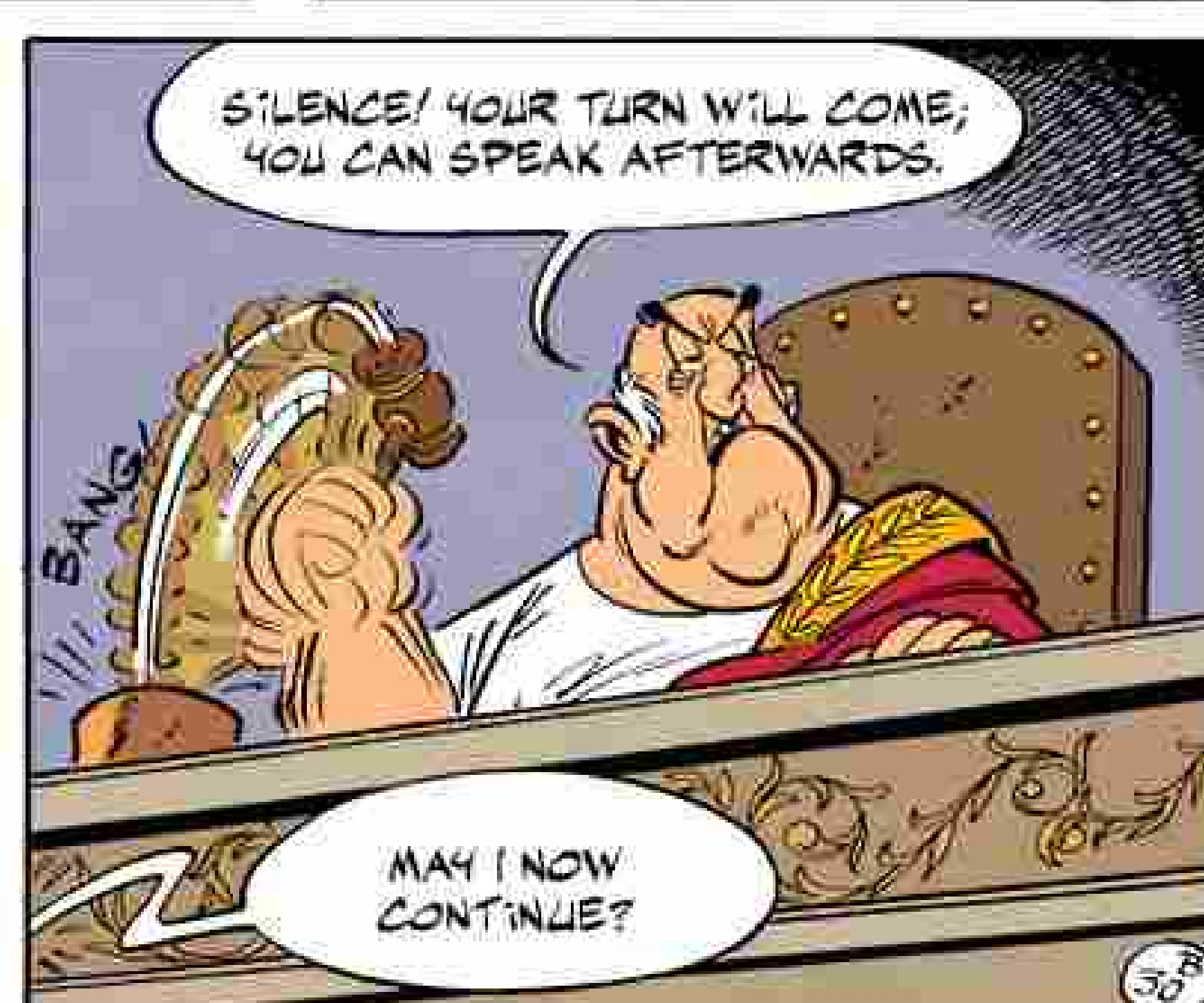
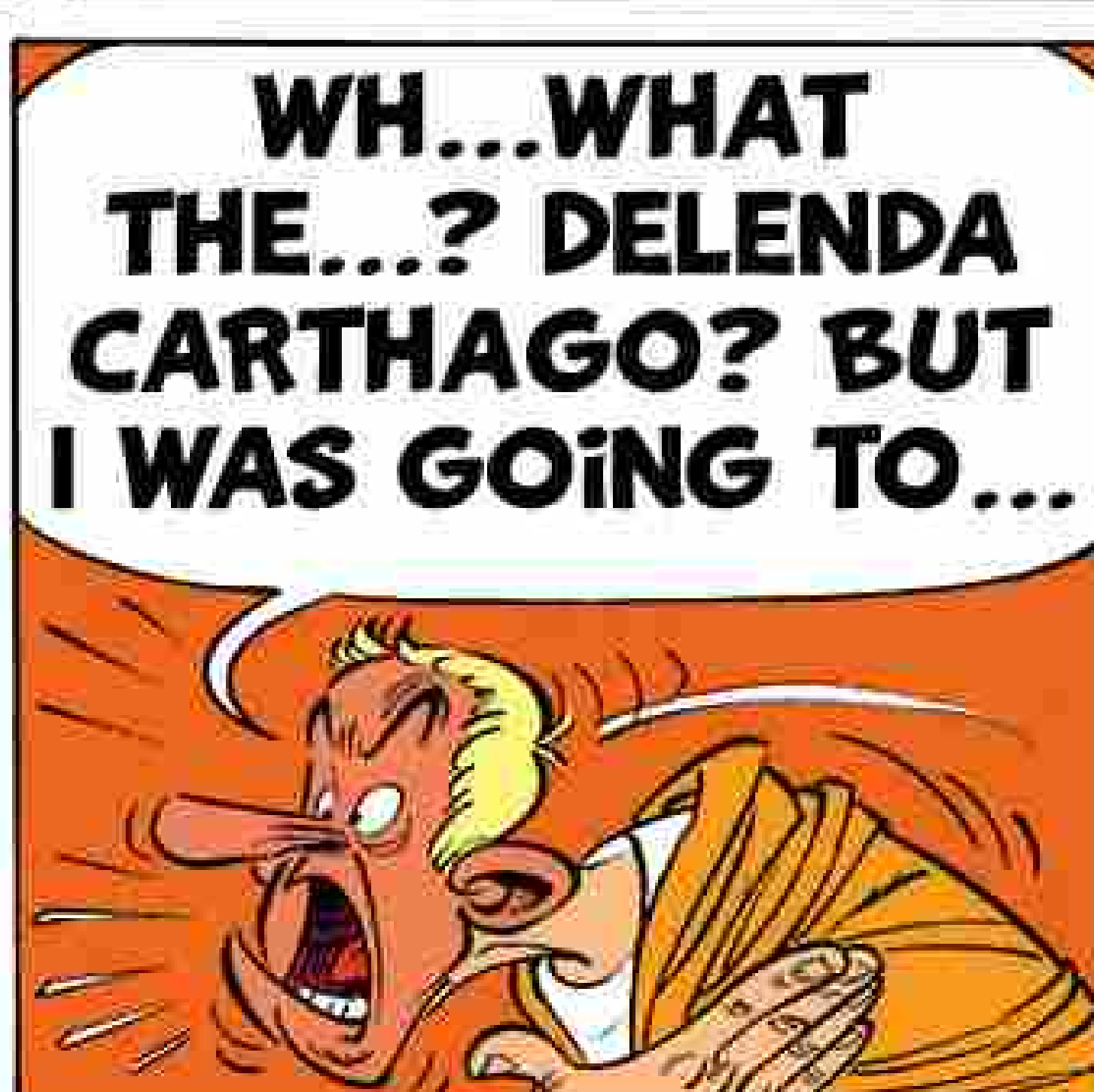
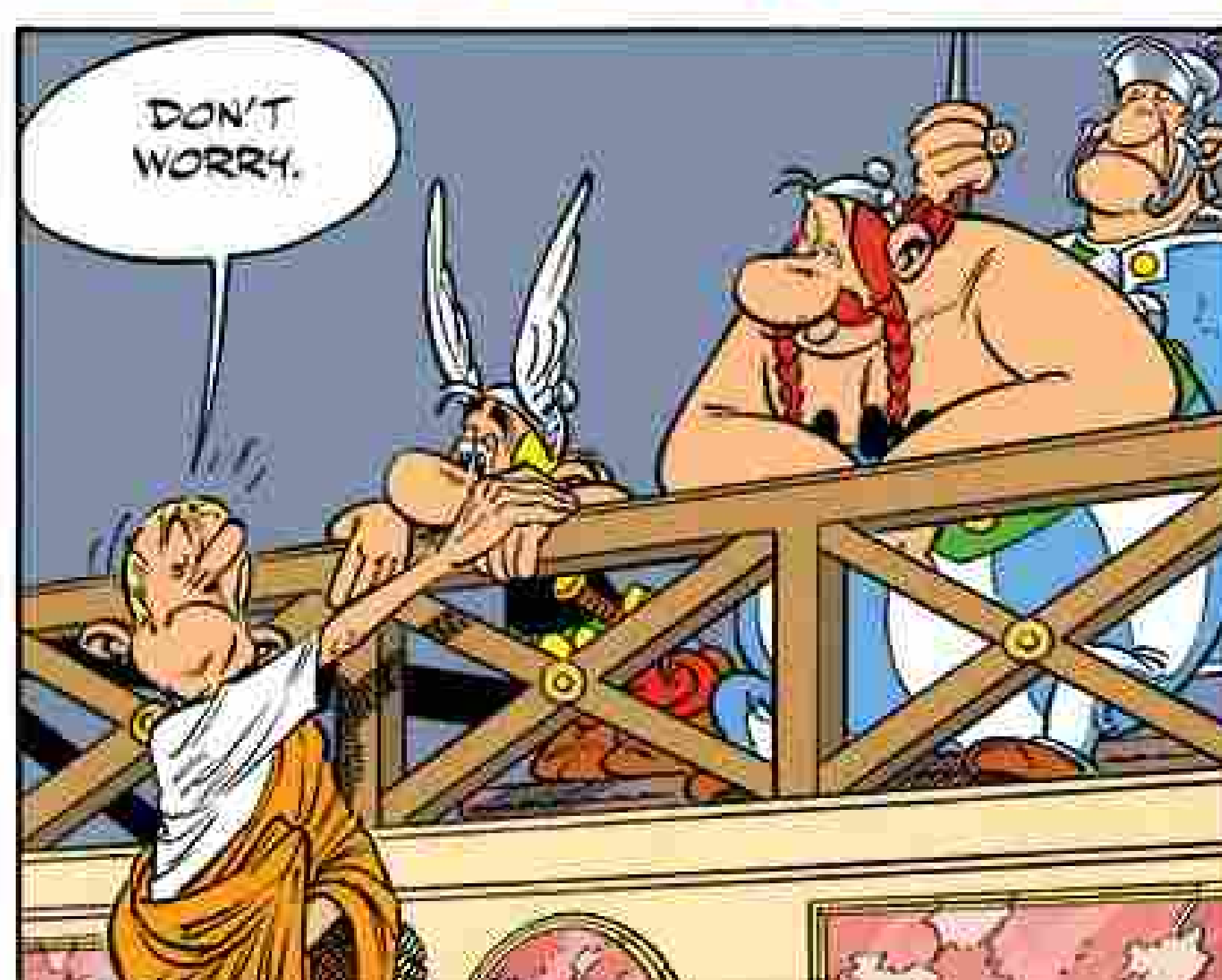
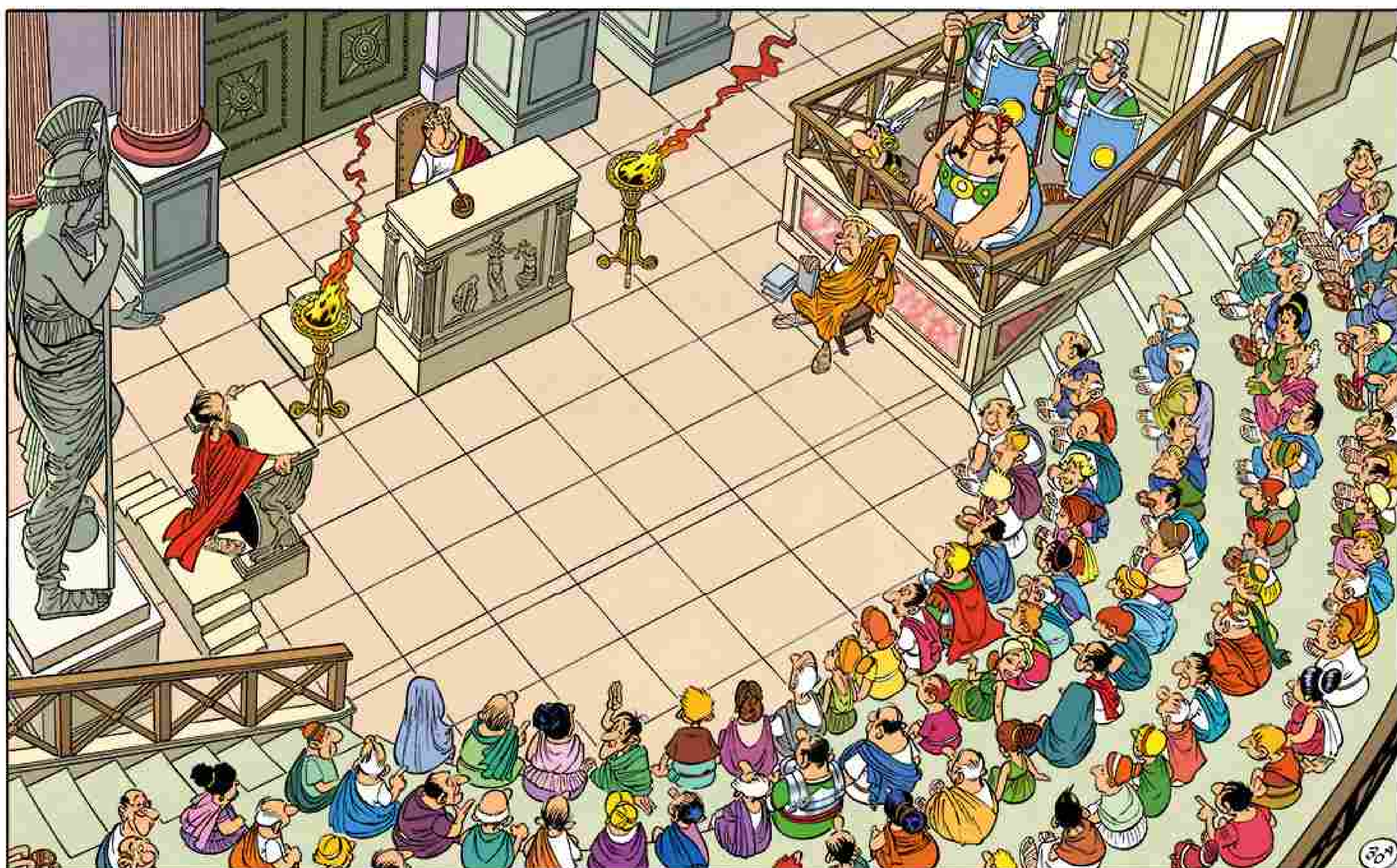
THEY'RE
WIZARDS!

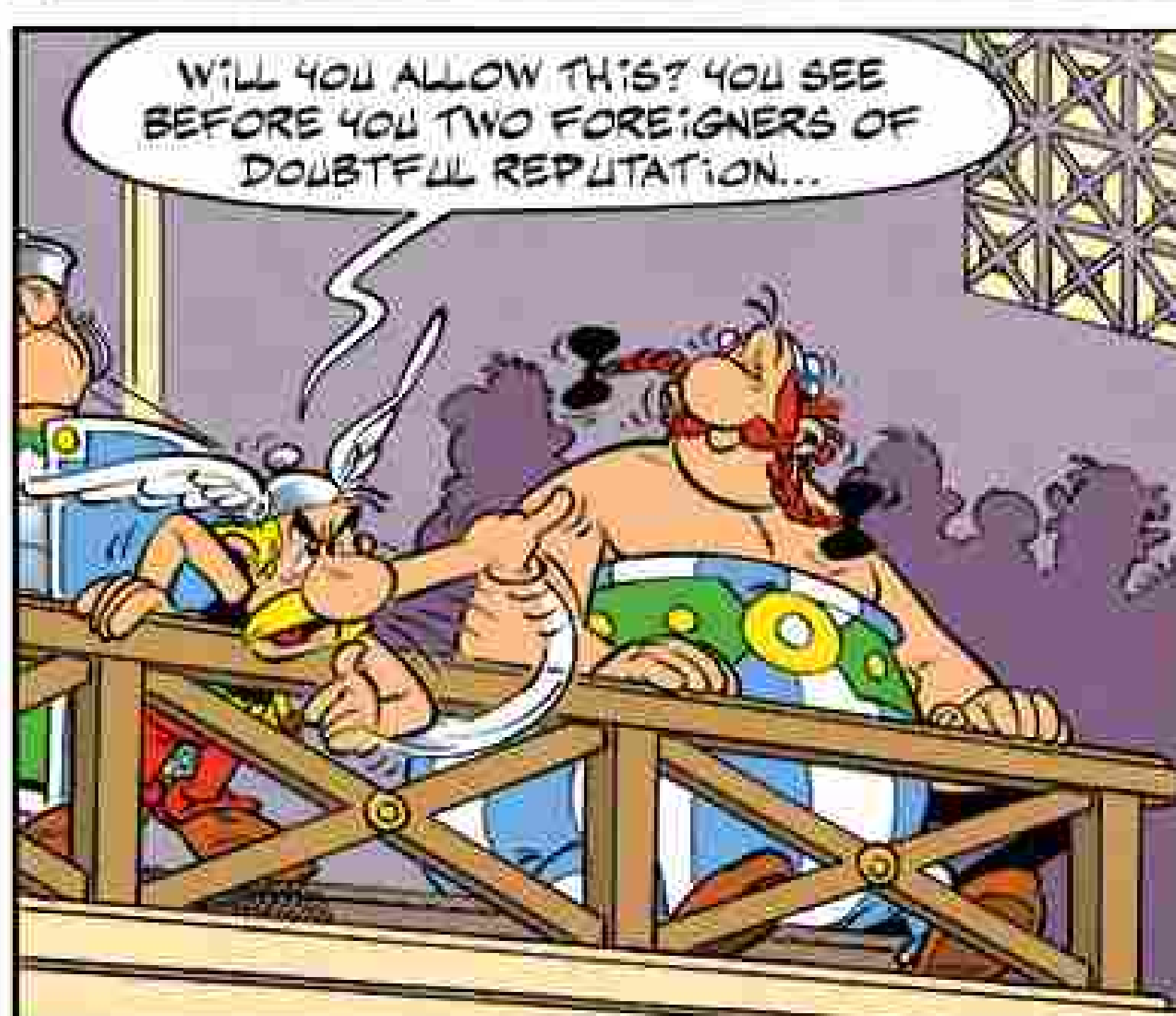
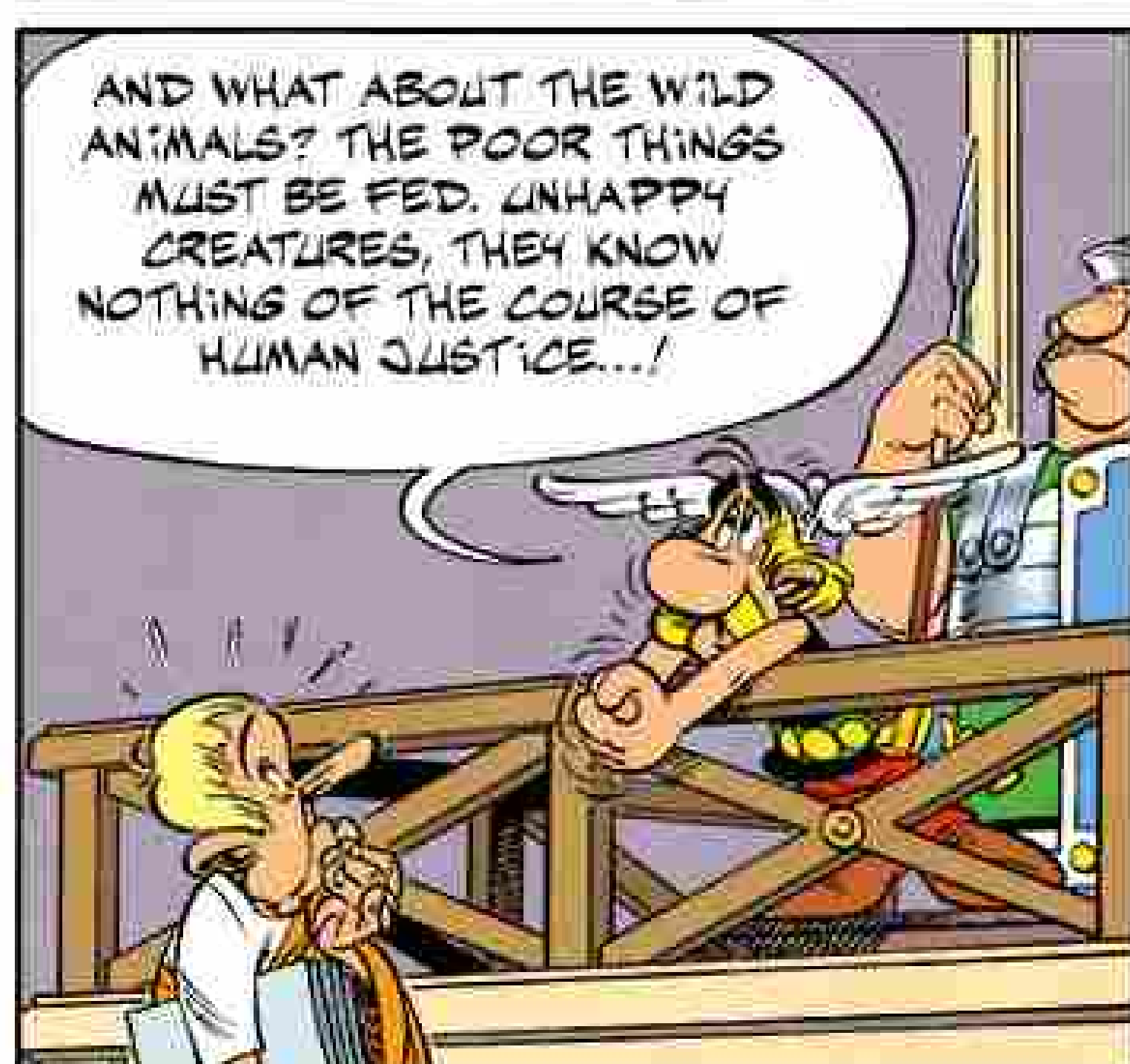
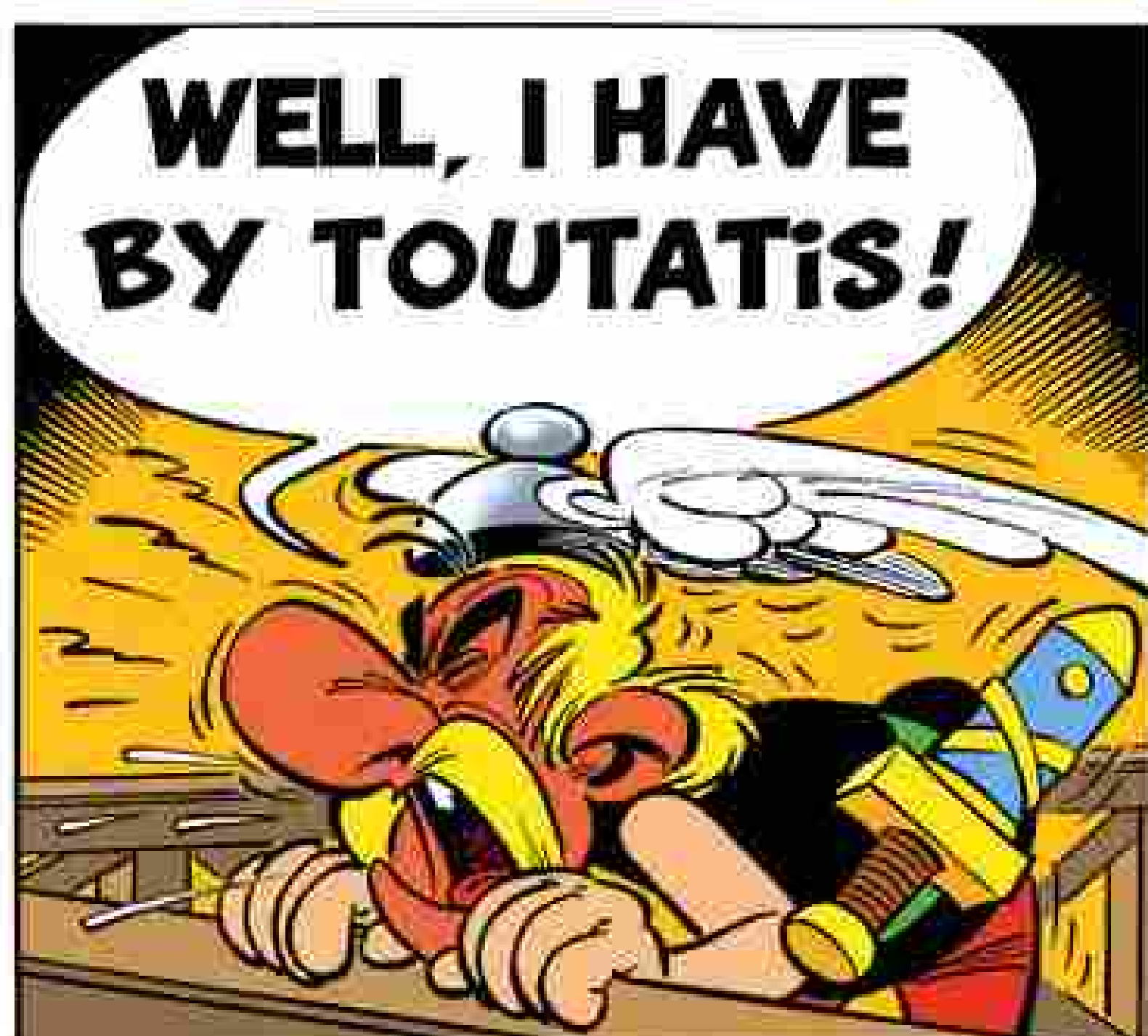
GAULISH
DRUIDS,
PERHAPS...

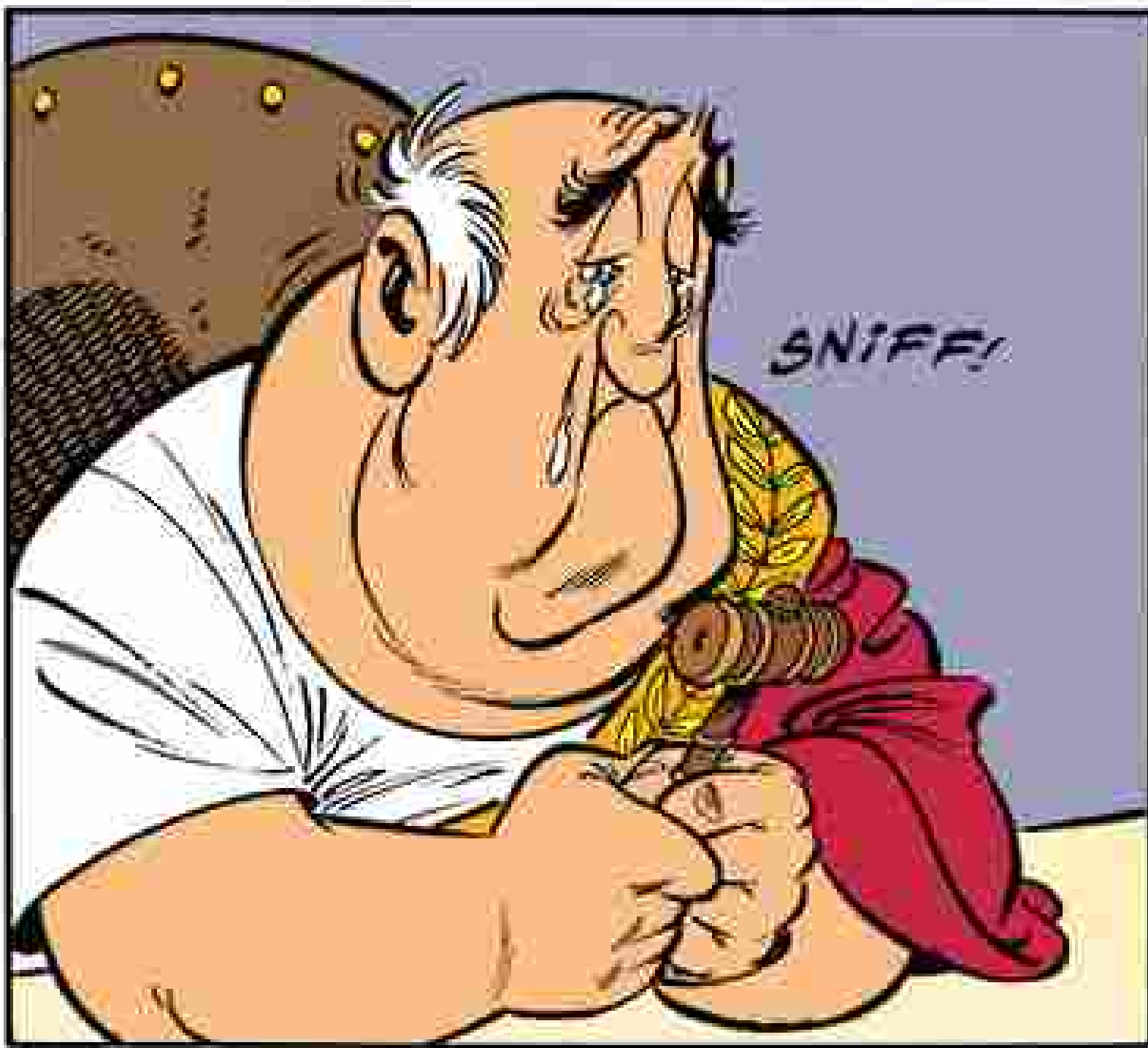
THE
GAULS HAVE
STRANGE AND
TERRIBLE
GODS...!

WE MUST GET RID OF THEM, AND
QUICKLY! I WAS WAITING FOR CAESAR
TO RETURN; HOWEVER, IT CAN'T BE
HELPED... MEANWHILE, DOUBLE
THE GUARD! SPREAD YOURSELVES
OUT! DON'T GET ON TOP OF
ONE ANOTHER!











ONE OF THE SINISTER CELLS IN THE CIRCUS MAXIMUS...

TYPHUS HAS SENT YOU THIS AMPHORA OF WINE, AND THESE DELICACIES ARE FROM THE HUMERUS FAMILY...

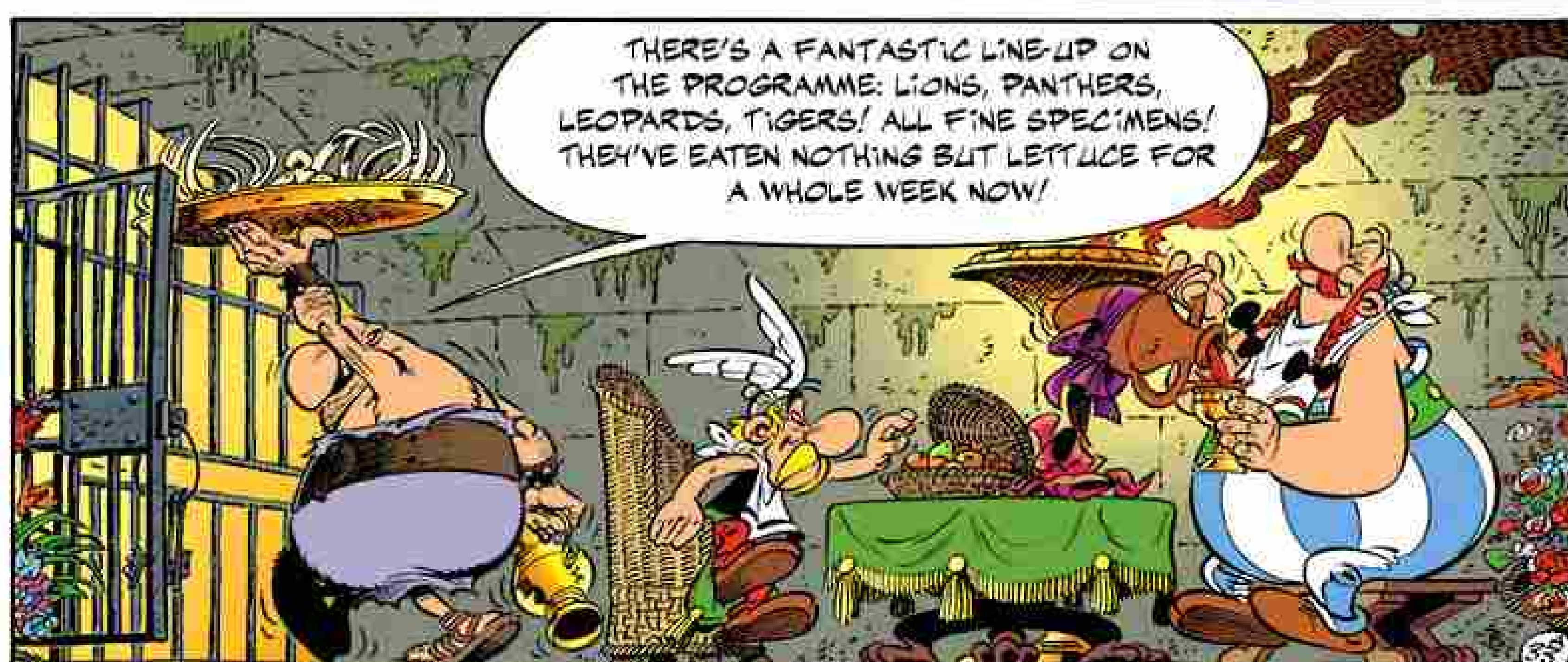


THAT ROAST BOAR WAS GOOD.

THAT'S THE ADVANTAGE OF BEING THROWN TO THE LIONS. YOU ALWAYS GET TASTY GOURMET DISHES...



WHEREAS THOSE THROWN FROM THE TARPEIAN ROCK GET SOLID, HEAVY FOOD.



THERE'S A FANTASTIC LINE-UP ON THE PROGRAMME: LIONS, PANTHERS, LEOPARDS, TIGERS! ALL FINE SPECIMENS! THEY'VE EATEN NOTHING BUT LETTUCE FOR A WHOLE WEEK NOW!



SO YOU HAVE NO CAUSE FOR COMPLAINT! YOU REALLY ARE SPOILT!

CLANG!



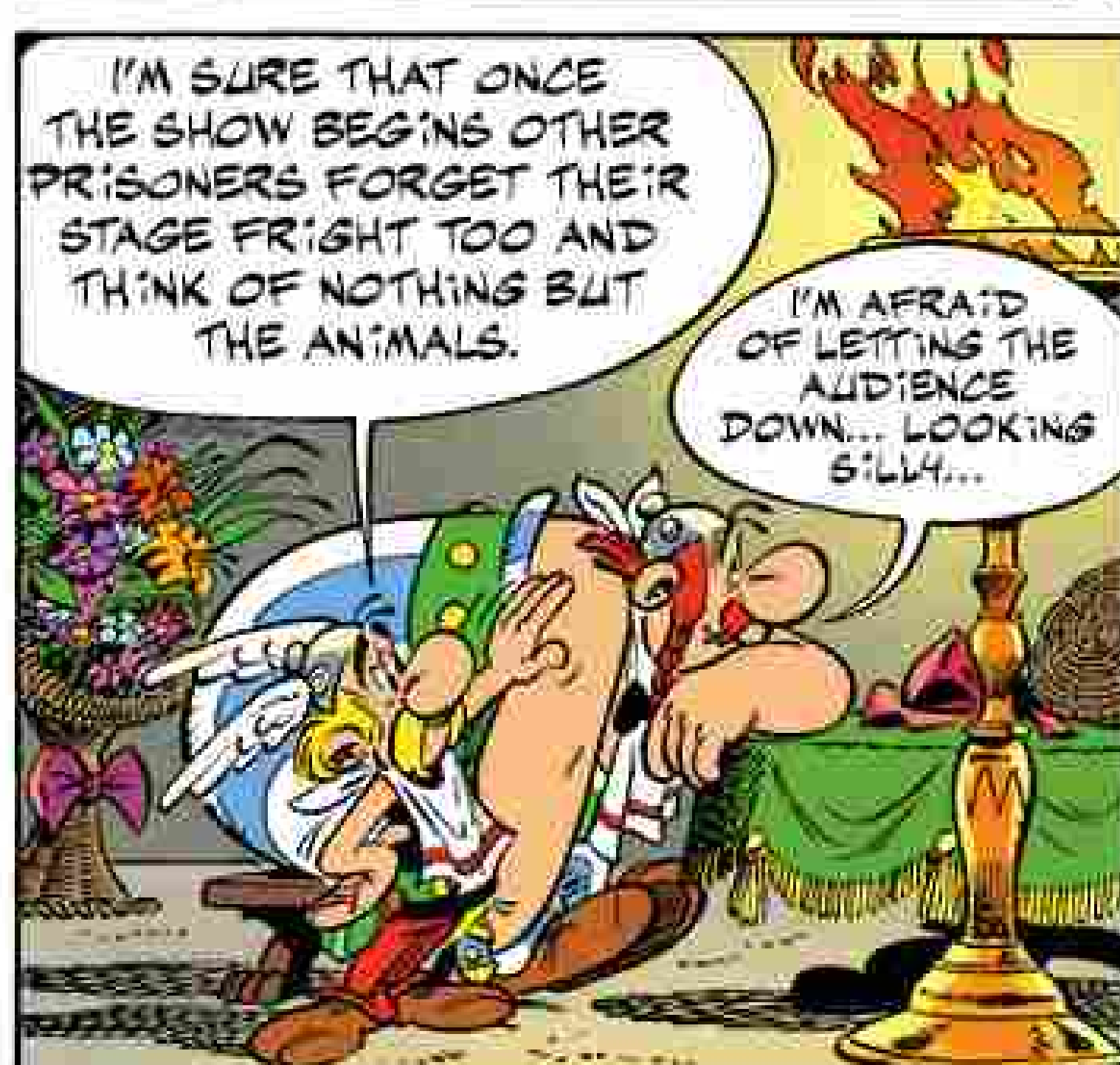
ASTERIX, I'M SCARED.

SCARED? SCARED OF A FEW WILD ANIMALS?



OH, I'M NOT WORRIED ABOUT THE ANIMALS, IT'S THE PUBLIC! ALL THOSE PEOPLE!

YOU'LL BE ALL RIGHT IN THE ARENA...



I'M SURE THAT ONCE THE SHOW BEGINS OTHER PRISONERS FORGET THEIR STAGE FRIGHT TOO AND THINK OF NOTHING BUT THE ANIMALS.

I'M AFRAID OF LETTING THE AUDIENCE DOWN... LOOKING SILLY...



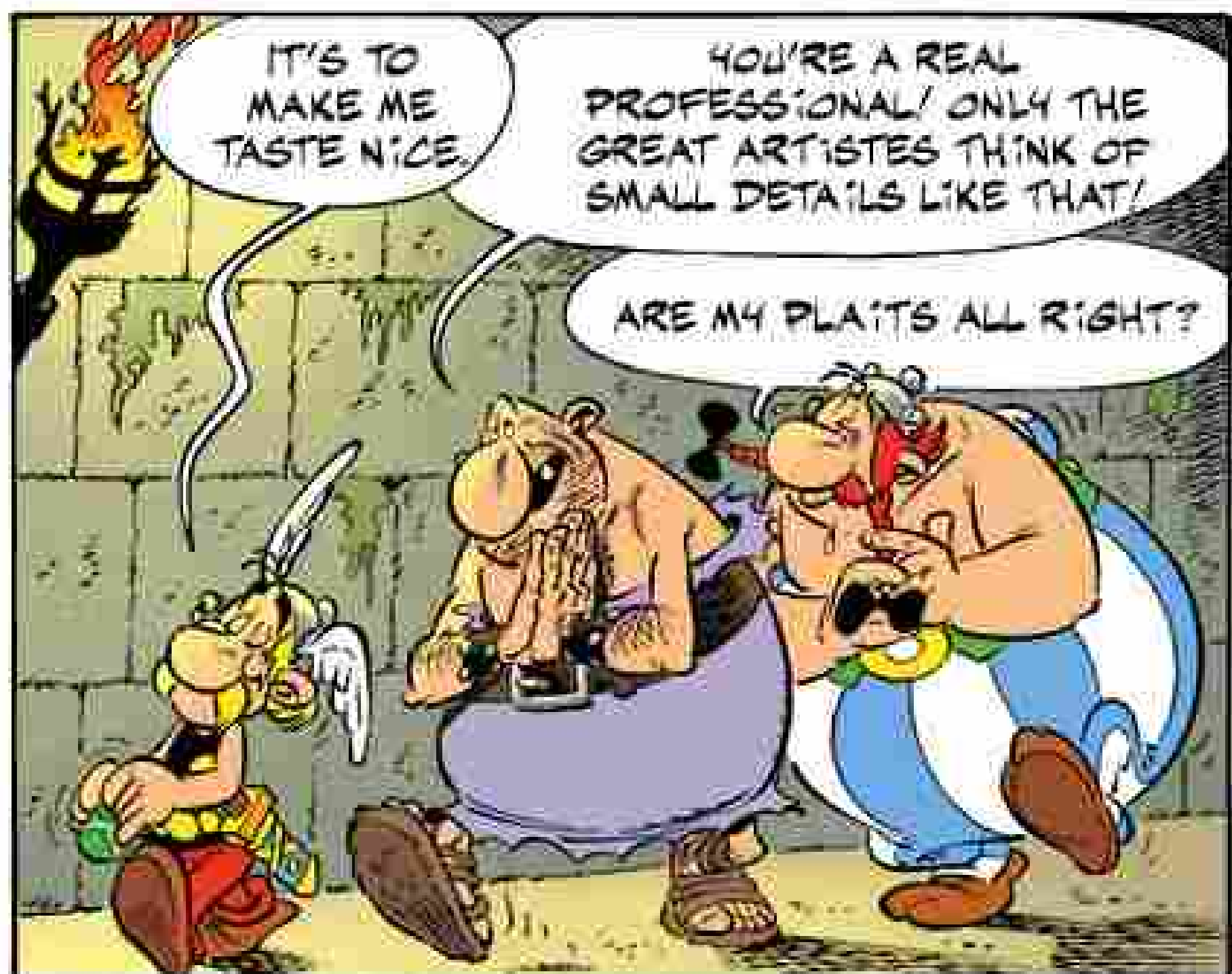
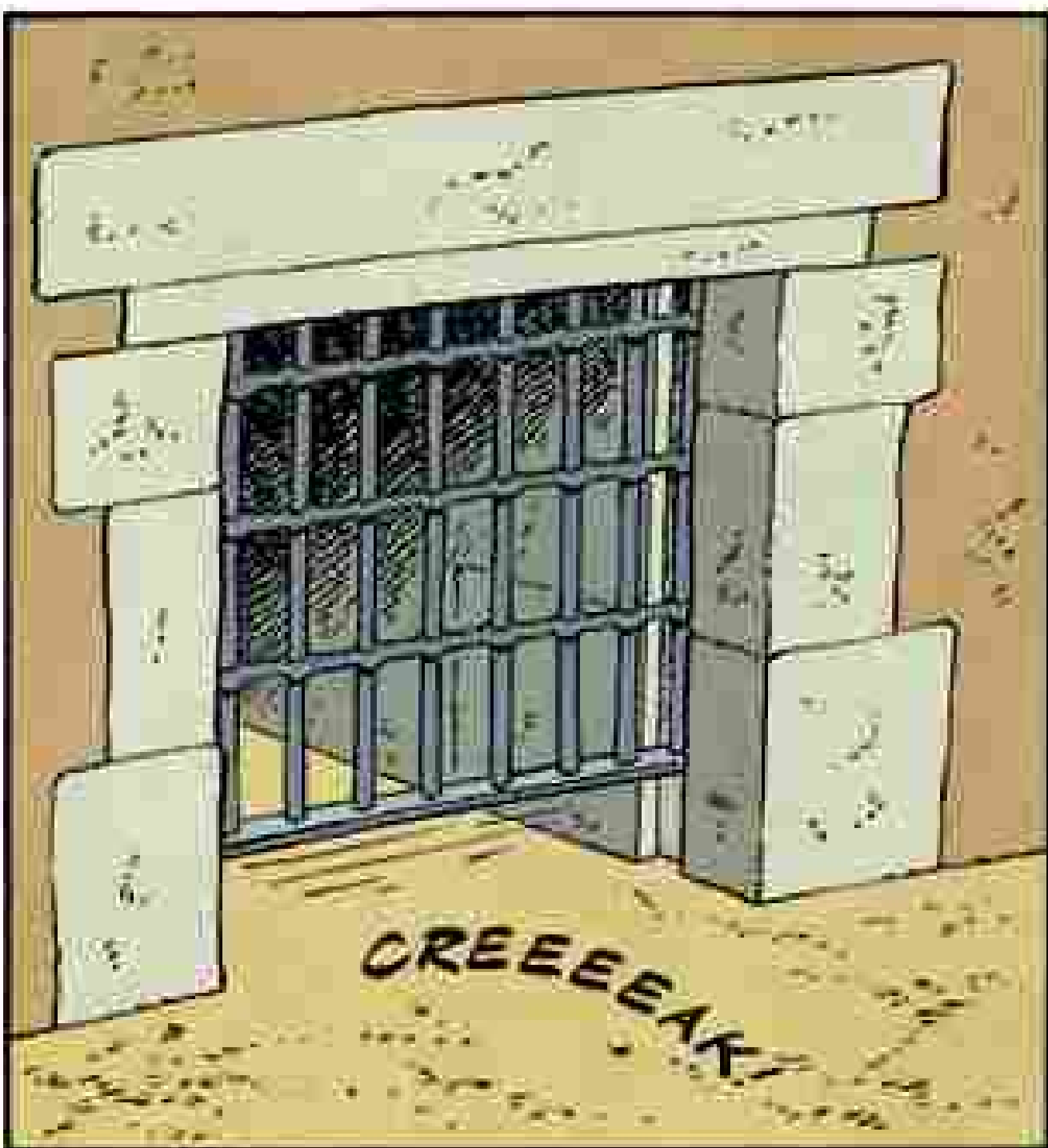
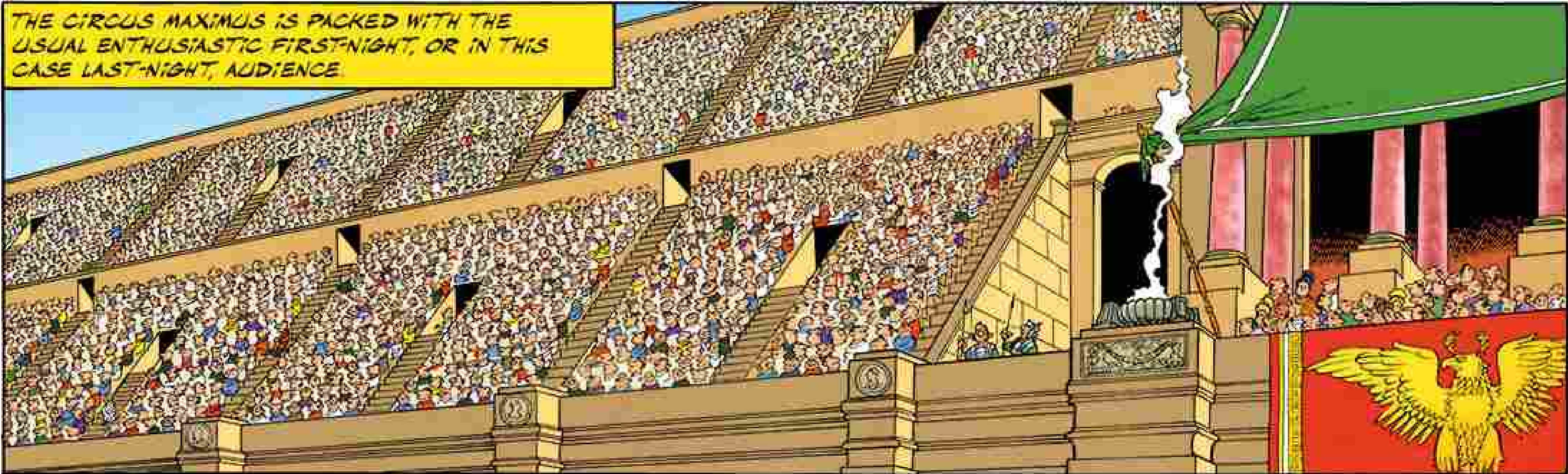
EXCUSE ME, YOU WOULDN'T HAVE A DROP OF OIL TO RUB ME DOWN WITH, WOULD YOU - LIKE THE GLADIATORS? IT LOOKS GOOD.

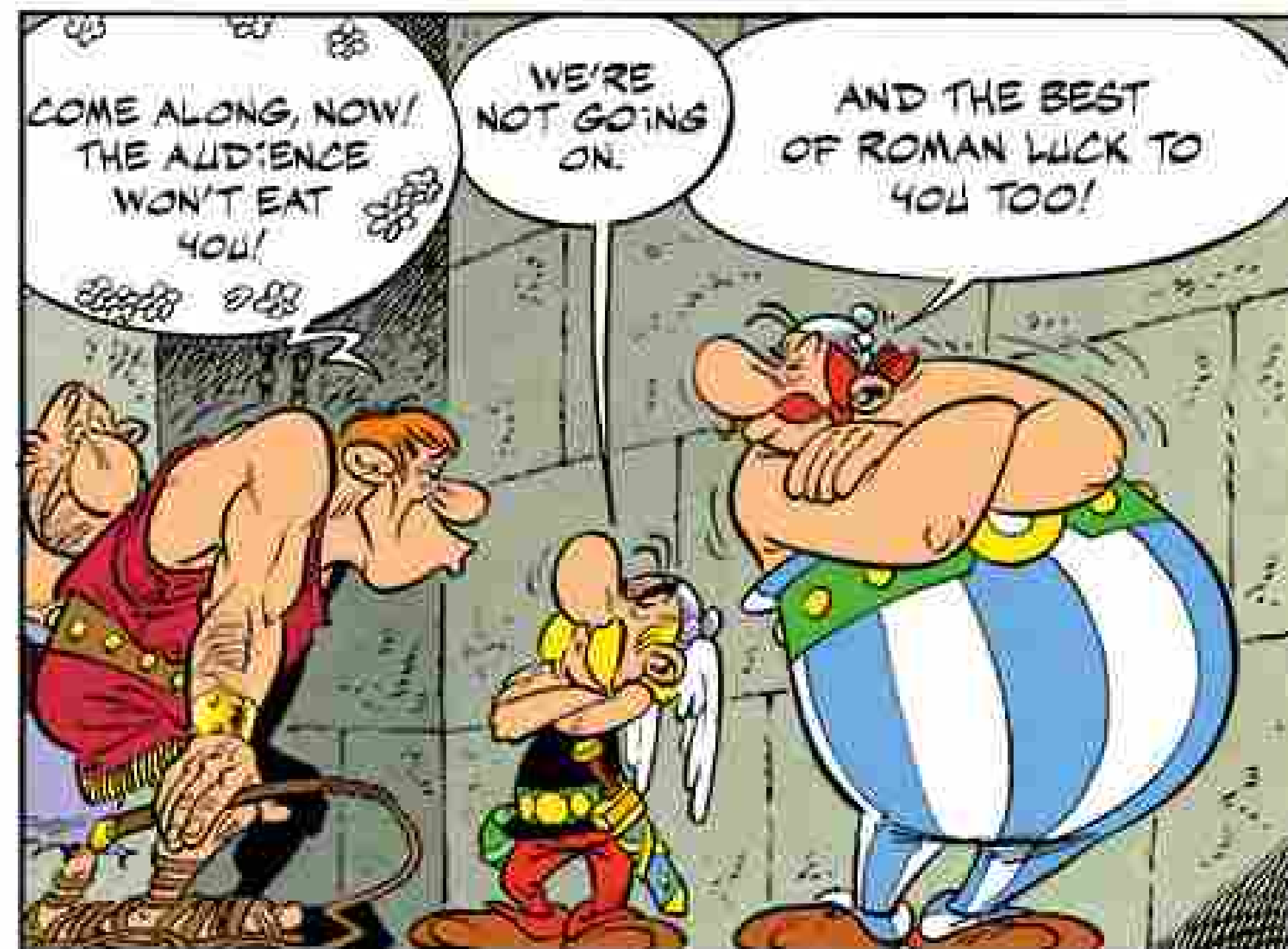
OIL?

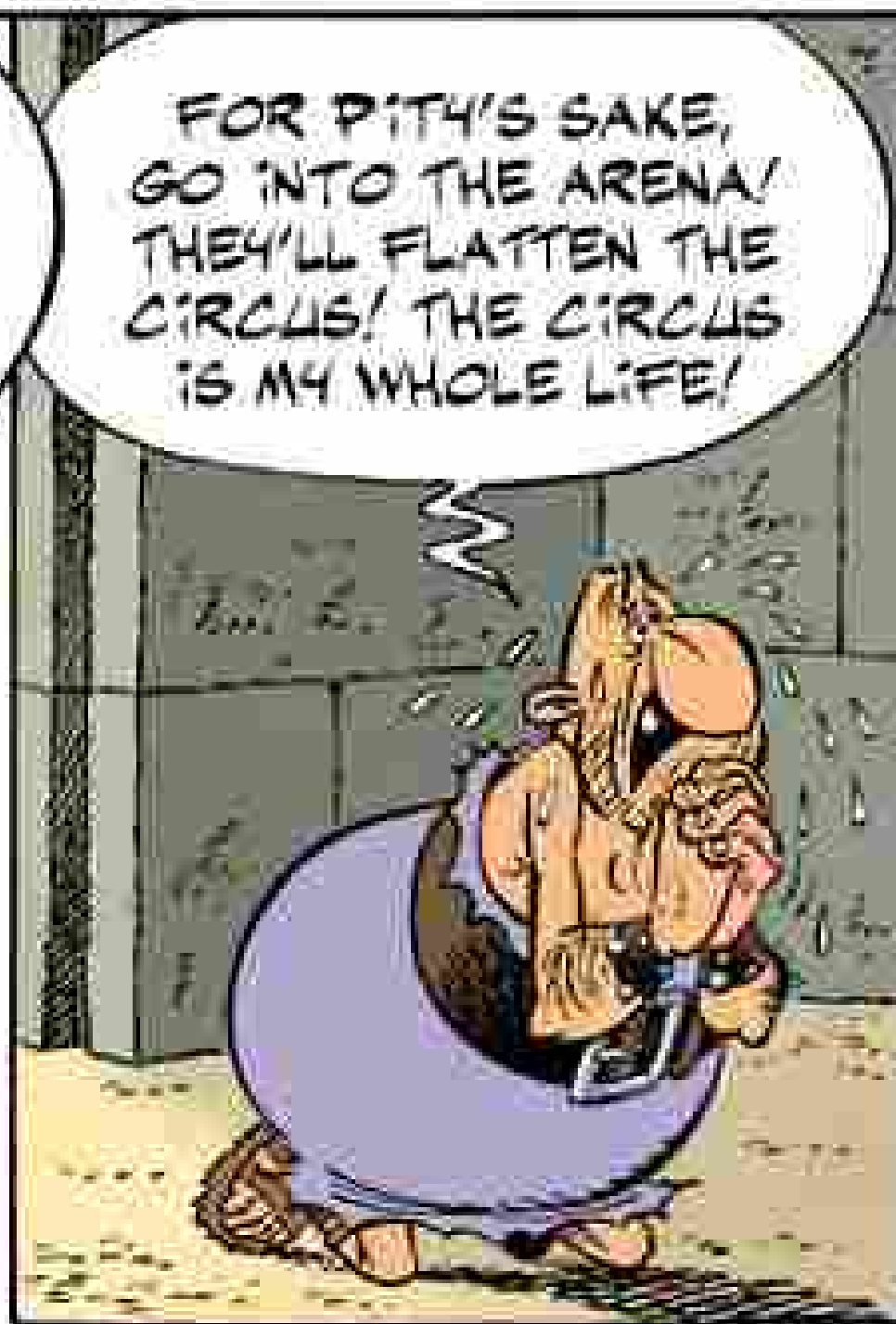


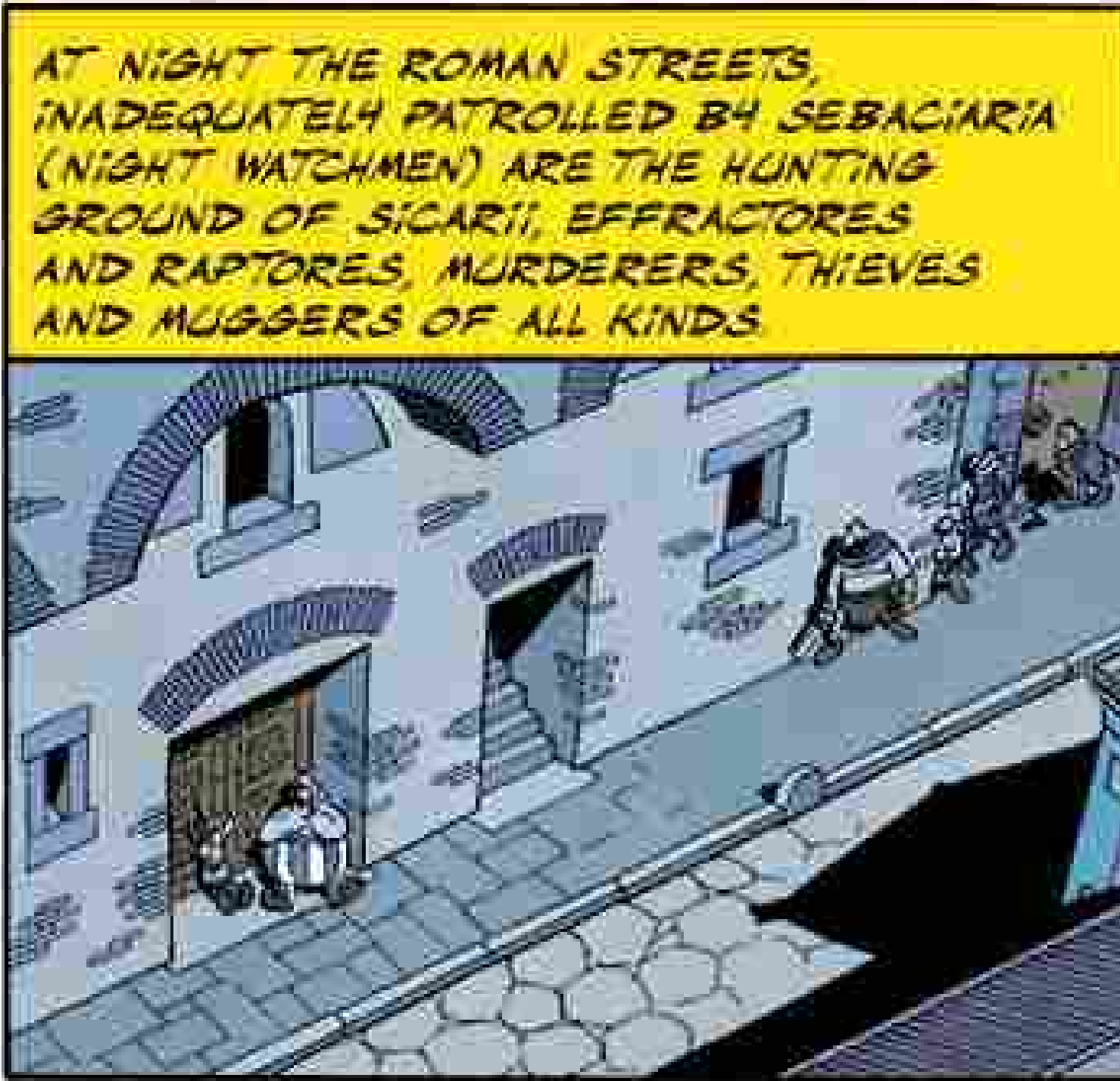
DON'T YOU THINK MUSTARD WOULD BE MORE APPROPRIATE.

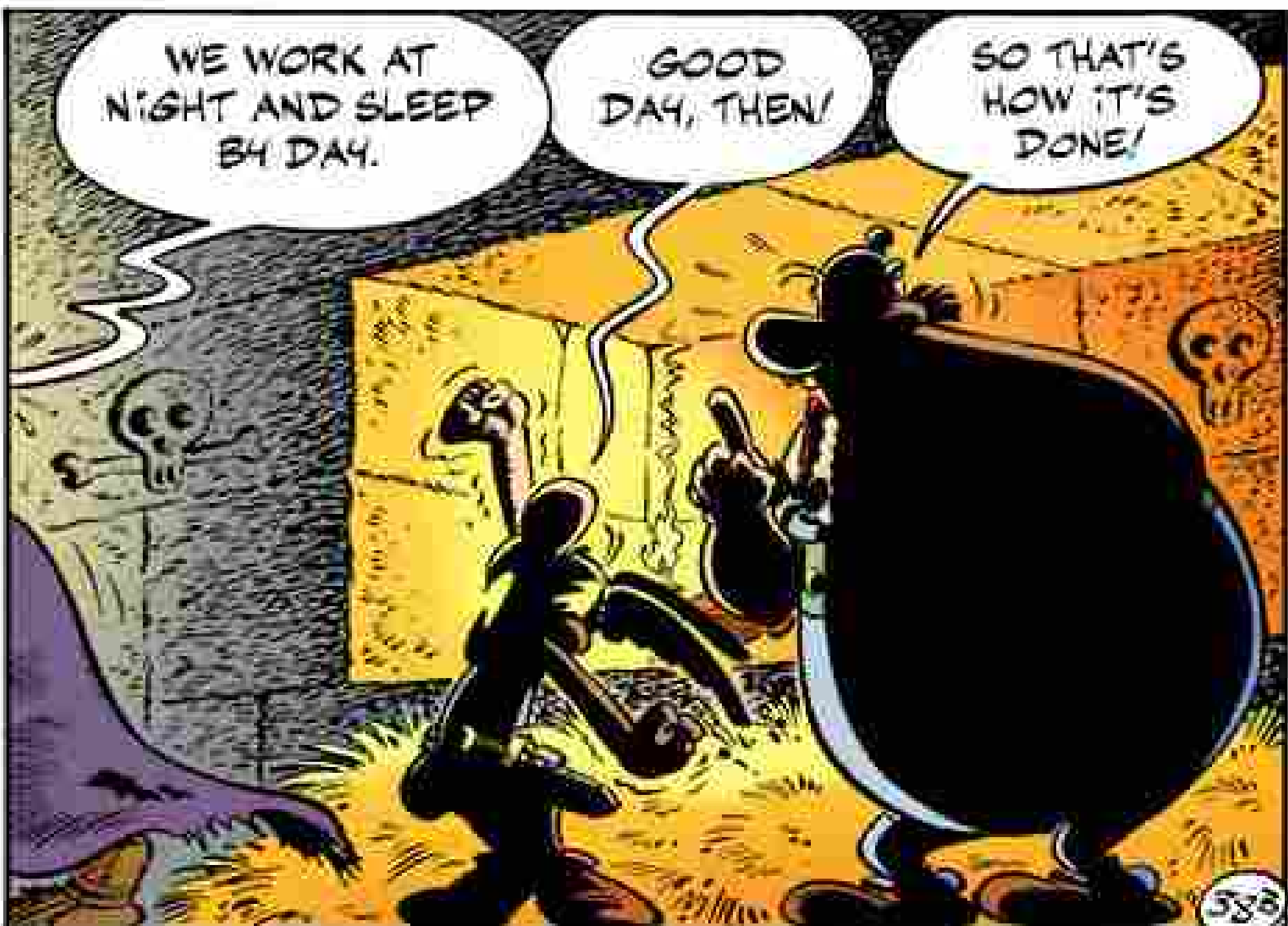
THE CIRCUS MAXIMUS IS PACKED WITH THE USUAL ENTHUSIASTIC FIRST-NIGHT, OR IN THIS CASE LAST-NIGHT, AUDIENCE.



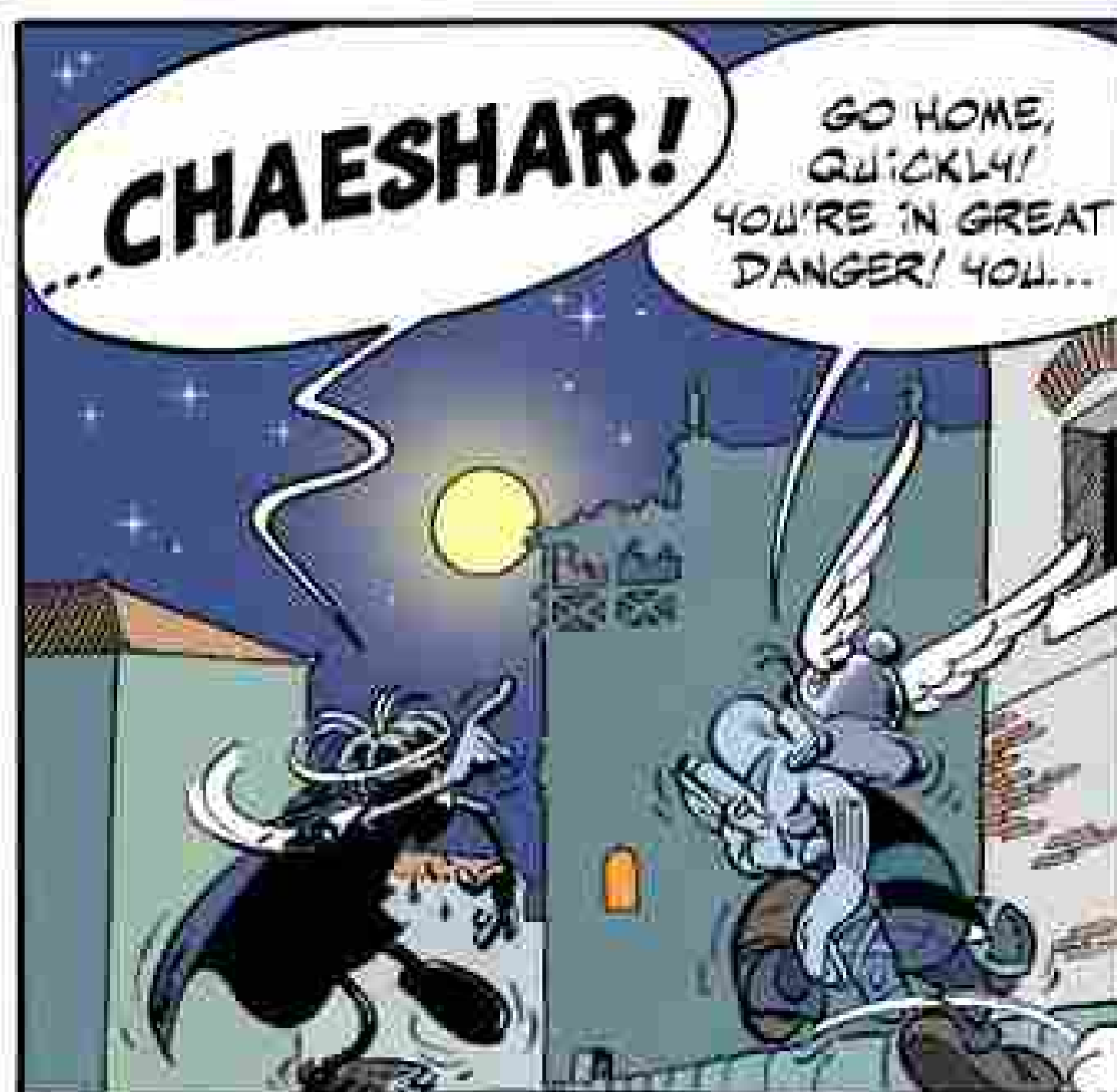
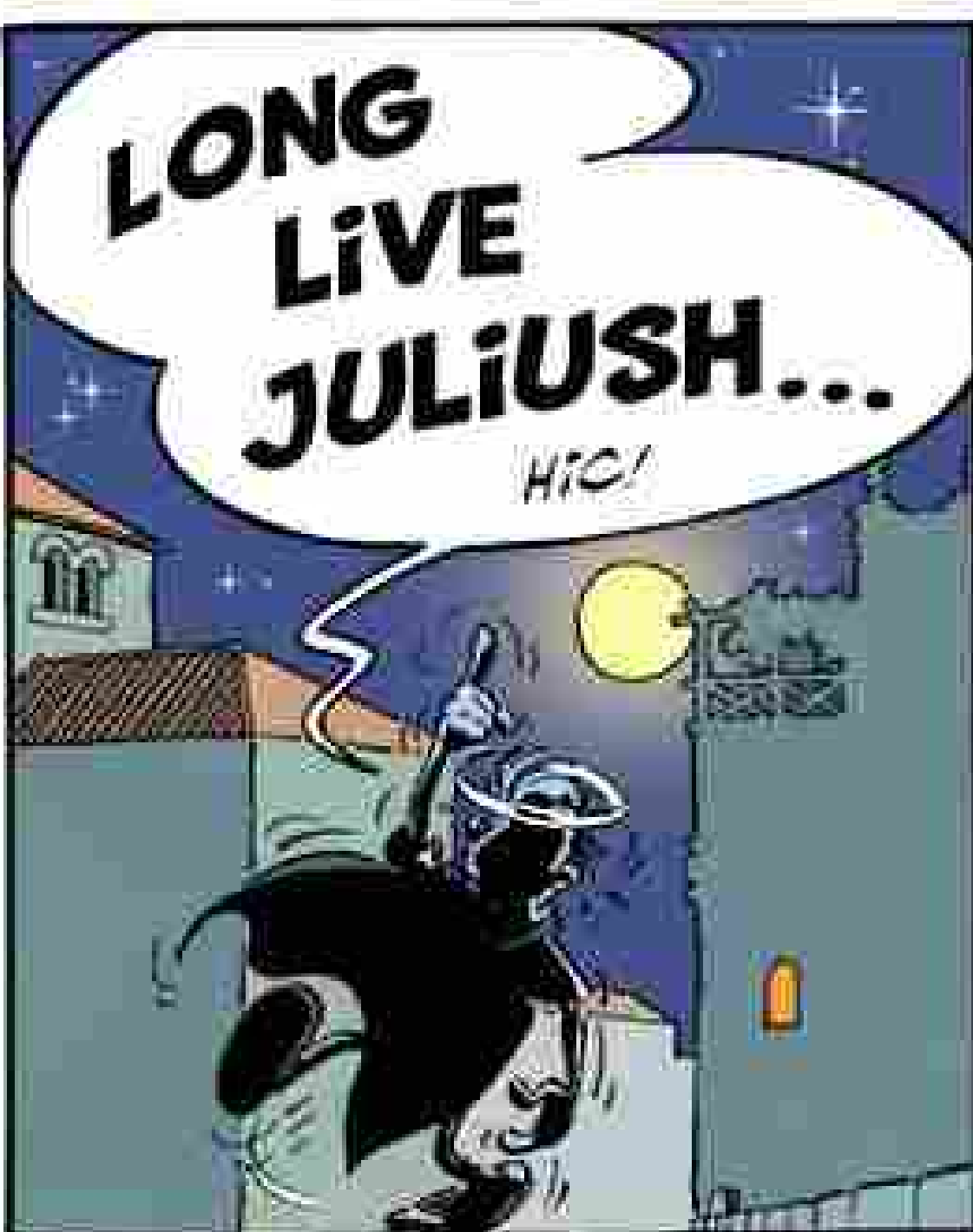
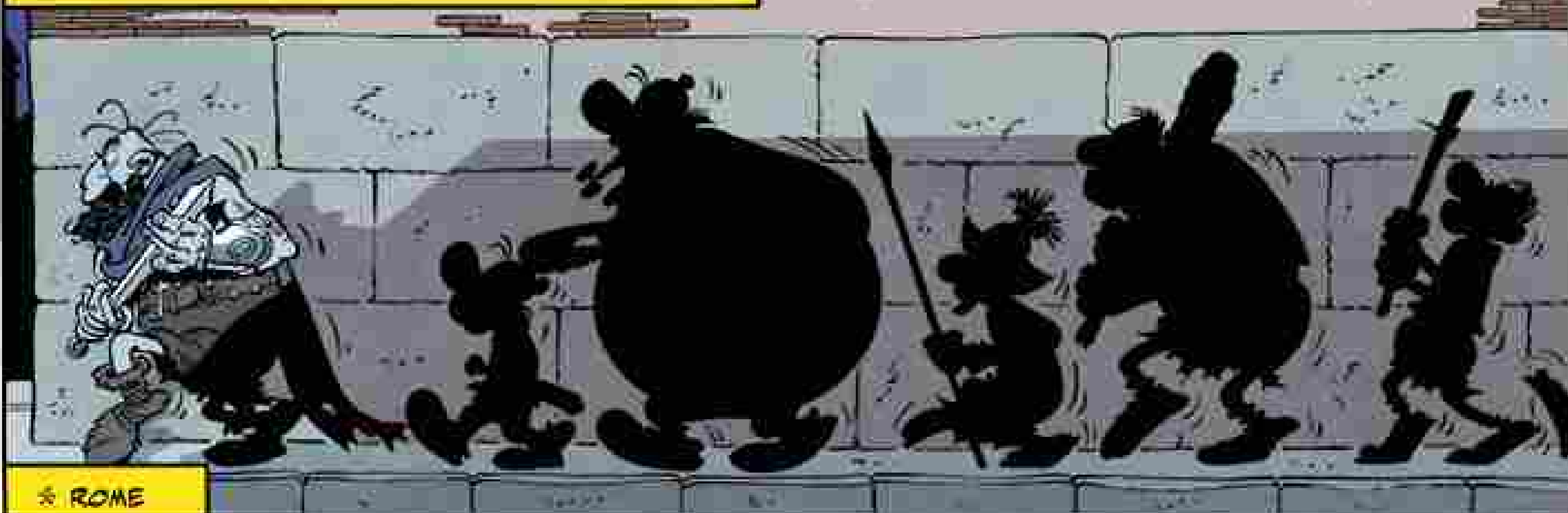


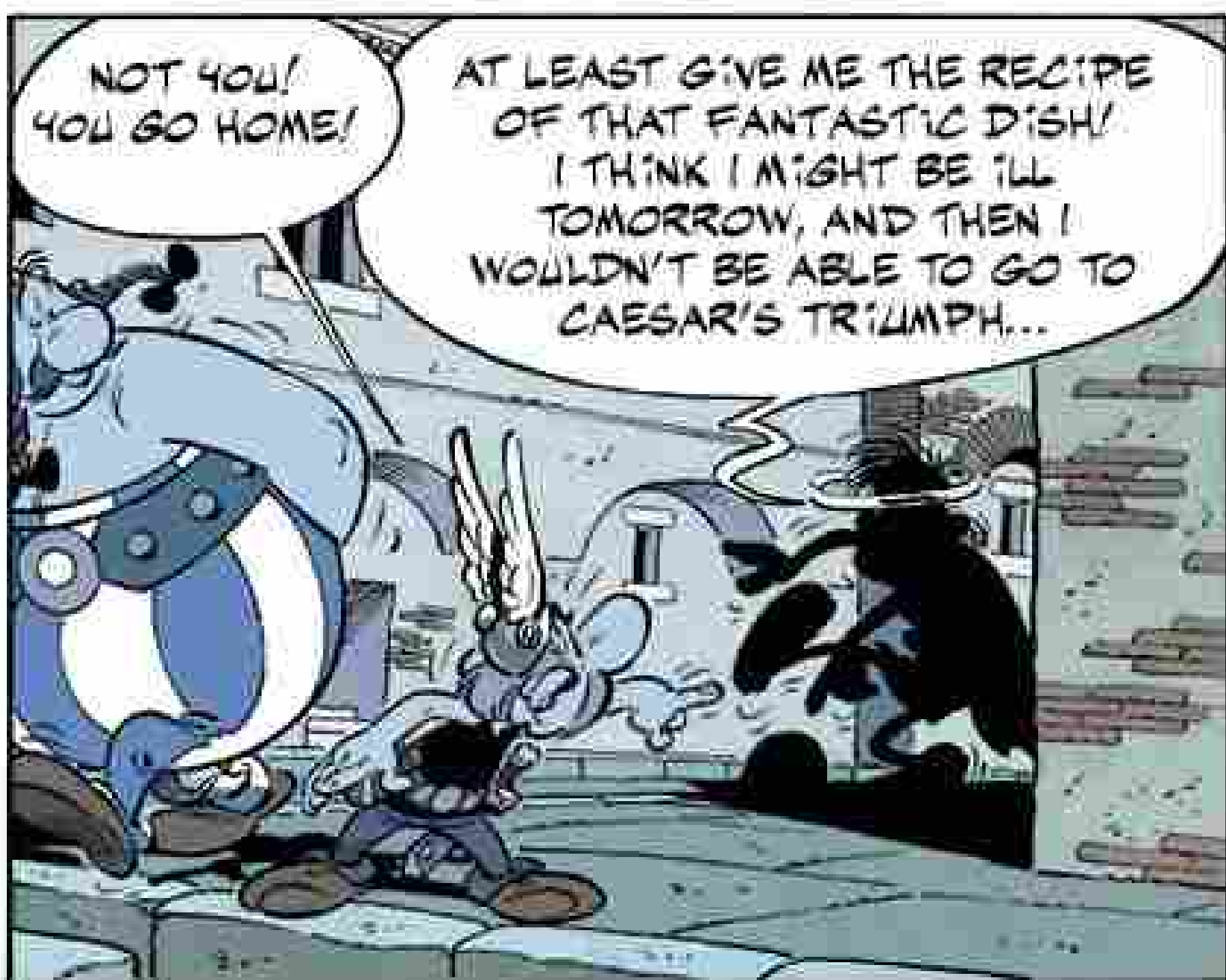
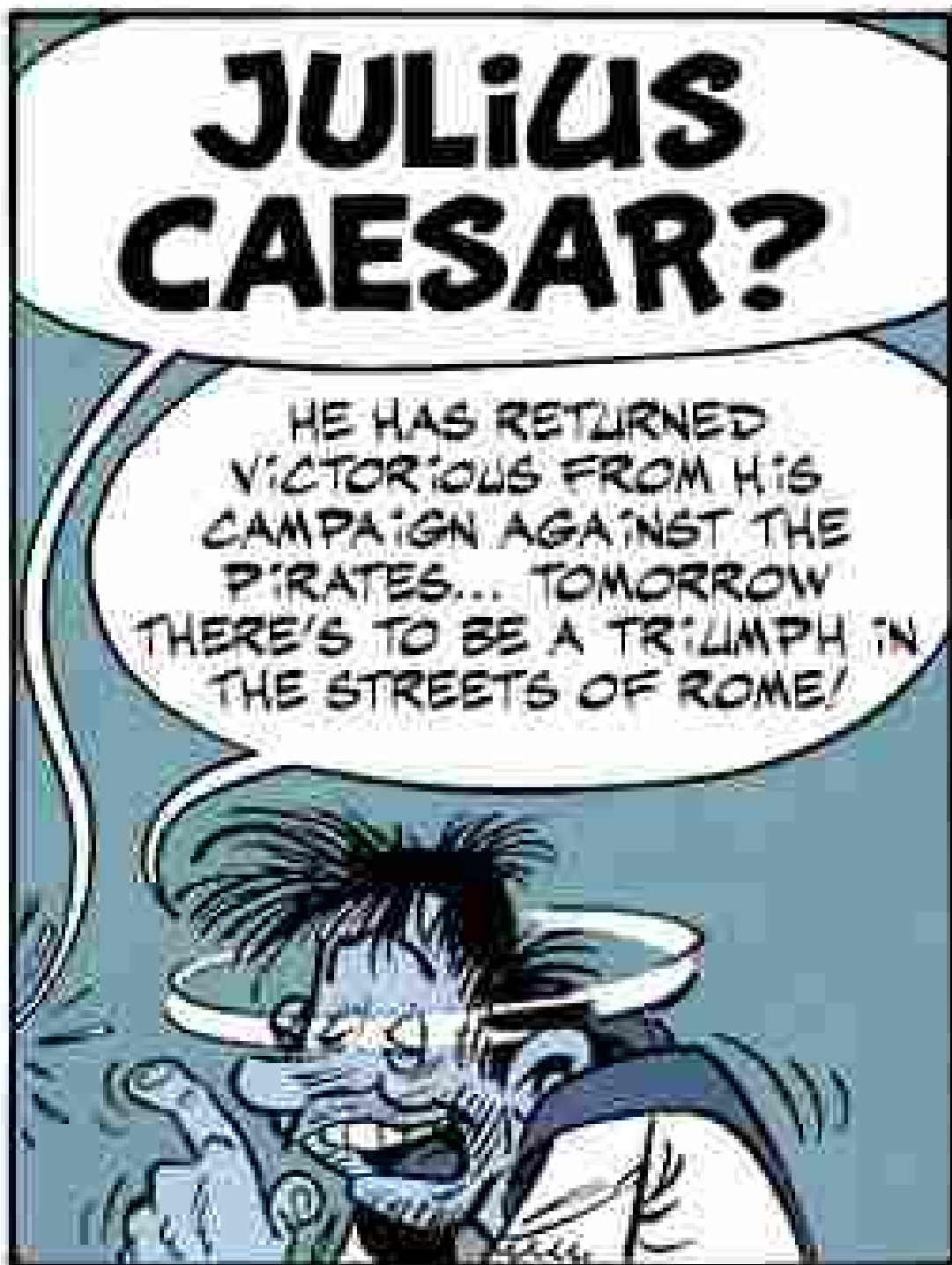
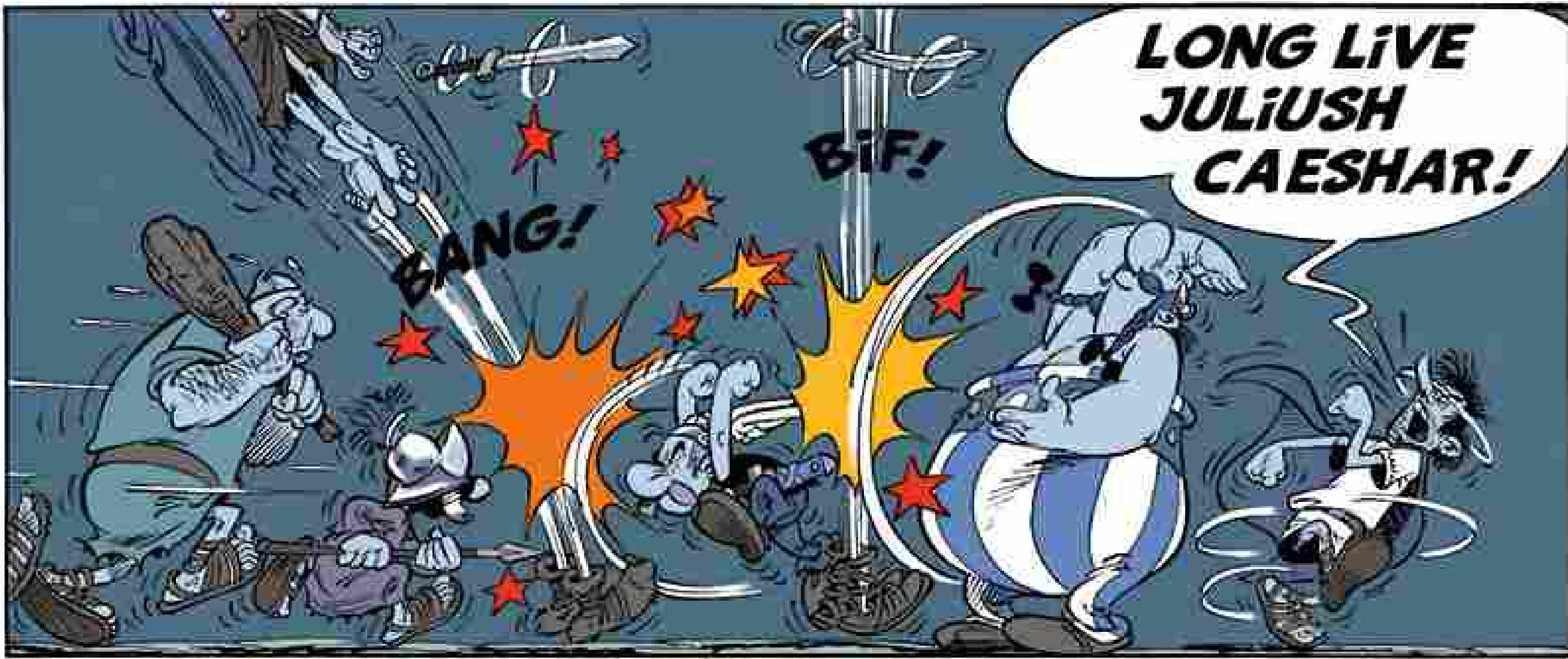


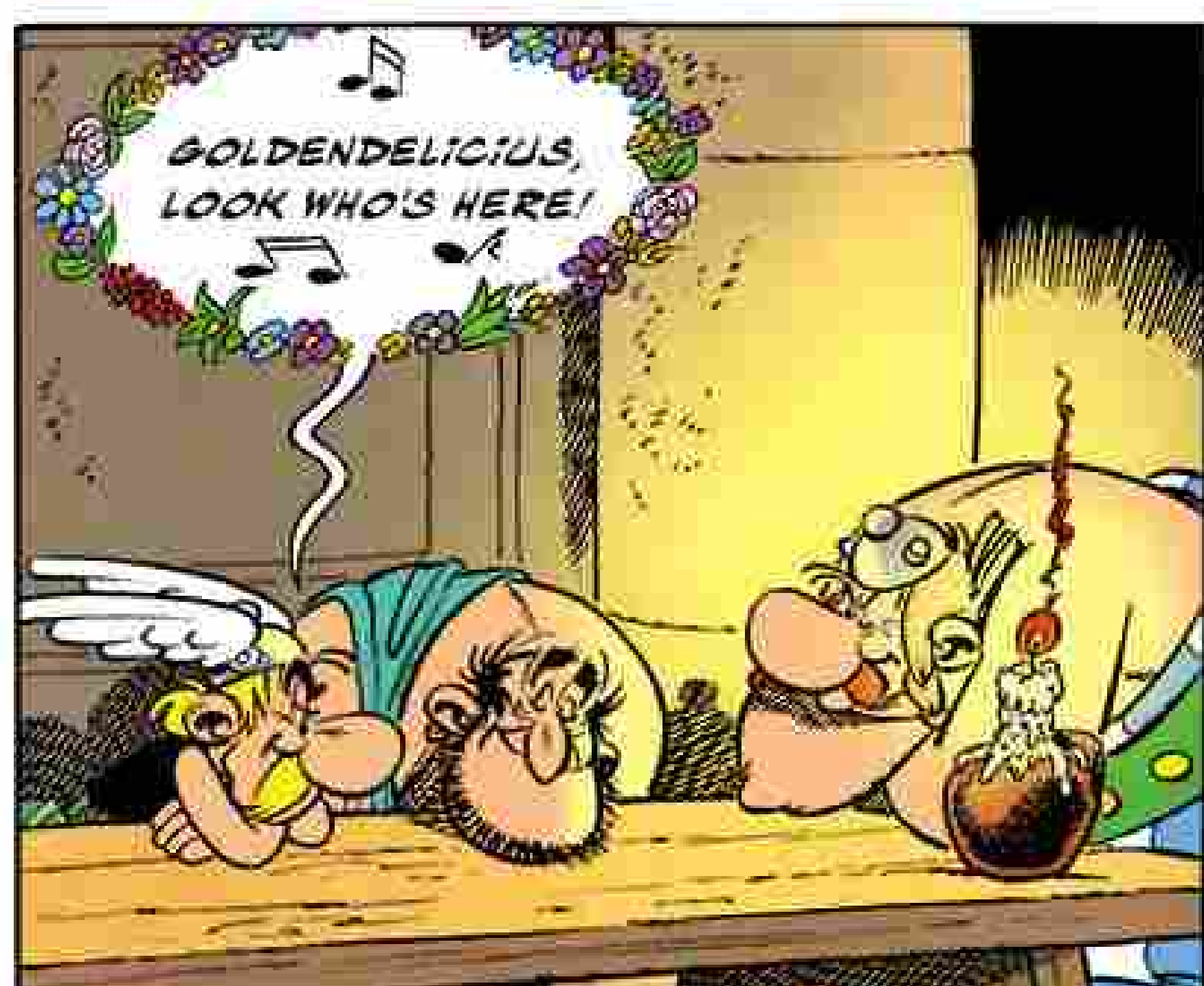
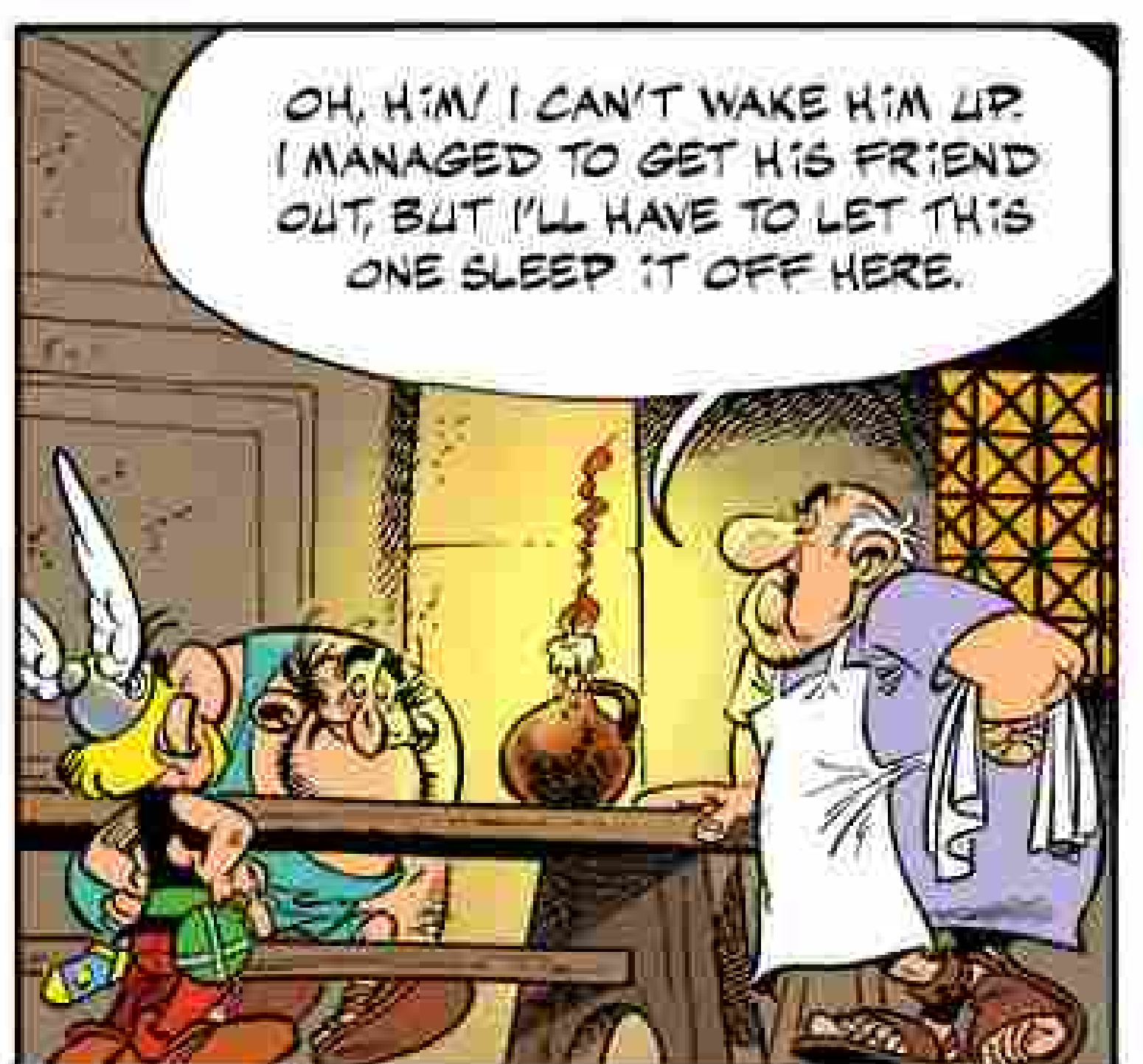


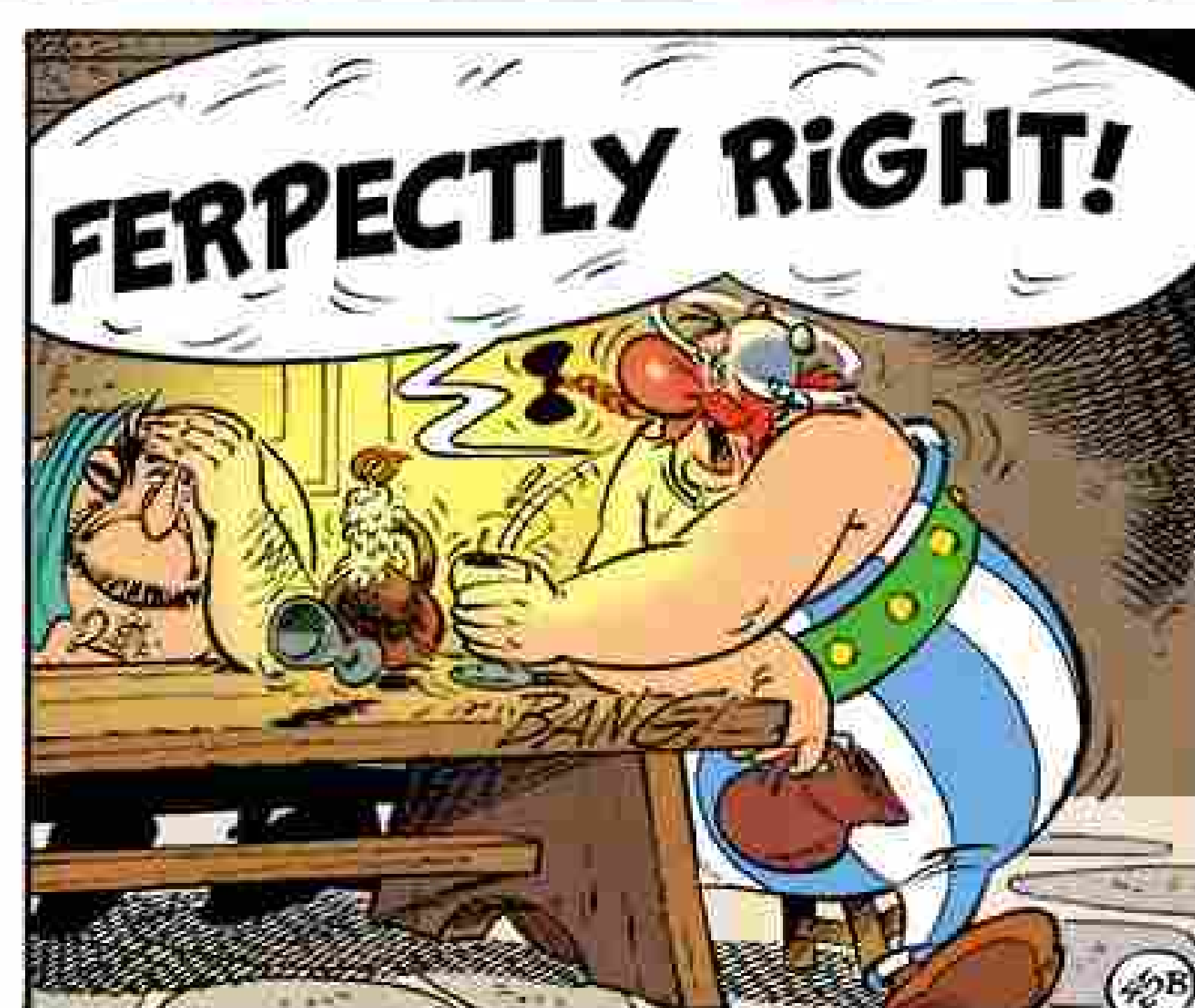
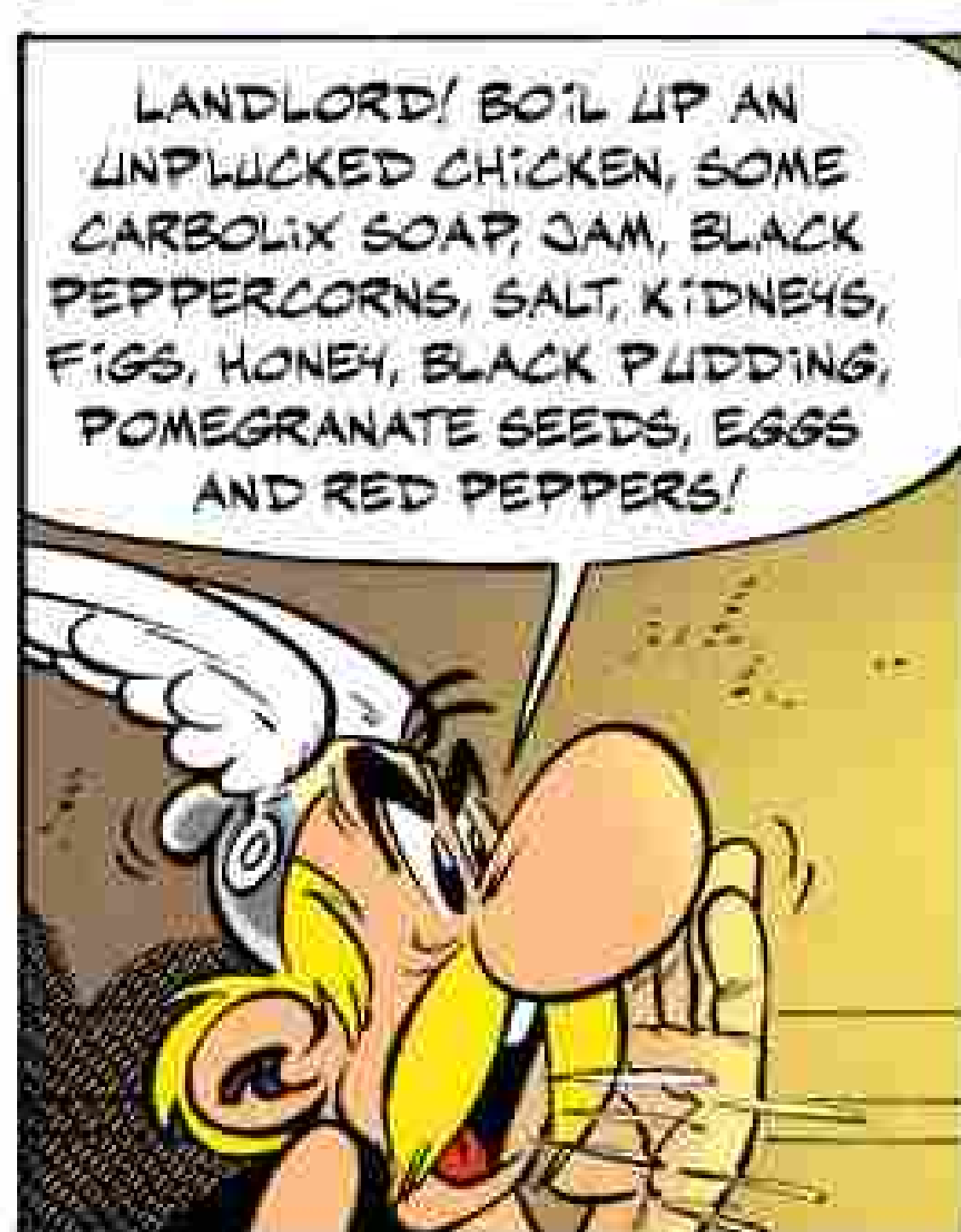
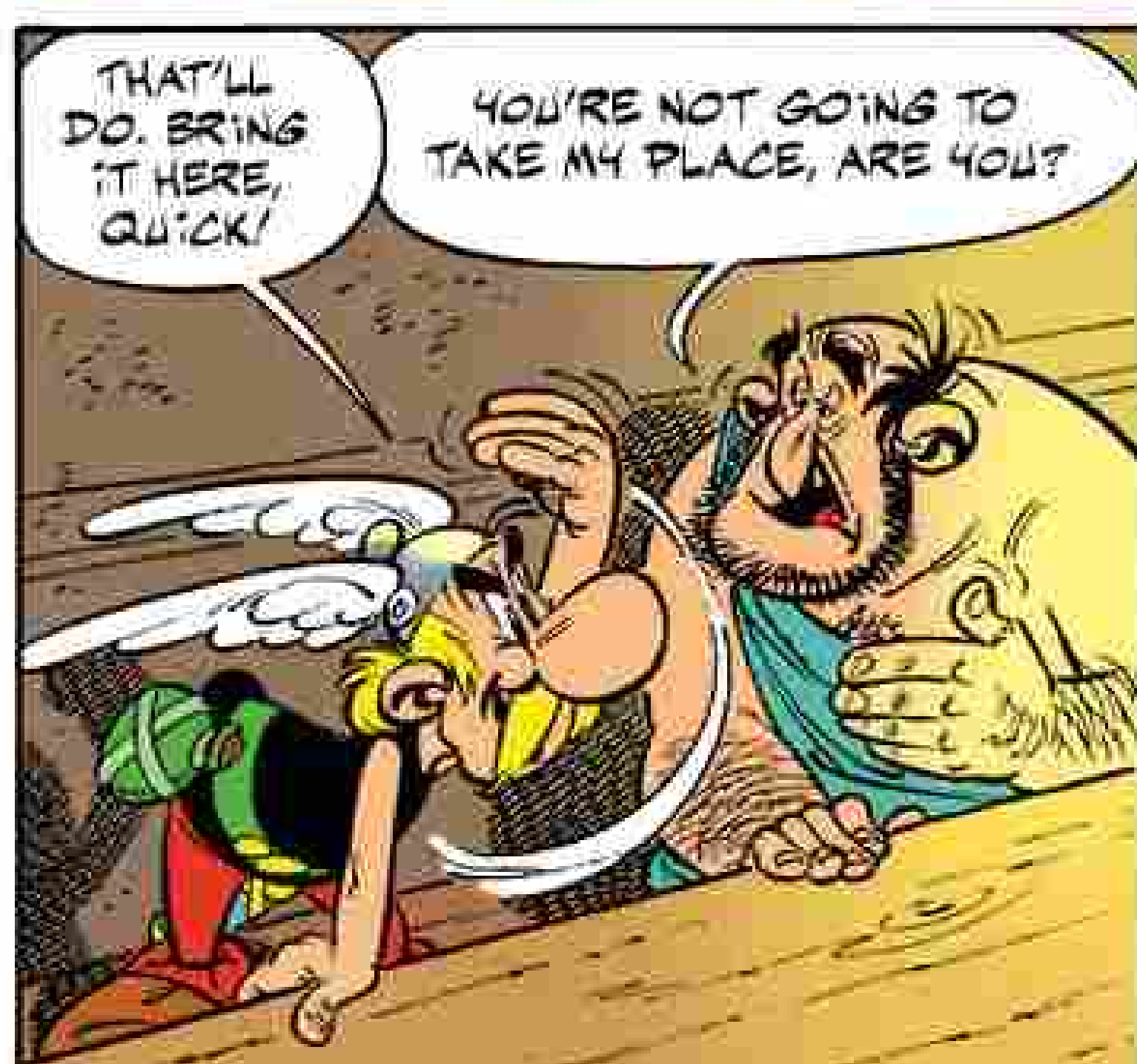
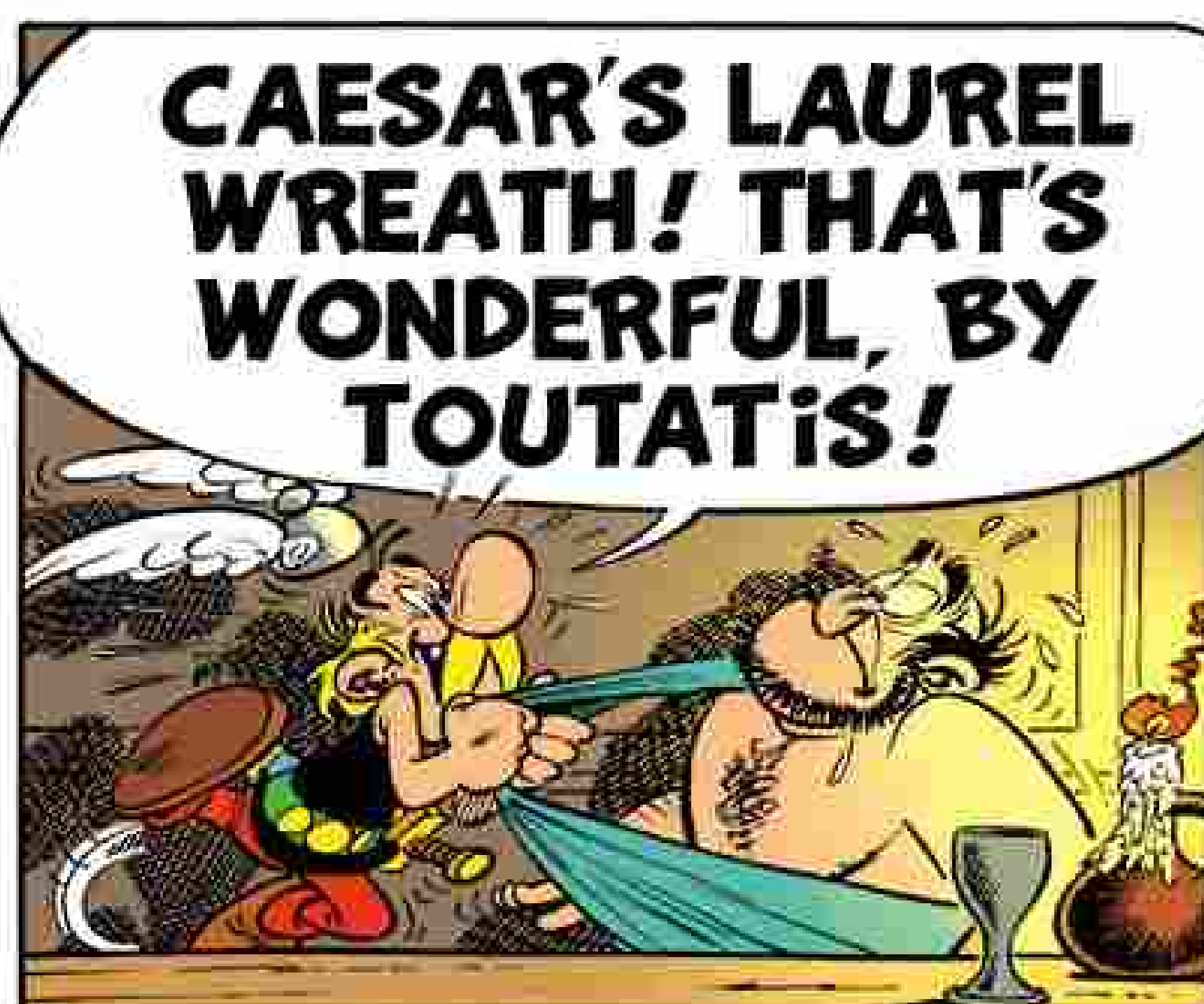
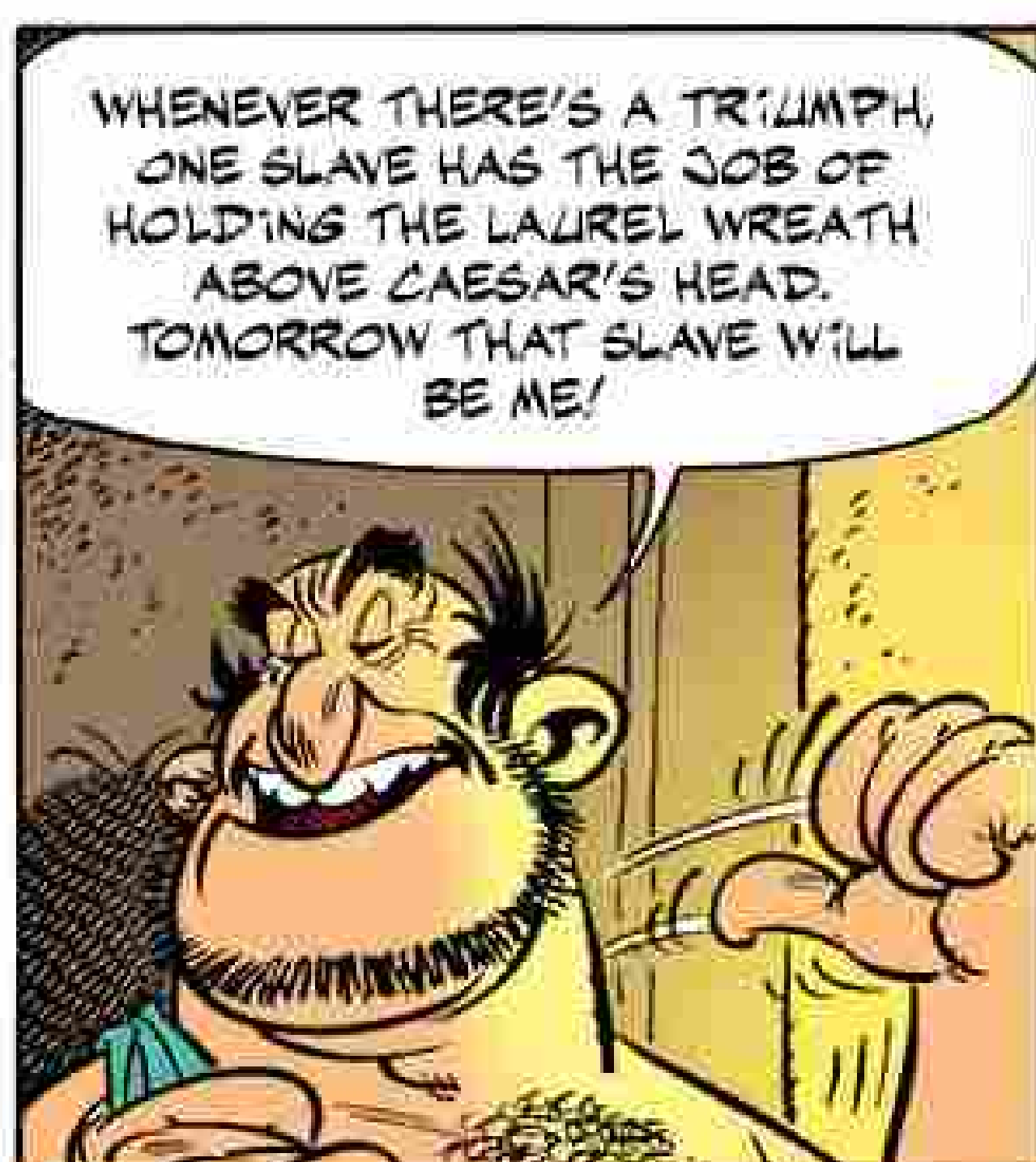
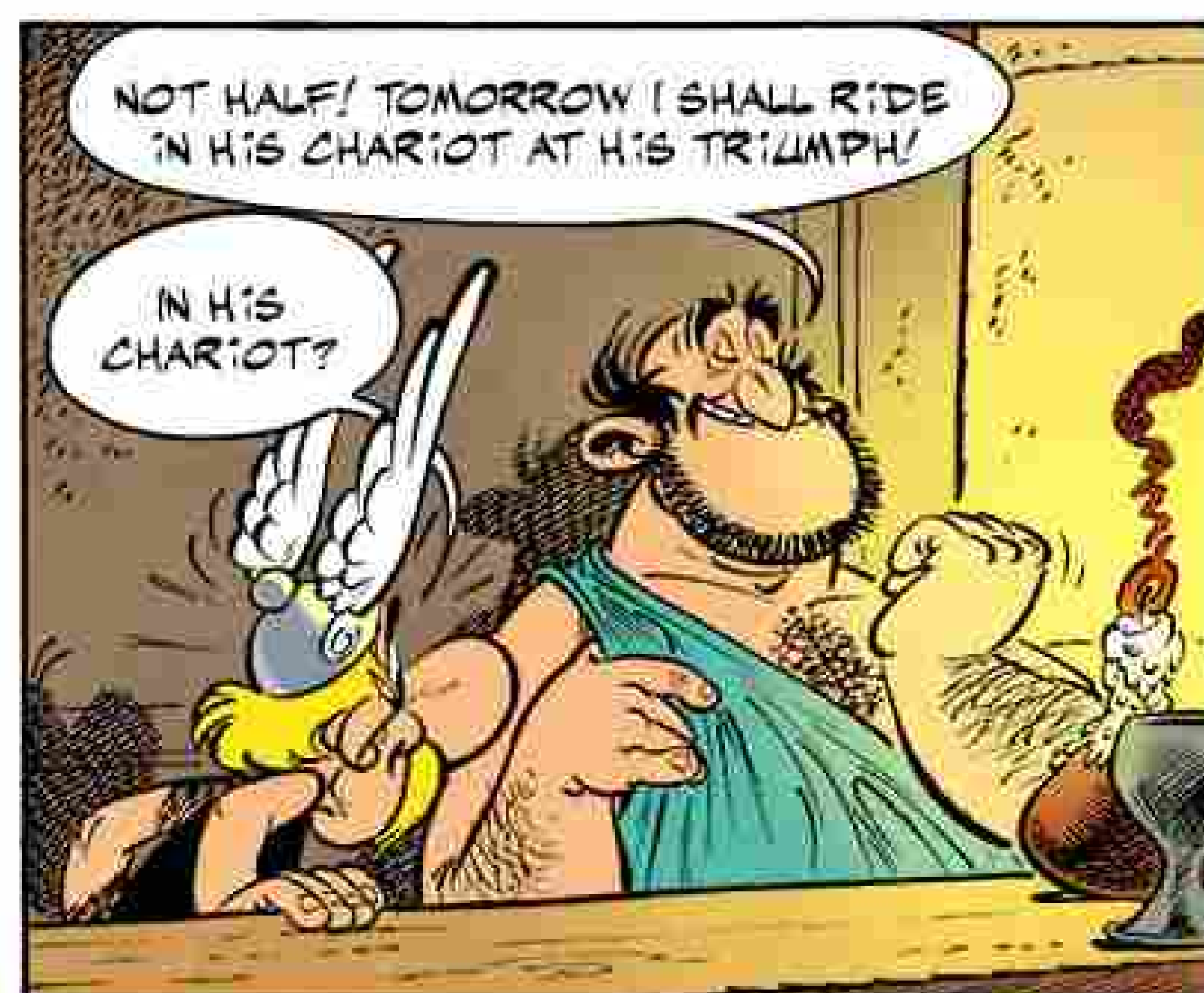
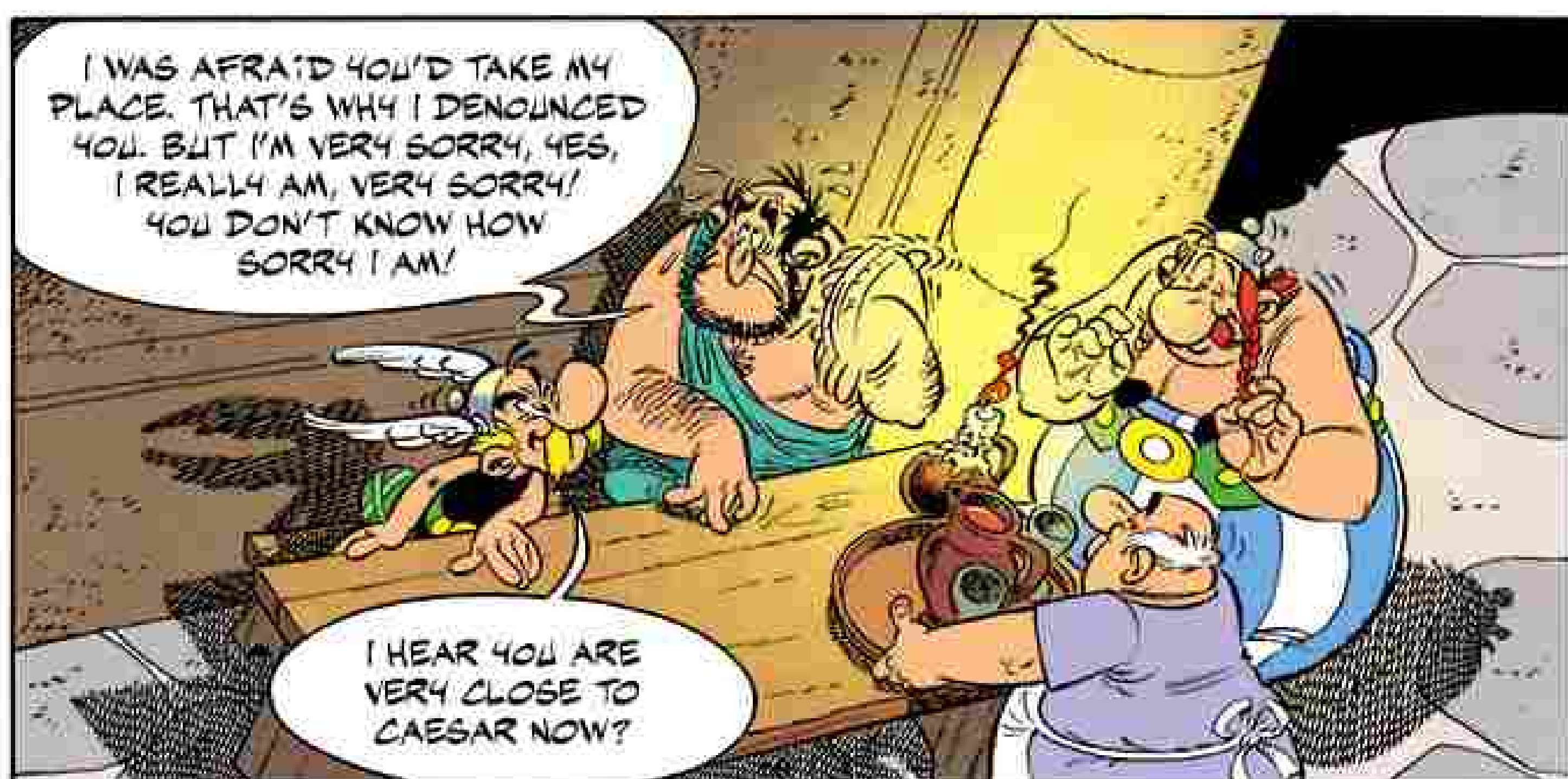


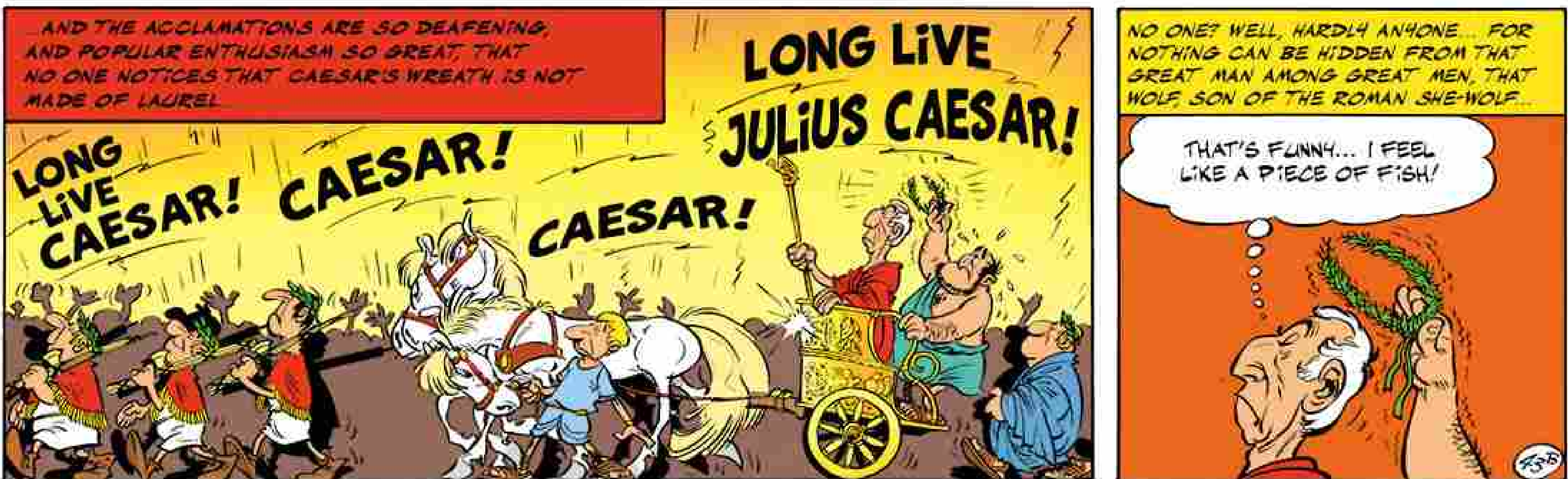
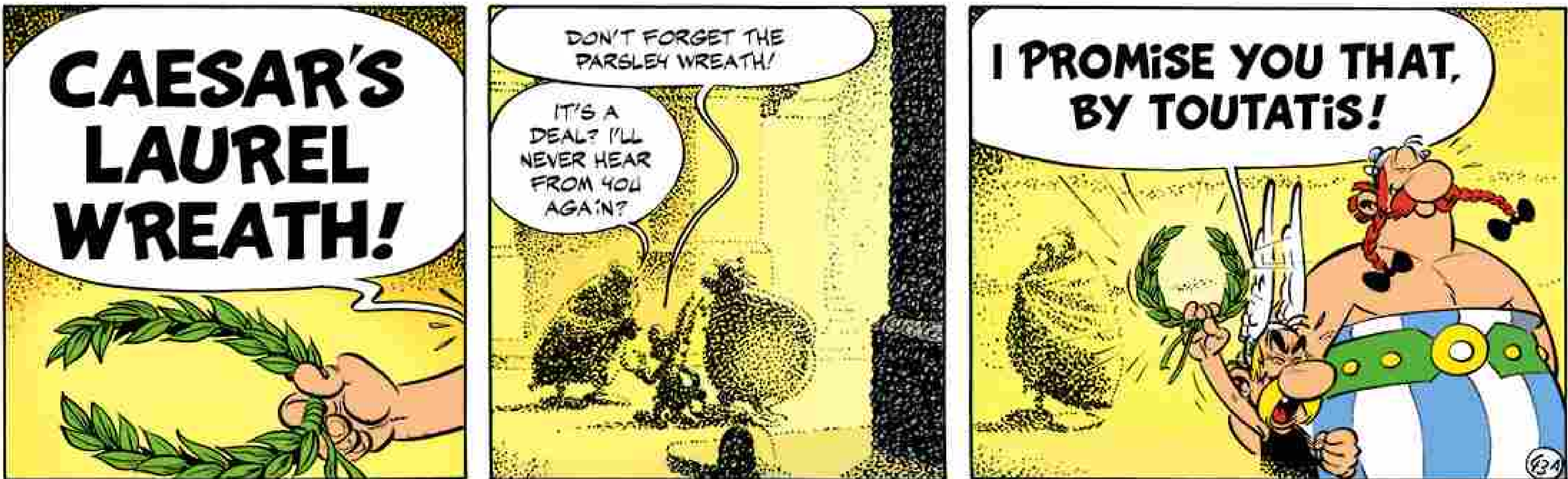
AFTER A PEACEFUL DAY, NIGHT HAS FALLEN ONCE MORE ON THE GREATEST CITY IN THE UNIVERSE,* AND SHADOWY FIGURES CREEP ALONG THE NARROW STREETS.

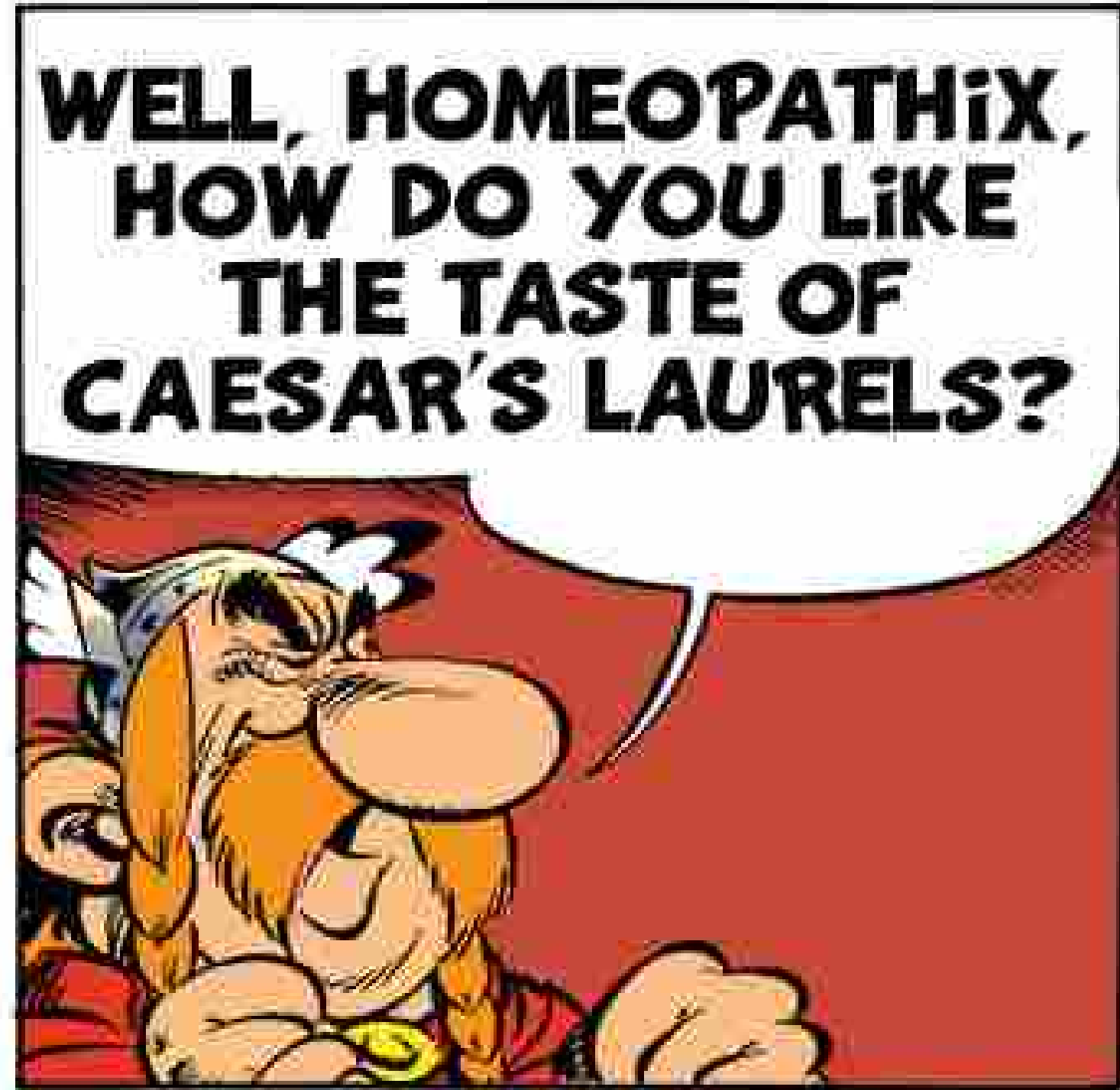














I FEEL
A BIT WEAK,
GETAFIX ...

NO, OBELIX! YOU
ARE NOT HAVING ANY MAGIC
POTION! YOU KNOW VERY WELL
YOU FELL INTO THE CAULDRON
WHEN YOU WERE A BABY, AND
IT HAD A PERMANENT
EFFECT ON YOU!



Chief
Vitalstatistix
rashly invites his
brother-in-law
to dine on a stew
seasoned with Caesar's
laurel wreath, so
Asterix and Obelix
must go to Rome to
fetch those laurels.
Hoping to get access
to Caesar, they sell
themselves as slaves –
but can they do a deal
with the corrupt
Goldendelicius to swap
the laurels for parsley?
If so, it will be their
own Roman triumph!

